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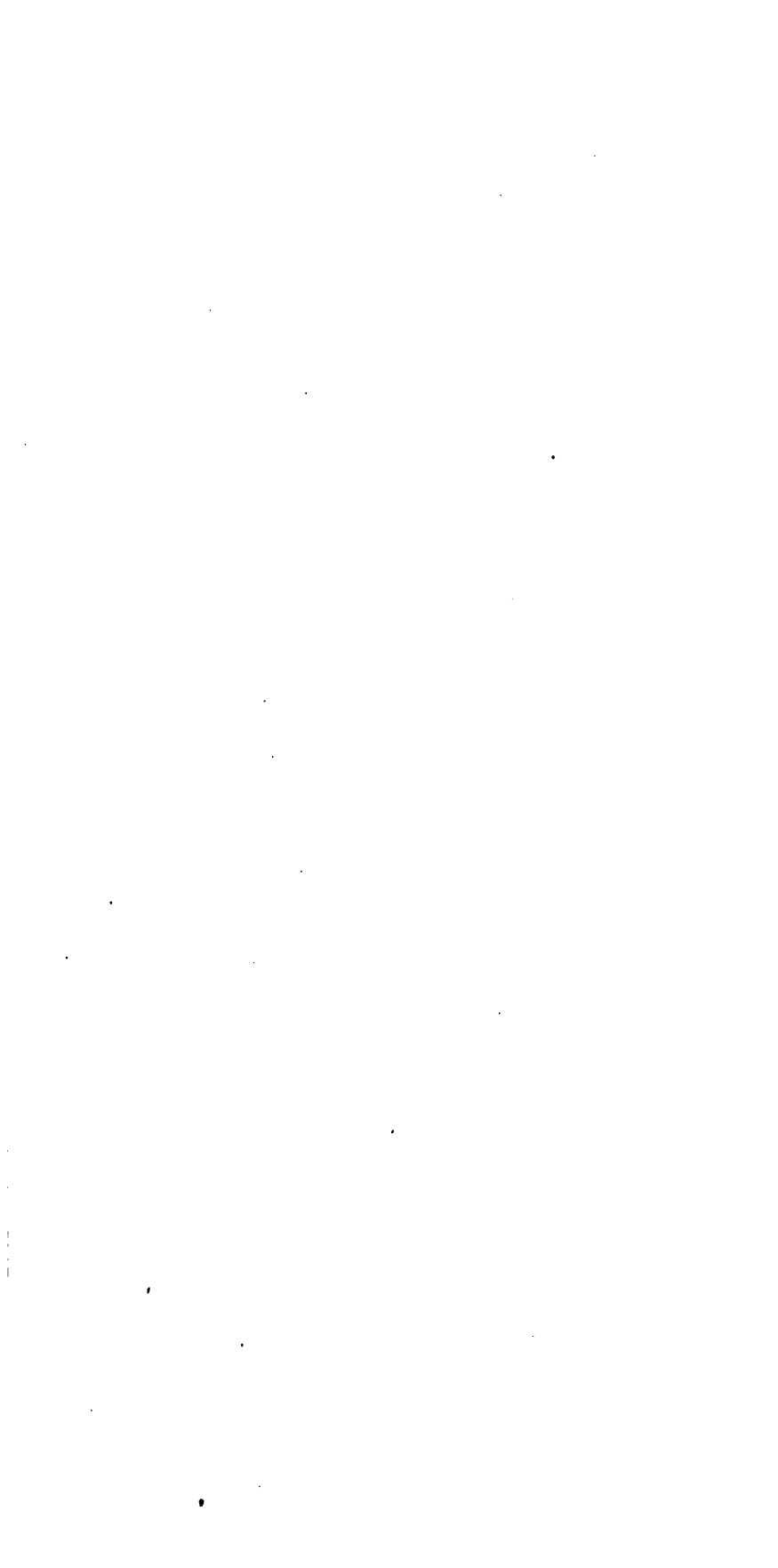
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FEBRUARY, 1897 — FEBRUARY, 1898

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THE
BACHELOR OF ARTS.

VOL. IV.

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No. 1.

IMPERIAL BERLIN.

A STUDENT'S VIEW IN 1871.

The tremendous events of 1870-71, culminating in the Treaty of Frankfort, had translated the fearful war-cry of France, *a Berlin*, into the more peaceful, but scarcely less eventful *nach Berlin* of United Germany. The former boded destruction, the latter promised construction. It meant the transfer of the seat of European power from the most attractive city in the world to one of comparative insignificance, and it became the new Germany to demonstrate to the world that it could concentrate power and learning and art and beauty as well, and the ambition grew to transform the old Brandenburg town into such a world resort as had been the capital of their crushed rival. Some of the elements were already there—a great university, a brilliant court, a magnificent military establishment, some beautiful streets and much fine architecture, music unsurpassed, business enterprise enough, and over it all the good old Teutonic *Gemüthlichkeit*, which does not exist outside of Germany, and which is as unexportable as a untranslatable from any point of view.

The immediate result was chaos. People flocked into Berlin as they did into Chicago in

1893, except that they came to stay, many of them taking no thought of what they should eat or what they should drink or wherewithal they should be clothed. Fortune awaited them if they could only get there, and thither they went without fortune and without the means of acquiring it. Patriotism was rampant. Since those terrible days when Napoleon had humiliated every German heart, from the sweet Queen Louise down to the poorest peasant, the hour of Germany's triumph had been the dream of every loyal German heart. The good God who had not allowed it to come to the eyes of all the German Volk had but intensified the glory by putting it off; and was it any wonder that every drop of German blood tingled with pride at the thought of the glorious *Deutsches Reich* that was to be? And should not our Berlin be as fine as Paris? Here for generation after generation had not the great Frederick stood guard to inspire the German Volk? Was not the sword of Marshal Vorwärts unsheathed? Were there not Königgrätz and Sedan? Had not the Great William been crowned at Versailles? Had not old Barbarossa been aroused from his century sleep? Were not these the elements of a great city? What mattered the fact that the Spree was insignificant, that the sand plain round about prevented drainage, that the dead level could not be overcome? These were unimportant factors. People and hearts make a city.

This was the atmosphere in which he breathed who was fortunate enough to be a citizen of Berlin in 1871.

The grand entry of victorious troops was over. The army was disbanded so far as that ever occurs in Germany, and the people had

begun to consider seriously. These were the conditions which surrounded us at the opening of the winter Semester 1871-72 *Vniversitatis Fridericæ Guilelmæ Berolinensis*.

We had given the right hand to genial old Professor Bruns, the Rector Magnificus, *Data dextra jurisiurandi*, etc., and having recovered from the shock, had settled down to eight hours a day *Vorlesungen* and such recreation in the mean time as the new world capital afforded.

Will you hear Holtzendorff on the new constitution? Who is Holtzendorff, and what is his new constitution? The dawn of an intelligent understanding of the situation was beginning to break. Germany for the first time in many generations was united. The War of 1866 had left many bitter feelings; extinguished Hannover and humiliated Bavaria had not been forgotten, but the glories of 1870 had so far aroused the old patriotism universal that the proposition of a general union of all the Germanic States had been received with great favor.

The past sixty years had witnessed numerous efforts at uniting the German States, each of which had failed, until at the close of the War of 1866 the Emperor of Austria agreed to withdraw from the Bund, and to recognize a union of those States lying north of the Main. In 1867 the North German Bund was proclaimed, and its constitution duly adopted, which left open to the South German States, not parties to the contract, the privilege of entering the union. One by one these availed themselves of the privilege.

On December 9th, 1870, the Chancellor of the North German Bund proposed that the name of the Bund should be changed to that

of German Empire, and the President of the Bund to that of German Emperor. The Reichstag passed the bill almost unanimously, and on January 18th, 1871, the empire was proclaimed at Versailles ; but up to this time there was no constitution for the new empire. Several contracts existed between different States, but the need of a new compact, in which all of the governing principles should be united in a single document, was apparent. A contract was essential, and this had been furnished by Professor Gneist and his co-laborers in the shape of the new constitution.

Holtzendorff was Gneist's trusted lieutenant, and was supposed to know all about the new constitution, so that when we decided to hear him we were getting near the fountain source of constitutional wisdom.

Of the one hundred and eighty-eight professors, ordinary and extraordinary, in the University of Berlin, by far the most popular and best known among the students was Holtzendorff. In the prime of intellectual vigor, handsome and wonderfully talented, his weekly open or free lecture on the new constitution was attended by a crowd so great that the largest hall in the university buildings scarcely held it. His German was perfect, but off the rostrum he would talk to you in equally good English, and my chum from Savoy had no trouble at all with his French. I was told that he was at home in other modern tongues, and when these failed he would talk to you in choice Latin. From Holtzendorff, then, we have whatever is comprehensible to the foreigner to the situation ; the aims and means used to cement the new union. It is apparently a perfect system. The core of it the army, with some criminal law and a little civil

thrown in, but we do not learn for a year and more, and after we have got well away from Berlin, that it is essentially Prussian, and on that account not quite satisfactory to the South German States. Then, too, the little princes, dukes, and others of their ilk who ruled over counties and townships were not quite ready to see their visages effaced from the small coins current in their jurisdictions, and the process of absorption was rendered difficult by the traditions of each neighborhood which clustered around some mediæval Schloss pregnant with rusty armor and the accumulated debts of generations. Those modern leaders of old Germany who proposed to live in the present and build for the future had no easy task, and the Reichstag was often sulphurous with the fumes of decaying ideas struggling for further existence ; but the strong hand of old Otto von Bismarck never failed, and they who had wrought this modern miracle of war stood hard by him. The glorious old Kaiser never flinched, and Moltke, Von Roon, the Crown Prince, giants in stature as well as in intellect, hewed on till the forests of prejudice and superstition were cleared away.

THE REICHSTAG.

The storm centre in these eventful days was the Reichstag, and hither we were accustomed to hie ourselves whenever anything of importance was on. Cutting lectures was no crime when we could witness the making of history. We had not been permitted to occupy a height and witness the slaughter at Mars la Tour, but we could sit in the side gallery and hear little old Mr. Windhorst "sass" Mr. Bismarck, and at the same time realize that it was a life-and-death struggle between Ultra-

montanism and the New Idea, a battle royal not less tragic or fatal or far-reaching in its effects than that other one at Gravelotte, where went out in death of war the actual lives of men enough to make a city. We could realize also that there was a similarity in the form of the struggle, as in the beautiful borderland, Elsass-Lothringen, a series of quick, sharp, but tremendous battles made up a war which was practically at an end in a few weeks—beginning at Weissenberg and ending at Sedan—so in that peaceful hall in the Leipziger Strasse were fought out, in quick succession, those battles which might be named after the immediate subject of a law, but which, after all, were only single links in the great chain of one idea—the unification of modern Germany. All of which we saw, *quorum pars magna fuimus*? Well, we were on the heights. To-day the feeling is stronger than it was in those stormy days a quarter of a century ago that we were a part of it all. Did we not see Bismarck frequently on the streets and hear him make some of his greatest speeches in the Reichstag? Was it not every morning at ten that the handsome old Kaiser, Wilhelm the Great, held his military reception, and did we not regularly take time out of our twenty minutes between the *akademische Stunden*, often munching our sandwich of *Leberwurst*, and go to the front entrance Unter den Linden just to look at the royal old gentleman? Had we not once sat immediately back of Count von Moltke at the *Singakademie*, and forgotten all about his greatness in wondering what could possibly be the color of his hair if it was not mud? Did we not by acquiring the military salute compel Unser Fritz and the Red Prince to

recognize us officially whenever we met in the Thiergarten? Had we not been introduced to that tireless Eduard Laskar, of Posen, leader of the National Liberals, friend of Bismarck, who later on revolted from the party which he had founded, and whom death overtook years after in the streets of New York? And at the same little gathering of *dilettanti* had we not met a niece of General von Mantouffell—old, ugly, and intolerant? So it is true, at least to you common, every-day people who were not there, that we helped to fashion the great German Empire of to-day. How fortunate for mankind that it is not the old sinewless and brainless thing that died in 1806!

Under the tremendous influences at work Berlin had quite outgrown herself, and there followed a house famine, the terrible

WOHNUNGSNOTH.

Rents advanced to such a figure that the very poor, those who lived in attics and cellars, were forced into the fields and compelled to protect themselves by such shelter as their ingenuity could provide. All about Berlin were camps occupied by these unfortunates. At one place in the Hasenheide had grown up a city of many thousands, whose habitations ranged all the way from a good frame building, made hastily by some carpenter out of such material as he could buy or beg for the protection of his own flock, down to a flimsy tent which would not keep out an ordinary rain. I saw one poor old woman living quite alone in a dry-goods box, in front of which she had stretched a piece of ragged carpet as a further protection and extension of her domiciliary rights. At the exact time of my

visit she was cooking her noonday meal on a tripod in fashion quite aboriginal.

There were happiness and misery side by side in the Hasenheide, just the same as in the great city from which these outcasts had been driven by reason of the phenomenal growth of the latter. Vice was rampant, and did not wait for the mantle of night to disguise itself. There were daylight scenes in the Hasenheide less infrequent than unspeakable.

Within the city walls the mad rush went on, and radicalism prevailed in all quarters, except at the university, where we paid our money and took our choice, quite regardless of the whirl outside. The range was boundless. We could hear Mömmsen on his latest discovery in Roman archives, and the next hour hear the Constitution of the United States discussed. Hermann Grimm told us all about Raphael, Gneist expounded the English common law, Heydemann explained the legendary record on Greek vases, Wagner made a shining mark of himself for the old-school political economists, and Du Bois-Reymond delved deep into the sciences which the followers of Æsculapius delight in. There was no stint and no limit. We could attend or not, as we pleased. No one knew then, but when one came up for examination all knew, and the account was balanced.

THE ARMY.

Everywhere the military was in evidence. Not alone in the great *Casernen*, in the streets, at the theatres, but even to the peaceful halls of the university came the *Einjährige* with his bobby coat-tails, his round cap, and his big butcher knife working out his salvation

in two professions at once with all the stoicism which pervades the whole Teutonic race.

Now and then a great review would shake the old city to the centre. An extra Kaiser would come to town, or the Crown Prince of Italy would make our Fritz a visit during the spring manœuvres, and we would drop everything to see the great men and the great army ; the latter a dim outline of brightness and color way off on the plain, the former a mere glimpse through a cloud of dust as the outriders and carriages dashed by between regiments of guards.

We worshipped the army in common with the rest of Germany, from poor old demented Feld-Marshal von Wrangel down to the *Freiwilliger* who sat next to us in the lecture-room, and was said to be so poor as to be able to afford meat but once a week, and as for underclothing, why it was a clear case of *ohne Ohne*. We tolerated the martinet-like despotism of the under officers, because it was the fashion to do so and because the army had conquered France. It was all so new and glorious that we forgot our liberties as we insistently sang :

“ Ist's Preussenland ? Ist's Schwabenland ?
O nein ! O nein ! O nein !
Das Vaterland muss grösser sein ! ”

We laughed at the oft-repeated joke on the Crown Prince, who in the late war congratulated a Bavarian soldier upon the bravery of the Bavarians, and was told in response, “ If your Majesty had commanded us at Königgrätz we would have whipped those damned Prussians.” We caught inspiration from the garden concerts, and sang :

“ Was rauscht da in dem Busch herum,
Ich glaube 's ist Napoleon.”

We glorified the army and celebrated the anniversaries of her victories. We were the most loyal of all the Kaiser's subjects, and therefore the Amerikaner were thought much of and made more of than all the other foreigners combined. It was the expected thing for the Iron Chancellor to attend the formal dinners given by the American colonists, and to make a speech in true Western fashion, in which he jollied everybody and was correspondingly applauded.

THE TINGEL-TANGEL.

Probably the most characteristic of all the things peculiar to Berlin at that time was the Tingel-Tangel saloon. When the student had exhausted his privileges at the royal opera, the theatre, the various cheap resorts known as Volks Theater, the gardens, and concert halls of all the better classes, he was sure to wind up his night of *Bummelei* at a Tingel-Tangel saloon. The places thus designated were usually located several stories high or one deep, although there were a few pretentious ones on the ground floor. The rooms were never large, but at one end was always a small stage for the performances. The audience would be seated at small tables, where beer and wine and simple refreshments were served by girls of various ages and styles of beauty, who were always ready to sit down and lunch or drink with a customer, or a whole crowd if the invitation took that form. Fräulein was quite independent of the house in this particular, for she was paid no wages, and depended upon the infinitesimal profit on her beer checks and the *Trinkgeld* of her customers for a living, and it was no uncommon thing for a crowd of students to

send word to Fräulein Liese that she was engaged by them for a certain night, a message which the pretty Lieschen was always glad to receive, for it meant a good supper, lots of fun, and a generous gift from her friends. A popular girl would often be sent for and even offered extra inducements at some particular hall, because it meant the transfer of her trade to the owners of that establishment. In this way it occurred that the richer and sweller places usually had a full stock of attractive girls, while the poorer places had to be content with the less attractive ones or those who had not yet made their reputations.

Sometimes a small admission fee would be charged—that was when some particular attraction was offered—a strong man, a sleight-of-hand performer, a giant, or a dwarf. Ordinarily the performers were paid as the itinerant preacher in our own beloved West was paid, by passing around the hat.

The usual places of amusement have been closed for an hour and the streets are deserted, except for the occasional group of all-nighters and the omnipresent *Nachtwächter*. A muffled sound of many voices comes from the pavement below. Above the general din, as we enter, a fair soprano voice thus accuses one of the foremost men of his time—an indictment which we are destined to hear very frequently in many keys and with much variety of expression :

“ Herr Schmidt, Herr Schmidt,
Der trinkt ein Tulpe mit.”

The innuendo being that Mr. Smith is not a good beer-drinker, not up to the Berlin standard, evidently, because the *Tulpe* in

Berlin is a small glass shaped like a tulip, and costing much less than the *Seidel*, which is the only recognized measure of capacity in this line. The *Tulpe* is no better than the *Schnitt*, which is simply part of a glass of beer, and Herr Schmidt might just as well be accused of drinking a *Schnitt* as a *Tulpe mit*, and is therefore held up before a critical audience for deserved contempt.

The general sentiment of the Tingel-Tangel song is not for refined ears, and the music is not classical, but this is not all of the performance. By far the most interesting feature of it is the dramatic one, the gestures, the postures, the illustrations, and the exposition of theme and sentiment embodied in the narrative, and which constitute the foot-notes and marginal references. The finest ballet dancer that ever lived, in the most abbreviated skirt that was ever designed, must always and miserably fail by comparison with her less talented sister who appears before an audience in full ball dress and only suggests the possibilities of complete exposure. This is the secret of the immense popularity of the Tingel-Tangel song. Nor are we limited to the performance of the professional singers. It is known that the fair Hedwig can sing passing well, and when the time arrives and her guests demand it, she gracefully mounts the stage, and as she warbles,

“ Zum Tingellingaling, zum Wasser,
Wir trink' nur kaltes Wasser.”

she coquettishly lifts enough of her skirt to show as fine an ankle as the empire boasts, all the more bewitching in light blue stockings with ribbons and buckles to match. Her friends are jubilant, and as she descends tri-

umphant to the group below, she fairly beams with pleasure and pride.

This time, the obligation being so largely on our side, *à beau jeu beau retour*, it is nothing less than a bottle of *Liebfraumilch*, *Braunschweiger Leberwurst*, and *Dresdener Cigaretten*, we are so proud of our little brunette. She must bless every fellow's glass by taking the first sip therefrom, and her little stomach is stuffed so full of *delicatessen* that it is doubtful whether she will need to pay for a meal for a week !

Pardon me, dear reader, Fräulein is neither a grisette nor a lorette. She is simply Fräulein Hedwig or Clara or Liese, as the case may be, and I have never even inquired as to her antecedents or her virtue. She may have both or neither. She is indigenous to Berlin. She exists nowhere else, and I only care to know that when I go to Krätschmann's I am sure to find her, beaming, good-humored, and always glad to see me, and that she is a great relief from *Institutionen*, *Pandektenrecht*, *Strafrecht*, *Römischesvolkerrecht*, and all the other dreary *Rechts* which confront me eight hours every day at that terrible old palace across the way from the Kaiser's dwelling under the Lindens. The 'Tingel-Tangel' makes possible our little Fräulein, and therefore blessed be the Tingel-Tangel !

WEISSBIER.

A sanded floor recalling the old-time, plain deal tables ; two *droschkimen* in their big blue overcoats and tall hats dividing a *Kleine Weisse* and talking that most abhorrent of all languages, the *Volksprache* of Berlin ; a group of five students at one table with a *Grosse Weisse* between them, and each with

his little glass of Nordhäuser to insure against *Katzenjammer*. The *Grosse Weisse*, although of glass, is nothing less than a small tub, and the *Weissbier* served therein has the wonderful quality of never giving out. If it seems to die down and become inanimate, it is only necessary to order another tub and pour from one to the other, and immediately there is a miraculous growth, the tub is again overflowing; we drink in turn from its smooth brim, and are thereby bound together as by solemn vows. It is the most democratic institution in Germany. Munich may have her world-famous *Hofbräuhaus*, Leipzig her *Gosestube*, but only in Berlin can one find a *Weissbierlokal*.

I cannot imagine a greater institution for good or evil than the enormous glass receptacle known as the *Grosse Weisse*. I have seen it patronized by professors of the greatest university in the world, whose names are familiar in every land. It is the shrine of the common people of Berlin. Students galore who start revolutions and whose combined influence in the course of years might change the policy of an empire affect its brotherly charm, and I have even heard of royalty experimenting to ascertain, if may be, the secret of its pervading influence. I have personal knowledge of an incipient revolution, occurring at the time of which I write, which had its origin in a white-beer saloon. An extra tax had been levied upon beer, which resulted in an advance in the retail price, so insignificant that an American workman would have paid it and laughed at the thought of its oppressing any one. Not so our blue-bloused friend of Berlin, who reckons grandly in *pfennigs*. So over *Grosse Weisse* and *Kleine Weisse*

alike it was *Resolved*! Then the *Grosse Weisse* and the *Kleine Weisse* are emptied, the last drop of Nordhäuser follows hard upon, and in a few narrow, crooked streets of old Berlin the cobble-stones are torn up and a barricade built to prevent the approach of an imaginary enemy. Who is to attack or what is defended against is not the question. It has been *Resolved*—and here we are behind our barricade, patrolling with shovels and broomsticks, awaiting the enemy. By and by it grows wearisome. No enemy comes, the valiant defenders of the people's rights begin to yawn and wonder what it is all about, when suddenly, way off around the curve of the narrow street, an immense clatter is heard which increases to a roar, and then comes in advance the cry, "*Die Polizei! Die Polizei!*" as a squad of mounted policemen charge down upon our barricade, behind which not a man is found to defend the people's rights as it was resolved.

But the white-beer *Lokals* are again full of people of all classes discussing the revolution and its sudden end. Here and there a group of workingmen engage in breathless conversation for a minute, and then there is a peal of wholesome, unaffected laughter, and as I glance their way I imagine Müller and Schulze have been telling what occurred behind the barricade when the *Polizei* charged down; and the deprecatory "*Na Nu!*" of Schultze is rather indicative of a protest that his legs did not work any faster than Müller's in the effort to get away. Is it any wonder that I maintain the paramount influence of the *Weissbierlokal*?

WAR.

But the spirit of Germany is war, and here

we are again in the midst of war. This time, however, it is a war among the musicians, and for the time being the Reichstag, the army, and all else is forgotten in the great events occurring nightly at the royal opera. It is possible to work out of it the ancient conflict between the old school, to whom it is an abomination, and the new, to whom the music of the future is the only music, for at the head of one faction stands Frau Mallinger, the disciple, advocate, and exponent of Richard Wagner, while the other is led by that little Lucca, whom the American public were to know and admire some years later.

This was the most famous year for music ever known in Berlin. At the royal opera was Niemann, most magnificent of tenors, who seemed to be created in form and feature as well as in voice for "Lohengrin," seconded by Betz, Solomon, and others of the first rank on the men's side, while the women formed a constellation of such brilliancy as to make it beyond the power of anything short of royal patronage and influence to bring and hold them together. Mallinger, Lucca, Lehman, Grossi, Woggenhuber, each a name to conjure with, any one of whom would be a star of the first magnitude at the best opera house in the world. Add to these a magnificent chorus of great size, an orchestra of seventy pieces of perfection at every point, and what greater thing could be accomplished in that line? Only Richard Wagner himself and Baireuth and the Trilogie, and the audience of princes and people of the foremost rank were able, a few years later, to draw together such a combination, and then many of them were our own Berlin musicians, who were delighted to take part in the most stupendous

musical event on record. As it was at the royal opera, so it was all over Berlin : a constant striving for the best in everything, the result greatness at every turn.

No one could sing the great parts of Wagner's tremendous operas as Mallinger could. She was a born *Eva*, and her devoted admirers were numbered by thousands in Berlin. Some one had indiscreetly intimated that Lucca could not sing the Wagnerian music, an accusation which the little woman resented. She could, but she wouldn't. Wagner had persistently insulted her people, the Jews, and she wouldn't touch his old music. There now ! So the war went on. The provoking cause seemed to be quite as important as that assigned for the Franco-Prussian War, and it came as suddenly on. Before we knew it we were in the midst of the greatest excitement.

The Mallinger was to sing *Elsa*, and no seat could be had for love or money. Ten thousand people waited outside the opera house and cheered whenever she was applauded within the walls, and when the opera closed her carriage was filled with flowers, and the crowd followed her home cheering and strewing the way with flowers. It was the greatest triumph that had ever been seen in Berlin.

But the court and camp of Lucca could not rest under that impression as to popularity, and her people being the dominant race in Berlin, richer and more powerful than any other class, it was determined to outdo the former demonstration. All that unlimited wealth, race prejudice, and untiring energy could accomplish was done, and when Lucca sang the *Afrikanerin* it was claimed, of course, that the crowd was greater and more

enthusiastic, that the flowers were more beautiful and abundant, and that the whole affair cast the other one in the shade, much as we make claims about political meetings in America. To an unprejudiced outsider it was hard to decide. La Lucca was superb, the Mallinger was magnificent. He loved both, and could see that one was cut out for certain characters and the other for certain others. He believed that no one could sing *Eva* but Mallinger, and was certain that no such bewitching creature ever existed as the dainty little Jewess who, as the *Page* in "Figaro," charmed his very soul, and for whom, as she curled up her beautiful limbs on the big easy-chair when she hides from *Count Almaviva*, he was ready to die. In point of mere personal popularity, it is possible that Lucca led, for she was known as a jolly little woman, even to those poor students who enlisted in the grand armies or joined in a general rebellion on the stage of the royal opera for the sake of the 2½ *Silbergroschen* and the free show, or for the mere fun of the thing including the rare acquaintances one makes in this way, while Mallinger was reserved and stately, although reputed to be a woman of great kindness of heart and devoted to charitable enterprises. So the war waged on. The poor student whose citizenship at the university entitled him to a seat in the top gallery, immediately under the roof and next to the king's coachman, provided the number of seats assigned to the students was not exhausted when his turn came, willingly rose long before daylight, denied himself his cup of hot coffee, and with a dry *brädchen* as his only solace stood in line with hundreds of other equally poor fellows for hours in the

freezing morning air of that northern latitude, on the chance of getting inside the charmed halls where the raging conflict could be seen and heard, and where the champions could be directly encouraged. Nothing was talked of on the streets, in the *cafés*, at the exchange so much as that. The newspapers were full of it. Numberless small rows occurred over it. One duel was fought, and in the mean time the rest of the world and the complicated machinery thereof had to take care of itself. How it ended no one knows. But it went as quietly as it came, and, without knowing it, we were again settled down to the eternal grind of university life, only to dream now and then of a tall, graceful queen of most exalted song, or to wake up with a sigh of regret over a vision of perfect form and sweetest voice, removed but a degree or two from the angels, as it seemed to us then.

Now and then during the long winter days we would get far enough away from the old city to observe the enormous growth without. Mile after mile of solid blocks rose up out of the sand plain outside in every direction, but there were never houses enough. The people fairly swarmed. More houses and more people, more people and more houses. Surely we moved only in a circle. When the warm spring days came again it was a great and ever-increasing pleasure to walk out to the edges of the town from Sunday to Sunday, just to see how many houses could be started in a week. But the most interesting and absorbing thing of all was the realization of the fact that the old Berlin whose acquaintance we had first made could never be seen again; that here and now, under our own eyes, was

transpiring that change which would in a year or two transform her into an imperial city indeed. Her traditions would remain, her art, her science, her valor. You will always have to go from the Brandenburg Gate to the Royal Palace unter den Linden. But the reigning spirit is that of the new empire. The Berlin of stern, self-sacrificing, patient, and dominating Prussia has given way to the Berlin of united Germany. The *Hauptstadt* is become the *Weltstadt*.

F. F. D. ALBERY.

AQUARELLES.

I.—A FLOCK OF GULLS.

Like flakes of silver against the sky,
In madcap frolic the sea-gulls fly ;
In countless numbers of shimmering white,
By the fresh breeze whirled in the trembling light,
They shriek in the boundless joy they feel
As through the crisp ether they wildly reel.

From cloud to billow they swarm and skim
Till the flock in its whiteness waxes dim—
Till the flock, with its pinions gleaming white,
As white rose petals, are lost from sight
In the sails of the mist that rises free
Of a sudden out of the wind-carved sea.

II —THE POND BY THE SEA.

Upon the beach the ocean booms,
Near by, beside a wooded hill,
Amid the airy alder glooms
The crystal pond is lying still.

The ocean with its endless roar
Breaks on the sands in music wild ;
The shining pond from shore to shore
Dreams 'neath the white clouds o'er it piled.

And so it dreams, and never knows
The boundless ocean is so near,
While on its heart the lily blows,
Where the blue sky's reflected clear.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

CANADA'S COLLEGES.

In the intellectual growth of a nation development proceeds generally from the apex to the base of its educational system. The organization of the universities of Germany and England antedated by centuries the establishment of their great secondary schools, nor were these latter followed by any system of primary education until long afterward. Thus, too, the fathers of Massachusetts deemed it essential that a new Cambridge should early be founded in their colony. Quite different was the course of progress in Canada. "Higher education was a plant of late origin, and it was for a long time a plant of slow growth," says the Hon. G. W. Ross, in a recent publication issuing from his department.*

At the close of the American Revolutionary War the scant white population of British North America was considerably augmented by incoming United Empire Loyalists. Besides these, the stream of English emigration naturally directed its output to the still dependent colony. Though the struggles of settling a new country left little chance for general advance along educational lines, the men who had, many of them, received the benefit of a thorough training in the colleges of either Old or New England did not abandon all effort toward disseminating similar culture in their new homes.

To Nova Scotia belongs the honor of taking the initial step in the progress of secondary and higher education, by the establishment of

* The Universities of Canada. Appendix to the Report of the Minister of Education (Ontario), 1896.

a classical school at Windsor in 1788. It is a noteworthy fact that, not only has higher education in its more general aspect been evolved from secondary institutions, but almost every Canadian university has had its beginning in some academic school originating under denominational auspices. Very similar, too, was the course of events in the several provinces. After the establishment of a publicly endowed college under Church of England control, there would follow a bitter sectarian struggle, and the founding of new institutions which, when secularization was finally gained, found themselves too firmly planted to surrender their independent existence.

Though late in its beginning and tardy in its earlier growth, university education has since developed with remarkable activity in Canada. In 1840 only three institutions were actually engaged in qualifying students for an Arts' degree. These were King's College, at Windsor, N. S. (chartered 1802), McGill College, in Montreal, and King's College (University of New Brunswick), at Fredericton. During the next five years, however, no less than five additional degree-conferring colleges were incorporated. At present there are in Canada twenty-five institutions providing courses of study for university degrees in Arts.

Before the beginning of the century Governor Simcoe had been impressed with the advisability of establishing secondary schools and a university in Upper Canada (Ontario). His principal reason was that the gentlemen of the province were in the habit of sending their sons to the United States to be educated, which "tended to pervert their British principles." Under the School Act of 1807 pub-

lic and grammar schools were established, but it was not until 1827 that the tireless efforts of Bishop Strachan resulted in the incorporation of King's College at York (Toronto). The appropriation of half a million acres of public land for an Anglican university provoked a sectarian strife that lasted twenty years, and well-nigh paralyzed all effort toward effective work. Operations were further interrupted by the rebellion of 1837, and it was not till 1843 that King's College was opened, under the Presidency of Bishop Strachan, several years after the establishment of Upper Canada College as its preparatory school. As an outcome of sectarian feeling there had been established by this time, in Upper Canada, three other colleges with university powers. In 1849 King's College, under the name of the University of Toronto, was completely secularized. Victoria College, at Coburg, with Queen's and Regiopolis, at Kingston, still retained their academical independence, though some attempt was made toward a provincial federation of colleges. In addition to these, a Church of England university was soon established in Toronto through the efforts of Bishop Strachan and others, who deprecated the supporting of a "godless university." Narrow as may now seem his views, we cannot but admire the courage and resolution of the indomitable ex-president, turning at the age of seventy-four from the firstborn of his scholastic zeal to foster this academic child of his old age. In 1866 the University of Ottawa, taking the place of the Roman Catholic Regiopolis, received the power of conferring degrees. The Western University, at London, was incorporated in 1878 under Anglican auspices, but

has only lately entered upon full work. The youngest of the collegiate sisterhood is McMaster University (an outgrowth of Woodstock College, now a boys' residential academy), which was established at Toronto by the Baptist denomination in 1887. In the same year Victoria University entered into federation with University College of the University of Toronto, and was removed from Coburg to that city. Its students share with those of University College the instruction given by the University faculty in the Sciences and Philosophy, the Victoria and College faculties covering the work in Languages. With the University proper are affiliated numerous technical and professional schools, providing courses of study for degrees in their several branches. Being under provincial control, the University of Toronto, with its one thousand students in Arts, forms the culmination of an educational system which is pointed to with justifiable pride. Ontario's School Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition was a revelation to her neighbors across the border. None can deny her right to the claim that her public and high-school system holds a place in the front rank of progress.

But the work of universities is not of the kind which can be judged by educational exhibits. By less tangible fruits their relative values must be determined upon. However, even a casual glance at the curriculum of the University of Toronto will make evident that the standard for Canadian universities is no mean one. The examinations for Honor Matriculation, though differing in arrangement of subjects, are probably equivalent in scope to the tests required for entrance to either of the great undergraduate universities

of the Eastern States. Both in regard to matriculation and graduation, the independent universities of Ontario are required to maintain as high a standard as Toronto, it being so stipulated in their charters. The Bachelor's degree in Arts may be obtained from Toronto after either an honor or general course. Owing to its highly specialized honor courses (in which the student is very largely confined to one department after his Freshman year), it was felt that the Provincial University did not yield the full results of which the country stood in need. Its courses followed too closely along lines adapted to subsequent work in professional schools, and this gave rise to the objection that it occupied the place of a feeder to the already overcrowded vocations of teaching, law, medicine, journalism, and politics. Ontario has no leisured class, and graduates were compelled, very many of them, to leave Canada on account of the excess of supply over home demand in the professional market. That their expatriation led usually to individual success did not wholly compensate for the fact that their training under Ontario's nurturing care should bear its fruits elsewhere. Gradually the opinion gained ground that more ought to be done to secure a general culture of the individual as primarily a man among fellow-men.

Outside of the Provincial University work of such a nature was already being accomplished. McMaster University especially from its very inception had kept in view the maintaining of a thorough four years' course of general study. The modern tendency toward rigid specialization was not to intrude upon the undergraduate course, except to a limited extent. By raising, very considerably, the

standard of the former Pass course, the University of Toronto has now established a thorough general course, thus obviating the deficiency with which its usefulness was formerly charged. The slightest suspicion of the stigma formerly attaching to a "Pass" man (as to the Oxford "Poll") no longer exists, and places of merit for general proficiency are as highly coveted as honors in the special departments.

Striking evidence as to the thorough preparation of Canadian graduates for advanced work is found in the fact that so large a number of them pursue, with marked success, courses of study in Germany and the United States. In 1895 over 25 per cent of those in attendance at the Sage School of Philosophy, Cornell (including two out of three Fellows), had obtained their Bachelor's degree from some Canadian institution. Nor is this an exceptional case, as a glance at the calendar of almost any of the great post-graduate schools will show. At the recent convocation of the University of Toronto, the President stated that he had made an inquiry into the number of graduates of the University of Toronto holding positions in the universities of the United States. In all eighty-one names were received, and at that time returns had not yet arrived from Cornell, Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. Nor were these chiefly from smaller institutions, as the following figures show: Clarke, 14; Johns Hopkins, 15; Chicago, 10; Columbia, 7. Other Canadian universities have almost as creditable records. The President of Cornell, who owns allegiance to Acadia (Nova Scotia) as his Alma Mater, is one out of many well-known educators who received their early college training north of

the boundary-line. Not only the teaching profession of the United States, but the ranks of medicine and literature as well are recruited to a considerable extent by Canadian graduates.

Canada's universities have been subject to varied influences. The earlier colleges were founded in accordance with Scotch and English ideals, but have since been modified through contact with men trained according to American and German methods. Probably of Ontario institutions Queen's retains most of Scotch, and Trinity of English tradition and spirit. Universities recently established have endeavored to combine what seemed best in different systems. In the matter of time-honored custom, the prevalence of the college gown is noticeable. The undergraduates of McGill are not allowed within the university precincts except in scholastic garb, and though this degree of compulsion is not general, it is in most colleges an unwritten code that upon all public occasions the cap and gown shall be in evidence.

In an external aspect, that of architectural form, Canadian universities belong almost to the Old World. The buildings of Trinity and Queen's deserve more than passing mention, but more noteworthy still is that of the University of Toronto, situated near the western limits of the large and beautifully wooded grounds of Queen's Park. In its immediate vicinity toward the east are the library, the biological building, and the new gymnasium; the gray stone walls of the former brightened by the warmer tones of tiling. Another building there is, and this directly in front of the main edifice, which uprears glaring walls of brick and mortar. A new parish work-

house would fit as harmoniously into the classic environment of Oxford as does the Toronto School of Practical Science into its academic surroundings. One cannot but wonder whether this be an architectural expression of the spirit of antagonism between scientific knowledge and classical culture—the new education and the old. Our fears are somewhat allayed as we look past the southwest corner of the University Lawn, where the new Chemistry Building has been erected, a massive structure in rich terra-cotta brick. Science has here shown some regard for our old-fashioned æsthetic prejudices. Walking from beneath its shadow, we stand under the trees a little beyond the offending structure, and look northward over the level green of the old lawn, for years the field of eager athletic contests. The building upon which we now gaze with admiration is the choicest example of pure Norman architecture to be found upon the continent. William Black, the novelist, speaks of it in his enthusiasm as being the only academic structure in America worthy of a place amid the halls and colleges of Oxford. The façade of the main building is well-nigh perfect in beauty of structural proportion. The massive rectangular tower which surmounts its centre controls the unified design of the whole, yet leaves to subordinate parts sufficient individuality. Fourteen years before the main structure (1842) the east wing was erected in harmony with the design of the later completed edifice. The building was partially destroyed by fire in 1890, but was immediately restored, and at the same time enlarged, without detracting in the least from its essential form. One corner of the central tower is surmounted by a circular tur-

ret, the other three by overhanging cap-stones. The freestone carvings which arch the main entrance, at the base of the tower, cannot be surpassed for chaste beauty in design outside of the architectural treasure houses of Europe. The clinging creepers against the softened gray of the stone walls give no small degree of that charm with which we are wont to invest the antique.

Friends of higher education have every reason to feel confident of a bright future for Canadian universities. Development must, and doubtless will, take place along various lines. Already the facilities of McGill and Toronto for higher study in certain departments are such as to warrant the establishment, before long, of thorough courses in post-graduate work. The equipments of the new physics building of the former and chemical laboratories of the latter are in many respects equal to any upon the Continent. A certain Old World conservatism lends stability to most Canadian enterprises, and mushroom institutions of any sort are not common. When the University of Toronto, therefore, grants its first Doctor's degree in Philosophy or Science, no one will be able to disparage the standard. The Master's degree in Arts is granted quite generally already ; at Toronto, upon presentation of an original and exhaustive thesis, at least one year after graduation ; at Queen's, as at the Scottish universities, to all graduating with honors ; at McMaster, after examination covering a year's independent work. The University Extension movement will, without doubt, accomplish a great deal in the future, but much more is to be looked for from an enlarged attendance upon regular courses. The moderate fees (at To-

ronto only \$25 per annum) make it possible for a large proportion of young Canadians to avail themselves of an Arts education. As has already been stated, it was strongly felt, before the provision for more general courses of study, that various universities possessed too strong a specializing tendency for their best usefulness as undergraduate institutions. Young men in a young country, and their educators as well, are sometimes slow to learn that a university is not a technical school; that, while a liberal college course affords the best preparation for professional study, it is the ideal training for private life and citizenship as well, and militates not at all against a successful commercial or even agricultural career. It is not from the establishing of advanced courses for the few that Canada is to look for the richest result. Rather is it in broadening the scope of existing systems so as to benefit the largest possible number of those who, in the immediate future, are to constitute the controlling element in a rising nation.

STAMBURY R. TARR.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Who has not known in mountain hamlet bleak,
Where lives are warped and stunted as the trees
That ever cower from the northern blast,
Some Christ-like soul—perchance some woman soul—
Holding the Christ-life sweet in chastened eyes,
As in a mountain tarn the blue of Heaven ?

And so mid scenes that dry the spirit up,
The drunken thirst of gold, the lust of power,
Idolatry of shame that wins success,
(The Christ-ideal grown a thing remote
From life, and fetich-like as martyrs' bones.)
Living the Word as well as preaching it,
Its birthright to the age thou didst reveal,
Sainthood in manhood, like a dream come true.

WILBUR LARREMORE.

A WORD ABOUT NOVELS.

"I could a tale unfold," says the ghost of Hamlet's father, and who can help listening? In these days, when many stories are written to expound or support both ancient and modern theories and creeds, one almost forgets that in reality there are but three essentials to the making of a good novel. It should tell a story, it should represent life, and it should entertain. The instinct to express emotion and reproduce nature, which is the inspiration of all art, lends itself with peculiar facility and fascination to the art of fiction. In a certain sense a perfectly conceived, perfectly written story combines all arts in one. By the magic of words, which Emerson calls the most potent and lasting of all embodiments of thought, everything in life, including all forms of art, can be brought before the mind of the reader.

It can be said of certain great characters in fiction that they are plastic, as sculpture is, showing all sides, not only of the characters, but actually of the material personalities, so that we know them not only in every mood, but see them in every occupation or position. We know that they think, and also how they walk, sit, or speak, and what expressions flit over their faces. What painter has given us a more beautiful picture in form and color than Thackeray of Beatrix Esmond as she comes down the stairs to meet the prince, with the lighted taper in her hand? No musician could render in music for us the melody of her laughter, yet Thackeray does it in written words. Many a novelist is an uncon-

scious poet even in rhythm. Certain passages of "Lorna Doone," one in particular before the heroine confesses her love for John Ridd, only need a metrical arrangement to be perfect verse, although unrhymed.

The novel, as we understand it now, is only another form of the drama. Had Æschylus or Sophocles or Shakespeare lived in these days either would probably have written novels instead of plays. Their times were more elemental and less analytic. They did not seek to dissect motives or emotions. They saw the pageant of life, with its wars, its feuds, its loves, its hates, and its tragedies, and when they themselves shared in it they were not, like Emerson's philosopher, "lined with eyes within," but drank of its sweet or bitter cup without hesitation or reflection. Hence, when emotion crystallized itself into words, the drama, all action and speech, was its only expression. At length, as life became more self-conscious, the novel made its appearance—a continuous narrative, which not only portrayed character and life, but talked about both and gave a running comment of the author's mind to help the reader to understand what it was about and what the author thought of it all!

From "Don Quixote" to the "Mill on the Floss" is a long stretch, but to trace the links in the chain that connect them would give us the development of the modern novel. It is noticeable that the novel with an "object," written to prove a theory, is seldom as great or as perfect a work of art as one which merely reflects life, seen through the wondrous prism of the mind of the genius. Like the sunlight, it penetrates, suffuses, and warms into life and color, and where we see only the

sad, sordid, or commonplace events in the lives of a group of people, the true novelist enters into the very soul and spirit, the heart and blood of each person, and we throb and weep and rejoice in their griefs or joys, as we do in secret over our own or of those dearest to us.

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" it is not the anti-slavery cause which holds us spellbound, but the fortunes of Uncle Tom, or George, or Cassy. When George Eliot espoused the Jewish cause in "Daniel Deronda," she expended vast stores of learning and energy on that portion of the book which treats of the Jews. But when we read the story it is the life and struggles of Gwendolen Harleth and the development of her soul that enchain us and give its pages transcendent interest.

At present realism in art, and especially in the novel, has reached its climax. The "lyrical" in fiction died with George Sand, and let every lover of true romance (which is truer than most so-called facts) shed tears over her grave.

It is only when the three attributes of the novel, the story, the picture of life, and the power to entertain, are suffused with the "light that never was on sea or land" that it fulfils its mission, that of a key to a truer understanding of life and humanity.

It would be an interesting test as to the truth of this statement to take an intelligent person who has never heard of realism in art (if such an anomaly exists), and give him two of Mr. Howells's books to read—"A Foregone Conclusion" and "A Modern Instance"—and learn from him or her which seemed the truer and more perfect book, as literature, art, and life, rendered

through the imagination. The exquisite picture of modern Venice, and the "Passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky," as contrasted with the "Evolution of a Cad," as Bartley Hubbard's history has been called. Yet Realists think that Mr. Howells has made a great advance and is following the Truth.

Not long ago some thoughtful persons in Boston, where so much thinking is always going on, set their wits to work to select the five greatest novels from the vast army of stories which have passed in review before the world. One of their number was chosen to make a list for discussion. Were we to select the five books which are of the greatest universal interest, or those which seemed to be of the greatest value to the individual mind which was considering the subject?

The only escape from the horns of this dilemma was to make two lists of novels: the first five of the greatest universal interest, the second five, those novels which the chooser happened to consider the greatest from an individual standpoint. There are certain novels of which the central character or idea has become the symbol of a type. Those who have never opened the pages of these books draw illustrations from them, because their influence has become world-wide and even the illiterate have fallen under it. In this class might come the following list:

1. Cervantes's "Don Quixote."
2. Le Sage's "Gil Blas."
3. De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe."
4. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
5. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."

Under the head of novels which combine a deep human interest with the highest poeti-

cal and ethical ideal, as well as perfection of art, and which seem from an individual standpoint to rank as the greatest, would come :

1. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."
2. George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss."
3. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."
4. Tolstoi's "War and Peace."
5. George Sand's "Consuelo."

To say just why each of these ten novels has a peculiar claim to greatness would take us far beyond the limits of a paper which only hints at a great subject. It ought, in fairness, to be added that it is impossible, where so many stories are great, to make any short list that would contain those which ought to be among the greatest. Any lists which do not include the almost faultless novels of Tourguénieff are necessarily incomplete.

The future of the novel is problematic. An historian who is a careful and just observer of the underlying principles of events and literature and their tendencies has recently said that before Fiction can arise Phoenix-like from the ashes of Realism it must refresh itself by a bath in the sacred well of Romance. As if in answer to this prophecy, a novel has recently appeared which is bathed in romance, suffused with the glamour of the ideal, and at the same time so clothed with the texture of our breathing, tangible existence that in the reading we realize our dreams while we dream it all is real. What shall we say of Peter Ibbetson that does not sound extravagant? Or rather, why should we not be extravagant and crown it as *the* book our historian awaited that heralds a new life in fiction, the novel that has taken its sacred bath and arisen, like a naiad, dewy

and sun-kissed, yet with the mystery of the shadowy depths into which she has plunged deepening her irresistible glance? Those who have fallen under the spell of this story feel about it as the lover of its pages felt toward Mary Seraskier, his beloved. They brood over it rejoicingly, rapt away from self, yet finding an echo to their most individual visions and longings. The book is a dream. Yes, but the greatest poet, and therefore the greatest truth-teller, has said that "we are of the stuff of which dreams are made," so why should not a book which "dreams true," as Mary Seraskier would say, satisfy us as few records of fact ever do? A lover of truth will, perhaps, find a deeper satisfaction in "The Tempest" than he does in "Henry VIII." Yet the first play is all a dream, and the second treats of historical facts. One wonders in reading of Mary Seraskier why just such a woman has never been met with in fiction before. There have been other heroines who possessed the same qualities—her goodness, her sweetness, her beauty. What is it that makes her different from them all? It may possibly be due to two qualities which are rare and bewitching in woman—her companionableness and her sense of humor. One loves her for these alone, and when there is a vivid sense of her other attributes, we see and feel and love her loveliness. Mary and Gogo were happy, well, and useful by means of a union which existed only in their dreams, a spiritual marriage which they realized with a fulness and perfection to which few actual marriages attain. How many true lovers joined by God, but kept asunder by man, are filled with a longing to realize in their own experi-

ence the joy that was Mary's and Gogo's? As the secrets of the universe of inanimate nature reveal themselves to the seeker for scientific knowledge, so do the mysteries of the spiritual world unfold to the eyes and ears that are capable of seeing and hearing. Seek first the kingdom of heaven, Love. Follow it in its awful purity, which is clothed in burning flame, through which it must be either Immortal Life or Death to pass, and 'who knows, the world in its worldly sense once forgotten, what new powers and joys shall be revealed?

None but a consummate artist could have made Mary come back after death without striking a false note. But here, too, we realize many dreams of immortality in a marvellous, yet seemingly possible fashion. It must be the touch of humor—a humor that is half tears, that makes this scene no mere fancy, but the comforting promise of a real and eternal hope.

In this latter end of the nineteenth century, in an age called materialistic, a voice cries in the wilderness of Realism—the voice of Peter Ibbetson. Let us listen and be thankful, feeling it to be the presage of a new and richer flowering of Romance.

Since these words were written, some four years ago, Mr. Du Maurier has in some degree fulfilled the hope expressed in them.

So much exaggeration has been written and spoken about "Trilby," and so many absurdities perpetrated because of its notoriety, that it is hardly permissible to speak of it at all. Yet why should not one try to rate it justly, since it is and will be read? Why not admit that Mr. Du Maurier has done something with

fiction and the English language that no one else has quite done before? With a sort of graceful nonchalance, born of mastery, he has made a group of people pass before us with a vivid definiteness that is full of charm. It is a curious thing that some reviewers in speaking of "*Trilby*" have called it a fine example of the "old school of fiction," when in reality it belongs to no school at all. It is a new departure. How many ugly and graceless presentations of our modernity we have had in recent fiction! But here the last word is said about the artistic phase of it, and said in such a manner that we are touched, enthralled, and satisfied that our poor To-day, with all its sordid commonplacenesses and fruitless tragedies, can still love and aspire, suffer, weep, and smile in so witching and pathetic a fashion. Why try to class this book or "*Peter Ibbetson*" with any school of fiction? Why take either of them, above all, "*Trilby*," too heavily or seriously? All musicians will tell you that "*Faust*" and "*Carmen*" (although by different composers) occupy a niche apart in the world of music. Not strictly classical or great, they have a lavish beauty, an unflagging interest, an intimate, thrilling, and touching charm that has won and will always win the hearts of their hearers. In the world of English fiction it seems as though "*Peter Ibbetson*" and "*Trilby*" might fill a place something like that of "*Faust*" and "*Carmen*" in music—literary tramps, perhaps, but none the less dear and delightful.

May one of Mr. Du Maurier's most earnest admirers regret that he speaks so lightly in the beginning of the book of the dark stains on *Trilby's* youth—stains, however, ignorantly or unavoidably incurred, and which she so

wholly repents and so nobly lives above ? It seems as though he did both himself and his heroine injustice, and one has an odd feeling that if he thought about it now he would change that early chapter and impart to his first presentation of Trilby's sad story something of the regret and truthful purity which is found when he deals with the same subjects later in the book.

One cannot help feeling a thrill of sympathetic delight at the satisfaction Mr. Du Maurier may fairly be supposed to have felt at adding color to his canvas after having worked in black and white so long. Indeed, he lets us look at Trilby, know her heart, her thoughts, and the one-and-only-Trilby-way of putting these thoughts into words. He tells us (and who could ever tell it so well ?) how she sang ; but we own to a terrible longing for one evening of the real voice. Like our desires to "dream true," we shall forever be unsatisfied in this life ; but surely there is somewhere an Author's Heaven, where the true lovers of their creation may, if they have been very loyal and have a great deal of faith, meet the Beloved Shades ; whose counterfeit presentments have stolen, warm and living, into their heart of hearts. How many would pass by certain great personages of romance whose names must not be spoken here because comparisons are not in order, and steal through the throng to the sunny spot where Trilby smiles and sings, and little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird are joyously listening, and not far from them Mary Seraskier and Gogo, clothed in bodies celestial, with no shadow of parting lurking near to cloud the brightness of their day ?

Brilliantly and powerfully as these two

books hold their own, they are, speaking literally, already of yesterday among the books of the hour.* These come indefatigably from the four corners of the globe, and as the patient reader browses on their pages, seeking pastures fresh and green, one among them stands pre-eminent, as Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, rises above the country around it, dominating everything by sheer force of unassailable excellence of proportion. Whistler has been called a painter for painters; and Robert Louis Stevenson could with equal justice be called a writer for writers. Perhaps no one not in the craft can quite understand the loving enthusiasm felt by other authors for Stevenson. To them he is the ideal type of the Word-Magician—he who invests the toil itself with romance and poetry, with zest and daring, as of a knight setting forth upon an adventure full of risk and possible glory. To all but writers themselves the praise lavished by them on Stevenson must seem to overstep the bounds of justice and a reasonable estimate of his powers. But while yielding to the inevitableness of this criticism, his fellow-workmen are sure to retire within themselves to some secret place where, as the French peasants say, “*Suffit, je me comprend !*” and murmur, “Only *we* can know. *We* have tried in vain to say what was in us as it should be said, and failed so often. But he, gayly, smilingly, lovingly *has done it*. No wonder we love him and love him without envy, rather with a tender pride.”

Stevenson says of himself in one of his *Vailima* letters that he has not the “big brush”

* The close of article was written in June, 1896, about the time of the publication of Stevenson's “Weir of Hermistoun.”

in literature, and he names two or three of those who in his judgment wield it. He calls his own touch artistic, finished, deft in workmanship, but not large. However, in this latest fragment, "Weir of Hermistoun," and the outlines which he gives of the work as it was to be completed, the power and scope of the "big brush" is apparent. In some of the enthralling tales of this master the ingenuity with which the characters are presented, while it calls forth our keenest admiration, detracts, perhaps, a little from their reality. Like the heroes and heroines of the fairy lore of our childhood, they are vividly individual and interesting, but all the time we know they are not real. But in "Weir of Hermistoun" Stevenson has a closer grasp on the "great humanities" than he has before shown. He has laid hold of some of the springs of feeling and action with a force and mastery that makes this fragment of importance. Judging from the ample scope he has given to the presentation of his character and the opening of the plot, the whole story, as Stevenson indicated it to his stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong, could not have been completed within the limits of anything but a large book. Yet here we have only nine chapters, breaking off suddenly at a point where we can least bear to lose the spell that has held us absorbed, wondering and grateful.

The texture of Stevenson's books is so closely woven, that to lose a word or sentence would be to rend the mesh, as of a finely embroidered fabric, where one cannot spare a single flower or curve of an arabesque. Yet the manner of this book, so satisfying in its perfect fitness to the matter, is secondary to the tale itself, as it should be. In his introduc-

tion Stevenson says : " To this day, of winter nights when the sleet is on the windows and the cattle are quiet in the byre, there will be told again . . . the tale of the justice-clerk and of his son, young Hermistoun, that vanished from men's knowledge ; of the two Kirsties and the Four Black Brothers of the Cauldstaneslap, and of Frank Innes, ' the young fool advocate,' that came into these moorland parts to find his destiny." And to the book must one go for the story of these persons, for the breath of the moors and the " huddle of gray hills," where the love and tragedy of the story begins to unfold itself. Yet there may be profit and certainly is interest in dwelling for a moment on the principal characters.

Lord Hermistoun, the " Hanging Judge," the father of the young hero of the story, is named by Stevenson himself as his *pièce de résistance*. He is drawn from reality, finding his prototype in history in the person of Lord Braxfield, a celebrated Scotch justice. The scenes between Lord Hermistoun and his son are perhaps the finest in the book. The conflict between two natures joined by the closest tie of blood, utterly at variance in taste and feeling and aspiration, and Scotch to boot, is set forth with the art that is the truest reflection of nature. Yet two other scenes live in the memory, touching far more our sense of beauty. The picture of the younger Kirstie waiting in the hollow of the Cauldstaneslap for her first tryst with Archie Hermistoun gives the coolness and quietness of twilight and a wonderful sense of luminous space that sometimes comes to us on early spring evenings. Kirstie herself is disappointing. Feminine she is, no doubt, but not womanly. Yet if the story had been finished, that essential

grace might have come as emotion and experience developed her nature. The elder Kirstie stirs the heart, and her personality has more inherent dignity than that of her young namesake. "Young and beautiful, with the youth and beauty of goddesses," indeed, does she appear when she pleads with Archie in his starlit room for the safety of her niece, and one wonders how her great unused power of loving will ever find satisfaction.

In all the range of fiction it would be hard to find a more masterly presentation of Scotch character than in the chapter called "A Border Family." One can imagine a candid Scotchman smiling, and wincing a little possibly, over this picturing of the strength and vanity, the courage and shrewdness, the loyalty and pride of this typical country family.

Sad as it is to realize that the broken thread of this tale can never be resumed, our consolation lies in the wonderful group of novels and essays left by Stevenson, sometimes bizarre and to some readers even at times almost repellent, yet an imperishable legacy to English literature and an unfailing inspiration to all who pursue the "gentle art" of telling stories.

MARGARET CROSBY.

CARMEN.

Carmen, in you the primal passion lives
Incarnate ; so we look and we are lost.
We were not men if we begrudged the cost
Of this mad joy, till the supreme loss grieves.
What though Michaela's song rings yet, and gives
The crystal key to what we shall mourn most
When love has failed, and we no longer boast
That for pure faith the lust you gave retrieves.

We cast our higher hope beneath your feet
To buy the exultation of desire.
But when Michaela comes again, we stand
Sick with the bitter failure life must meet ;
At the wrong altar burns the heart-fed fire
Which must burn there till youth is a spent brand.

DALLETT FUGUET.

MÉRIMÉE AS A CRITIC.

Prosper Mérimée, perhaps the most skilful of French short story-tellers, has talked of his art preferences in essays little inferior in execution to his tales, and revealed in them the most attractive side of his own nature, and yet most of them lie hidden in the files of *Le Constitutionnel*, *Le Temps*, *Les Débats*, and *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. Indeed, the powers which charm the lover of deftness in literature sometimes appear even more distinctly when he is speaking his critical opinion than they do when he is telling a story. For this reason the essays are almost unique in form. It would be hard to find another example of an art of this kind—the kind that has gone into the best short fiction, the art in which the execution is the most prominent merit, the perfectly chiselled miniature, shown in miscellaneous critical essays. Why, then, does no one study his criticism?

We know his irony in his stories. When after the death of Carmen the reader comes suddenly to a comment on certain gypsy words he feels it. He feels it at the death of Arsène, surrounded by the doctor, her lover, and the great lady who with her piety has deprived the dying peasant of her lover, and is herself in danger of falling, with all her virtue, a prey to the same man. He feels it as, after this scene, he reads this last chapter; with the epitaph written by the woman of prayer over the grave of the girl who had known only one love, and had had that taken from her as immoral by the virtuous woman who appropriated it.

“ Well, madam, you tell me that my story is finished and that you do not care to hear more. I should think you would be curious to know whether or not M. de Salligny made his trip to Greece ; whether—but it is late, and you have had enough. So be it. At least avoid hasty judgments, for I protest that I have said nothing to authorize them. Especially, do not doubt the truth of my story. Are you sceptical ? Go to Père Lachaise ; twenty feet to the left of the tomb of General Foy, you will find a very simple *lias* stone, surrounded by flowers that are always well tended. On the stone you can read the name of my heroine cut in large letters : ARSÈNE GUILLOT. And if you bend over this tomb you will see, if the rain has not already erased it, a line written with a lead-pencil, in a very fine hand :

“ ‘ Poor Arsène ! She is praying for us. ’ ”

The charm of the irony is, like the charm of the execution, in distance, in delicacy of suggestion. In his essays, this preference for less obvious methods of suggestion, the dislike of the easy and the explicit, is stated. “ He found her *piquante*, to use one of those expressions that I hate.” And in his essay on Nicholas Gogol he wrote a passage that is at once a good illustration of his essay style, and an open expression of his impatience with commonplace methods in literature : “ I think the study well done and graphically depicted, as M. Diaforus would say, but I don’t like the kind ; madness is one of the misfortunes which move us, but also disgust. Doubtless by putting a madman into his story a writer is sure of making an effect. He moves a cord always sensitive, but the means is vulgar, and the talent of M. Gogol is not

one of those that need to descend to these trivialities. Let us leave madmen to beginners, with the dogs, those characters of an equally irresistible effect. What a glory to wring tears from your reader if you break a poodle's leg! Homer, in my opinion, is excusable for making us weep at the mutual recognition of the dog Argus and Ulysses only because he was, I believe, the first to discover the resources offered by the canine race to an author at the end of expedients."

Thus the essays have the same severity that distinguishes the art of his stories. More important, however, to the student of Mérimée is the fact that they give another side of him—a side that a careful reader might guess from the stories, a side that is more openly suggested in his letters, but which even in the letters shows itself only timidly and indirectly. It is a rather singular fact that straightforward seriousness should show itself clearly in the essays alone. In them he tells without sarcasm the principles of art in which he believes. He describes the art that charms him and moves him. He talks of friendship, too, in a tone that he would shrink from using in a letter. It seems as if he knew the public expected this, and would not laugh at him for it as a friend might. The Mérimée of the letters and stories is an artist of brilliancy, force, and elegance, but a man who is always on the defensive, protecting himself from ridicule by distance. Timidity or taste makes him avoid always a serious tone. The Mérimée of the essays is the skilful artist still, and he is besides a man of broad comprehension and sympathy. It would be hard to find in his letters or stories as simple a tone as the one in these words about a story of Gogol's :

"I hasten to come to a little masterpiece, 'An Oldtime Household.' In a few pages M. Gogol tells us the lives of two good old people, husband and wife, living in the country, persons in whose heads there is no grain of malice, deceived and adored by their peasants, ingeniously egotistic because they believe all the world happy, as they are themselves. The wife dies. The husband, who had seemed to live only to eat, fails and dies a few months after his wife. We laugh and cry in reading this charming tale, where the art of the storyteller is hidden in the simplicity of the story. All is true, natural. There is no detail which is not charming and a part of the general effect."

In personal affection it is the same. He shrank from speaking seriously of affection, orally or in letters, and yet there is in his essay on Victor Jacquemont sincere feeling, entirely undisguised and unclothed in irony. He dwells with fondness over some of the various traits of the character, and when he comes to speak of his voice, he uses a quotation singularly warm for him: "When I heard him speak I used to think of these lines of Shakespeare:

" 'Oh ! it came on my ears like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets.' "

An essay that shows strong literary affection is one on Madame du Deffand in *Le Moniteur* for April 29th, 1867. Nobody has entered with more accurate sympathy into the character of the famous wit. Mérimée speaks simply a real love of the woman and of the period. He does not garble the facts, but he is lenient because he feels the eloquence of Madame du Deffand from her own point of

view ; he feels her loyalty to her first impressions, her frankness, her desire to please, the simplicity and elevation of her intellectual tastes. He felt, too, the genuineness of her ephemeral affections, and he knew the sincerity in the seeming frivolity. It is a passing book review, and yet it shows better than anything else he has written his appreciation of one kind of mind.

Simple liking for certain things and certain people is not the only trait of character which is seen clearly only in the essays. Another trait, allied to it, is intellectual charity. In his letters Mérimée's criticisms of things he does not like are sharp and contemptuous. That he could speak with more reserve in his rôle of a professional critic is shown in an essay on the English pre-Raphaelite art in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15th, 1857. Nothing could be further from his sympathy ; nothing could be in sharper contrast with his skill in economy and convergence of parts than their pointless details ; nothing more different from his restraint and fineness than their efforts for literary symbolism. Of course he saw their weaknesses, but he also saw their merits. The weaknesses are described, for him, with little bitterness or sarcasm. Here is a description of a picture by Hunt : " A young woman is singing before an open piano. She holds in her hand a sheet of music. Behind her is a young man in morning dress, with his arm passed gayly about her waist. Her mouth is open ; probably she is running a division ; but she has a frightful grimace, and, moreover, as I learned by putting on my spectacles, she has tears in her eyes. Beside this group, in an easy-chair, is a cat which shares the taste of Harlequin,

of whom it is well known that he liked only those serenades at which there is food. This cat has procured for itself a canary, and is in the process of killing it. . . . I wished to know why this fair singer wept, while her companion was so gay. Unfortunately the title was very laconic, 'Conscience Awakened.' I admit that I was more puzzled than I had been before I had resorted to the catalogue. Fortunately I met an English artist, who gave me the following explanation: 'You certainly see that the two persons in this picture are not demeaning themselves properly. Look at the hand of the young woman. . . . You will notice that she has no marriage ring, and is therefore unmarried. The arm passed about her waist shows that she has a lover. She is singing one of Moore's melodies, which you ought to know by heart, and of which you can easily read the title by standing on your head. This title will remind you that in the third couplet the unfortunate woman meets an allusion to her own false position, and this allusion chokes her in the midst of the *roulade*. It is then that her conscience is awakened, and there you have what Mr. Hunt has expressed.' 'And the cat?' I asked. 'The cat is at once an interesting detail and a moral. It represents the bad instincts, and the canary represents innocence, two well-chosen emblems.' Yet even in a school so ridiculous to him Mérimée finds good and points out the various technical merits with fairness. Even in Mr. Ruskin he sees a use. He says Mr. Ruskin has a few ideas that are sane, even practicable, and that these ideas have been made more effective in England by the violence of their expression. His general impression of the pre-Raphaelites

is thus put : “ Habits of reflection, a taste for subtlety, pretension to depth, mixed with a great deal of inexperience,” and, he adds later, an entire lack of comprehension of the noble style.

His technique in the essays is worth as much study by young critics as young novelists put on his stories. It is almost impossible to see the logic of the arrangement, and quite impossible not to feel that there is logic. Though there is no apparent synthesis, the man of whom he writes stands out ; the picture is finished, given in a few strokes. He is abrupt, but not incomplete. His bold unity is beyond analysis. There are few introductions, no conclusions, and no obvious ornament. His dislike of the opposite method of express transition and setting he has suggested in “ Charles IX.” in an imaginary dialogue between the reader and the author :

“ Ah, Mr. Author, what a fine chance you have here to draw portraits ! And such portraits ! You will take us to the castle at Madrid, in the midst of the court—and such a court ! Are you going to show it to us, this French-Italian court ? Introduce us in turn to all the distinguished characters. How much we shall learn, and how interesting will be the day spent among such grand persons !

“ Alas, Mr. Reader, what a request you are making ! I would fain have the talent to write a history of France ; I should not then be telling stories. But tell me, why do you wish me to introduce to you persons who play no part in my novel ?

“ You do a great wrong in not giving them parts in it. What, you take me back to the year 1572, and then pretend to escape the portrayal of so many remarkable men ! Come,

you cannot hesitate. Begin, and I will give you the first phrase : *The door of the salon opened, and there appeared. . . .*

" But, Mr. Reader, there were no salons in the castle of Madrid. Salons. . . .

" Well. *The great hall was filled with a crowd, . . . etc. . . . among whom might be distinguished . . . etc.*

" What do you wish to have distinguished ?

" Of course, in the first place, Charles IX ! . . .

" And in the second ?

" Not so fast. First you must describe his costume, then you will give a portrait of his appearance, and finally of his character. That is to-day the high road for all novelists.

" His costume ? He was in hunting dress, with a great huntsman's horn about his neck.

" You are short . . . "

Mérimée then yields and gives a sketch in his own manner :

" Well, imagine a young man rather well formed, with his head a little sunk into his shoulders, his neck stretched out, and his face thrown awkwardly forward. His nose is rather large, the lips are fine and long, the upper one protruding. His complexion is wan, and his large green eyes never look at the person to whom he is talking. Moreover, it is impossible to read in his eyes *Saint Bartholemew*, or anything like it. No, his expression is rather stupid and restless than hard or savage."

In the historical essays Mérimée's art does not work as well as in the literary essays.

" I like in history only anecdotes, and among the anecdotes I prefer those in which I think I see a true picture of the customs and characteristics of the epoch. This is not a noble

taste, but I admit to my shame that I would freely give up Thucydides for some authentic memoirs of Aspasia or of one of the slaves of Pericles ; for memoirs, which are familiar talks of the author with the reader, alone furnish those portraits of man which amuse and interest me." As an example, he quotes this "concise note" from "L'Étoile": "The young lady of Châteauneuf, one of the favorites of the king before he went to Poland, having made a love marriage with Antinotti, a Florentine, an overseer of galley slaves at Marseilles, and having found him wantoning, killed him like a man with her own hands. . . . Out of this story and the many others of which Brantôme is full my imagination builds a character, and I call to life a woman of the court of Henry the Third." This taste makes Mérimée a success as a writer of historical essays only where the subject is fitted to concise narrative, where the bearing is apparent without explanation. In some essays, "Les Cosaques d'Autrefois and les Faux Démétrius," for instance, he is hard to read, for the stories are long and not interesting in outline, and the dullness of them is only emphasized by Mérimée's bareness of statement. One feels as Mérimée himself felt of Sallust: "In a long work his style might weary, on account of a conciseness which is perhaps not sufficiently free from mannerism. Applied to short tales it produces the deepest impression, by combining energy of thought with sobriety of setting. Art sometimes shows itself in this style a little too openly, in spite of the affectation of disorder in the composition, and one frequently forgets the interest of the story to admire the skill of the storyteller."

The opinions expressed in the essays make us like Mérimée far more than do the truculent condemnations of the letters. Sometimes, of course, he is unsympathetic, but seldom or never caustic. "Michael Angelo," he says, "has conceived his Moses as an athlete. I will be bold enough to say that this savage giant, with arms like a porter's and a beard of ropes, does not to me represent the guide and prophet of the Hebrews. He is a man whom no one would care to meet in the woods, but who would not know how to force obedience from a stiff-necked race." He does not like what he thinks the exaggerated grandeur that Plutarch and Shakespeare give to Cæsar, but he likes still less the method of Suetonius. "Very different from Plutarch, who gives all his heroes the grand air, Suetonius seems to have delighted in belittling his. His is a low and spiteful mind that cannot understand genius. He has neither indignation for vice nor enthusiasm for virtue, but he seeks everywhere ridicule, because ridicule levels all reputations and destroys both terror and admiration. Suetonius shows his whole nature in his life of Cæsar. He gives but a few pages to his many remarkable deeds, but he finds space to repeat in full the devilish songs of the soldiers who accompanied in his triumph the conqueror of the world."

This last quotation has the tone that can seldom be found in any of Mérimée's work but his essays. Apparently he enjoyed them less than his stories and his letters, so it may be that the tone of seriousness, here even severe, is one that represents him less intimately than his pervading irony. Yet his character is the broader that he could speak in that tone so well. And it is not at all cer-

tain, merely because he was usually half contemptuous in his art and in his personal relations, that he did not have as genuinely the gentler and simpler emotions and preferences that can be seen in his criticism. It is not unlikely that his own words about Beyle apply to himself : “. . . the fear of being thought a dupe and the constant care to avoid this misfortune ; hence this factitious hardening, this despairing analysis of low motives in all generous action, this resistance to the first impulses of the heart, much more affected than real with him, it seems to me.” Certainly this timid narrowing is, whatever the cause, much less constant in his essays. Therefore, to read Mérimée’s criticism after knowing his letters and stories, is to see an expression of the more generous side of him. It is to be able, in judging him, to see him less limited to irony, to see him as a man of wider range.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

ON THE MODERN PRECISION OF EXPRESSION.

In his famous essay on the romance prefixed to "Pierre et Jean" Guy de Maupassant tells us in three lucid sentences how his master, Flaubert, instructed him to write, and in these sentences lies the gist of the matter of which we wish to speak.

"Il s'agit de regarder tout ce qu'on veut exprimer assez longtemps et avec assez d'attention pour en découvrir un aspect qui n'ait été vu et dit par personne."

"Ayant, en outre, posé cette vérité, qu'il n'y a pas, de par le monde entier, deux grains de sable, deux mouches, deux mains ou deux nez absolument pareils, il me forçait à exprimer, en quelques phrases, un être ou un objet de manière à le particulariser nettement, à le distinguer de tous les autres êtres ou de tous les autres objets de même race ou de même espèce."

"Quelle que soit la chose qu'on veut dire, il n'y a qu'un mot pour l'exprimer, qu'un verbe pour l'animer et qu'un adjectif pour la qualifier."

In other words, a particular thing must be described, and it must be so described that we shall recognize the thing as an individual, distinct in some respects from every other individual of the species and from the general type. Having selected a precisely characterized individual to describe, its expression must be accomplished with a precise technique. In these two elements of selection and execution consists the precision in expression which distinguishes some modern art from much of the old.

This point of view is curiously at variance

with that of the philosophers. To Plato ideas were to be gained only by pure contemplation. An object was regarded passively until all its individual, transitory, and fortuitous characteristics were lost sight of and the observer saw only the unchangeable characteristics which are common to the species. Thus he gained a concept of a type, and this was called an idea. "In such contemplation," writes Schopenhauer, "the particular thing becomes at once the idea of the species." And the object of art to his thinking was to deal only with such ideas. "Art, the work of genius, repeats and reproduces the eternal ideas grasped through contemplation. Its one source is the knowledge of ideas; its one aim the communication of this knowledge." Thus modern art, like modern science, has drifted away from philosophy, and the change in our interest has been from the general to the particular, from the type of the species to the individual, from the conventional to the naturalistic.

Another document as interesting as Maupassant's essay is the dedication of D'Annunzio's "*Trionfo della Morte*." For these two men precision in expression was an aim amply realized in their work. Every one knows the precision of Maupassant's descriptions of things in the external world, and this precision has been equalled by D'Annunzio not only in the description of extrinsic things, but also in the description of states of mind. Some paragraphs of this dedication, which was omitted in the recent translation of the book, may be crudely rendered into English as follows:

"We have talked together many times of an ideal book of modern prose that—being varied in sound and in rhythm as a poem,

uniting in its style the most diverse virtues of the written word—should harmonize all the varieties of knowledge and all the varieties of mystery ; that should alternate the precisions of science with the seductions of the dream ; that should seem not to imitate, but to *continue* nature ; untrammelled by the requirements of a story, it should bear created in itself with all the resources of literary art the particular life—sensuous, sentimental, intellectual—of a human being placed in the centre of universal life.”

“ Here is one sole *dramatis persona*, and here is represented—with all the powers of the instrument of art conceded me—his particular view of the universe.”

“ The play of actions and reactions between his particular sensibility and things external is established on a precise plan of direct observation. His sentiments, his tastes, his habits do not vary with the vicissitudes of events that may be evolved from page to page with the aid of a logic more or less severe ; but they present the principal characteristics of every organic life, firm in a definite equilibrium between that which is variable and that which is stable, between forms constant and forms adventitious, ephemeral, and illogical. An initial sensation, sentiment, and idea appearing in the early pages, develop—according to the laws that govern the phenomena—through an innumerable mass of varied details which all correspond to one particular mind comprehensive and perspicacious.”

“ There is, above all—although I may seem perhaps to desire that the effort attempted of rendering the inner life in its completeness and in its variety shall have a value transcending that of pure æsthetic representation—

there is, above all, the intent to make a work of beauty and of poesy, a prose plastic and symphonic, rich in imagery and in music."

"The greater number of our narrative and descriptive writers only adopt for their needs a few hundred common words, ignoring completely the richness of our idiom, which some still dare to accuse of being poor or even absurd. The vocabulary adopted by the most is composed of vocables which are uncertain, inexact, of impure origin, discolored, and deformed by vulgar usage which has taken away or changed their primitive meaning, and has forced them to express a meaning different or opposed. And these words are arranged in periods which are almost always equal, badly joined together and lacking rhythm, and which correspond in nothing with the ideal movement of the things they wish to represent."

"Our language, on the contrary, is the joy and power of the toiling artificer, . . ."

"And the psychologists, for the new romance writers of Italy seem to incline toward this science, they especially have for expressing their introversions a vocabulary of incomparable richness which can fix on a page with graphic precision the most rare fugitive waves of sentiment, of thought, and even of the incoercible dream."

One must grant that the extent to which precision in expression can be carried varies greatly with the medium and the instrument. Maupassant found French sufficient, D'Annunzio thinks Italian need ask nothing of any other European tongue. In English every one will remember good examples of precise expression written in the last decades. But those who have written of the power of ex-

pression of German have from first to last usually written to complain. Thus Bürger, who wrote a century ago on the theory of verse and the philosophy of style, complained that there could be no euphony in German till the devil took two thirds of the e's, which in that language largely supplant the more sonorous vocal sounds. And the modern German thinker, Nietzsche, after remarking that in translating from one language to another the thing most difficult to carry is the *tempo*, goes on to say that German, because of its lack of variety in *tempo*, presents difficulties in the expression of many shades of thought, that Lessing alone has been master enough to overcome. And no doubt many a reader has had occasion to say with Ackermann :

“Quand j'ouvre un livre allemand, il me semble que j'éteins ma lumière, et lorsqu'il m'arrive en le quittant de prendre un livre français sur le même sujet, on dirait que je la rallume.”

Examples of this new precision may be found in the other arts. In no branch of art have the conventional and the academic been followed so slavishly as in sculpture. The marble lends itself peculiarly to the expression of the type and the abstract idea, and this has been so much practised that to express a definite action or thought in a well-characterized individual figure has seemed almost beyond its scope. If a definite action has been caught, it has usually been cast in a conventional figure, and if a figure has been well individualized its action has usually been the more conventional. So the works of Rodin came some years ago as a revelation, and one felt that here was a vigorous intellec-

tual force working in a new direction. Here was a more precise expression than we had known, an individualized figure, a particular action, and a technical execution carried to the last degree of naturalness ; combined, these produced an effect so striking that a Rodin sculpture in an exhibition stood out in the boldest relief.

While in sculpture the new precision consisted largely in the choice of subject, in painting the notable movements have been rather in the more precise rendering of an indifferent subject. Manet wished to put on canvas the impression which nature makes on our eyes at a given point of view, avoiding the representation of a conventional idea of nature gained otherwise than by this single observation. Nature appeared to him, he thought, in masses of flat color, and by putting patches of flat color on his canvas side by side, with the keenest attention to the values—*i.e.*, the light intensities of these patches, he secured an effect which came nearer the impression nature really makes upon us than is found in the conventional works. Later, Monet, wishing to get in his pictures a light which would be more like that of nature, got it by working on the theory that small masses of the prismatic colors juxtaposed on the canvas would produce the effect of a mixture of colors, *i.e.*, colored lights, as in nature, instead of a mixture of pigments to which we have become accustomed in painting.

In the same way it is easy to see that the music of Wagner differs from the earlier music chiefly in its precision in expression.

All of these new efforts at precision come with a shock to those who are imbued with the conventionality of earlier methods. The

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art which makes use of them may indeed be better or worse art than the old. It may and too often does give us less sensuous enjoyment than the old, but to those for whom art has an intellectual interest, to those who are "curious of motives," it represents an advance, and is a reflex of the intellectual tendencies of the time.

WARD A. HOLDEN.

THOREAU'S UNPAID OCCUPATIONS.

“There was a man once—a naturalist. And one day he found a lobster upon the sands of Time. Society is a lobster—it crawls backward. ‘How black it is!’ said the naturalist. And he took it home and put it into a little pan over the hot fire of his wit. ‘It will turn red,’ he said. But it didn’t. That was its shamelessness.” We have no reason to assume that the novelist (Maarten Maartens) who prefaced his book with these words had in mind anything but its purpose. But does not the parable suggest the experience of the New England hermit and philosopher, Henry David Thoreau? To our naturalist, too, the lobster Society was very black, and the heat of his wit failed to change its color. So he quietly withdrew from the world of men, became a denizen of nature’s realm, and made his pure, sincere life a rebuke for the ills he could not remedy.

His aim in life, Thoreau himself declares, was ever “to improve the nick of time and stand at the meeting of two eternities, the past and the future, which is precisely the present moment.” Few and easily satisfied are the wants of a man with this object in view, and they left our “poet-naturalist” freedom for pursuits more congenial than that of merely earning money.

For many years this eccentric man was “self-appointed inspector of snow storms and rain storms.” Judge how faithfully he performed the functions of that office, when you consider the many autumn and winter days he spent outside the town listening for the

message brought by the winds, of his long hours of watching from cliff and tree top for new arrivals, of his patient waiting on the hills at evening for the sky to fall that he might catch some of it. The little that he did catch, he quaintly remarks, would, "manna-wise, dissolve again in the sun." It was no unusual thing for the midnight hours to find our philosopher stretched on his back on some steep rock speculating on the height of the starry canopy. Farmers starting for Boston in the morning twilight and woodchoppers going to their work would meet him returning from these nocturnal enterprises. "It is true," writes Thoreau, "I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the least importance only to be present at it."

His duties as surveyor of forest paths and across-lot routes were no less scrupulously attended to. Early spring mornings often discovered him in the flooded meadows, jumping from hummock to hummock, from willow-root to willow-root, regardless of unpremeditated plunges in the wild freshet so long as he could bathe soul and body in the dawn's glory. The foxes and musquashes of the Concord woods found no cause to complain of obstructed roads and impassable ravines. At all seasons he kept pathway and bridge in the best of repair for his sylvan patrons.

The wild-stock of town and country alike profited by Thoreau's care. Many a starving chickadee and squirrel found its daily provender before the door-sill of his hut. Many a forlorn farm-house pet found sympathy and consideration in the pine grove. The partridge and her brood were Thoreau's hen and chickens, and he threw them grain and

watched with keen enjoyment their dainty manœuvres. He would sit motionless for hours in some attractive spot, till all the woodland inhabitants exhibited themselves in turn. The confidence and trust of these timid creatures must have adequately rewarded his patience.

Still, our philosopher did not devote all of his time to bird and beast, nor was his circle of acquaintances limited to their ranks. His friends and *protégés* in the vegetable world were numerous. He "watered the red-huckleberry, the sand-cherry, and the nettle-tree, the red-pine and the black-ash, the white-grape and the yellow violet, else they might have withered in dry seasons." He kept the journals of the persimmon and the black-eye. He watched the growth and development of the wild-apple tree. Particular trees, standing in some distant pasture, in the depths of some wood or swamp, or on a bleak hill-top, were his shrines. These he visited both summer and winter, sometimes braving heavy showers, frequently floundering through miles of deepest snow to keep an appointment with a beech-tree or a yellow-birch or an old acquaintance among the pines. His favorite, so Emerson tells us, was a certain bass-tree, which he visited yearly when it blossomed in July.

However, we must not infer that our hermit confined himself wholly to the study of nature as she manifests herself out-of-doors. In a way he studied humanity also—humanity in the form of farmer and fisherman, Indian and woodchopper. Not only did he explore the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of his neighbors' farms, but, as his friend Channing relates, "he came to see the inside of every

farmer's house and head, his pot of beans and mug of hard cider." He surveyed the husbandman's wood-lots, laid out his roads, inspected his rivers and ponds, and exchanged information with him concerning birds and beasts, insects and flowers, crops and trees. Frequently in his walks he would stop the mower in the field to chat pleasantly, and, incidentally, to discover the name of some unfamiliar stream or pool. He delighted to interview the sturdy Cape Cod fishermen, to learn their customs and peculiarities, and, at the same time, those of their finny prey. In his zeal to discover a genuine Indian he visited every available encampment. He joined the lumberers around their camp-fires in the Maine forests, and it seems that the society of these rough men afforded him enjoyment equalled only by his communion with nature.

The idea that Thoreau's researches in field and forest and among primeval men were his only pursuits is unfounded. The village children, whom he entertained, as only he could do, with story after story of his marvellous adventures on hill and plain, can testify to the contrary. They can tell of the huckleberry parties, of the chestnut and wild-grape hunts that he organized and led; how he drove the great hay wagon, and laughed and joked with the gayest of his juvenile passengers. Some of them now look back over the lapse of years, and see the stoic recluse calmly swallowing knives to produce them again from unexpected places for their amusement; holding the heavy warming-pan over the blaze while the corn popped briskly; improvising whistles and trumpets from hollow lily-stems, or playing them merry tunes on his flute.

Thoreau's flute. How sweetly suggestive

are the words ! We see Concord's school children dancing to its notes ; we fancy the woodland blossoms swaying to its melody. We picture the lonely boat on Walden's darkened mirror, the solemn moon above sailing across the heavens ; and we hear the flute's mellow strains waken the echoes amid the gloom of the trees. Back from the bank come the answering calls of fox and owl. The gleaming denizens of the deep pool circle entranced around the solitary musician's bark. But, alas !

" His pipe hangs mute beside the river,
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But music's airy voice is fled."

Yes, his sweet, strong wood-notes are forever hushed, but the voice of freedom that Thoreau helped to swell still rings through the land. " Give me the ocean, the desert, or the wilderness !" he cried ; still, when " man's inhumanity to man " violated his potent sense of justice, he emerged from that glorious society called Solitude to show the country that at least one man could scorn conventionalities and public prejudice for the sake of righteousness. Rather than pay taxes to a government that supported slavery Thoreau went to prison. To Emerson's, " Why are you here, Henry ? " he responded, " Why are you not here ? " Could another reply have been more comprehensive of his theory of conduct ?

But if Thoreau's ideals were lofty he certainly made a brave effort to live up to them.

" Great God, I ask Thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself,"

was his prayer. While he contemned man's greed for wealth and luxury, his own life was

an example of rigid asceticism and almost primitive simplicity. He wrote once to Mr. Ricketson, "I am very busy after my fashion, little as there is to show for it." Indeed, he was busy after his fashion ! Still, whether entertaining the children of Concord town or the children of field and river, whether cultivating the farmer's wild apples or the farmer himself, whether preaching "Freedom and John Brown" from Concord's pulpits, or demonstrating his principles in Concord's jail, whether watching the growth spirit climb to a soul in grass and flowers, or the "forget-me-nots of the angels" blossom one by one, he was simply and faithfully following the road he had laid out according to his own high standards. "He took nature as a mountain-path to an ideal world," writes James Russell Lowell in his otherwise severe criticism of our poet. Let us believe that the path he chose, although unfrequented, was the right one, and echo the words of an admiring contemporary :

" His life the eternal life commands ;
Above man's aims his nature rose.
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry life's prose."

OLIVIA THIDE.

THE ADMISSION OF WOMEN-STUDENTS TO GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

Recent developments tend to show that the German woman is resolved not to be behind her Anglo-Saxon sisters in endeavoring to emancipate herself. In Germany, more perhaps than in any of the civilized countries, the question is really one of emancipation, where woman has for ages been looked upon as merely a *Hausfrau*, and as incompetent to take any other position in the world.

Of late years, however, the limits of her "natural" sphere have been gradually but surely narrowed. Many of her former occupations, spinning and weaving, the manufacture of female articles of dress, the preparation and conservation of foods, etc., have been taken from her by the factories; and the daughters of the house, unable to find employment at home, were obliged to go out into the world to seek it. They have there proved the injustice of the opinion formed of their intellectual abilities, by obtaining a firm foothold in many walks and professions which men have considered exclusively their own.

The privileges of a higher education, however, and the advantages resulting therefrom, have, up to the present, been denied the German woman; this question is exciting a great deal of interest generally, and a brief review of the situation at the present time may not be without interest.

In the Parliamentary Session of 1893-94 a member in the German Reichstag proposed that the regulations under which students,

especially of medicine, were admitted to the universities should be modified in favor of women who had received their preparatory training abroad. The Prussian Minister of the Interior replied that a different treatment of the sexes in this respect would be unjust, and that intending women students must submit to the same conditions as apply to the men. The minister added, however, that he understood that the Ministers of Education for the separate German States were not indisposed to modify the general preliminary conditions, which were such as to render it practically impossible for a woman to matriculate.

In June, 1895, when the matter came before the Education Commission of the Prussian Parliament, the Government Commissioner stated that he was empowered by the Imperial Chancellor to say that, as far as the Imperial Government was concerned, nothing would be put in the way of the admission of women to the study of medicine, and if they possessed the necessary training and knowledge, of their obtaining the Doctor's diploma. Following these utterances several small concessions have been granted : a gymnasium for girls has been opened in Carlsruhe, one in Berlin, and one in Leipzig, and women have been allowed to pass the final gymnasium examination (*Abiturient-examen*), which, with men, gives the *right* to study at any German university. The government has, notwithstanding, steadily refused to allow female students to matriculate, so debarring them from taking any degree. The one privilege allowed them as yet is that they may attend lectures at the university in the invidious position of *Hospitantin*. Even before this

scanty favor can be enjoyed, the following conditions have to be complied with :

I. The Minister of Education has to be satisfied, after an examination of the applicant's diplomas and other papers, that she is competent to follow a university course.

II. The sanction of the rector of the university where she wishes to study must be obtained.

III. She must have the permission of the professor or private tutor of each course of lectures she wishes to follow.

This last condition is often the most serious obstacle in the way of the intending woman student, for many professors absolutely refuse to lecture to women.

The late Professor of Modern History at Berlin, Professor von Treitschke, otherwise so complaisant, was one of the strongest opponents to the admission of women to the universities. It is related that on one occasion, catching sight of a lady among his auditors, the professor left his chair, walked up to her, and offering her his arm, led her to the door without a word.

It is not surprising that in the face of these difficulties the number of female students at the Berlin University, which in the former semester was sixty, fell in the last half year to thirty-five.

Vigorous efforts are at present being made to try and induce the authorities still further to modify the regulations, and it is hoped that before long Germany, which in other respects is making such rapid strides, will allow its women to have equal rights with men to the advantage of higher education.

J. A. FORD.

THE CURBING OF ASTUTENESS.

When we have decided that it is the plain duty of every American citizen to look out for his own interests, to use his intelligence to make his way, to make money, and to get rich if he can, or when we have admitted that though it may not be exactly what we call a duty, yet that to do these things is altogether justifiable and praiseworthy, we begin to ask ourselves what we are going to do about the people who grumble and are unsuccessful, who are discontented, uncomfortable, poor, destitute, or starving.

Looking at the world in the light of the past, it strikes the man who knows how people lived in old times that there is a great deal of complaining to which the only proper answer would be a snub. There is a large class of people who work every day, but who, for all that, are a very luxurious lot. They have carpets and pianos and extremely good ready-made clothes. There are few things to eat or drink that they do not get occasionally, and they have good food all the time. I have dined with them more than once, and I know. They are the skilled mechanics who get good wages, yet who grumble and let themselves be led away by walking delegates and labor agitators. If there is any set of men—barring the real-estate owner, living on his rents—who ought to be satisfied with existing conditions, these are the people. When the tender-hearted philanthropist or the conscientious economist has told these gentlemen to stop complaining, and not make fools of themselves by allowing themselves to be led

away by other people's excitements, he will have discharged his full duty toward them.

Next, there is another set of the discontented—that is to say, those workmen, skilled or unskilled, who have a temporary and local grievance to complain of, and who, with much grumbling, go on strike in the hope of rectifying it. These men are adopting what seems to them the proper business action under the circumstances. When strikes first began they were denounced with a mediæval and fendal torrent of abuse ; but a series of admirable decisions, both in the State and in the Federal courts, has put the rights of strikers on a solid basis. The right to sell labor has taken its place alongside of the right to sell any other commodity. No one is blamed any longer for trying to get as high a price as he can for his work, though, to keep the price up, he must make a combination with all those who do the same kind of work, or even with those whose work, though different, is in some way interdependent upon his own. Indeed it has come about that the labor trust has got a better footing than the merchandise trust, just as in this State, at all events, a woman who owns property has more freedom than a man. Nobody thinks of abolishing trades unions ; the only question is how far shall they be allowed to go, while there is a strong attack on mercantile trusts—the question being whether they shall be allowed to exist at all.

On purely defensive principles it has been wisely decided by the courts that strikers were not at liberty to destroy property, assault and injure “scabs,” or interfere with the United States mail and interstate commerce. These are about the only things a striker may not do, and a little attention will show that they

are simply matters which nobody is allowed to do under any circumstances. But strikers are very sorry for themselves, and receive great sympathy, and there seems to be a lurking impression that they ought to have privileges beyond those of the ordinary citizen.

Now, the position of the orderly striker is that of a business man who takes a somewhat radical step in order to increase his future profits. The striker, if he keeps within the law, and does not "seek, burn, fire, kill, slay," will be perfectly protected in his rights, and his case is not altogether heartrending. Some cases deserve sympathy. It is difficult for a man who, to keep his place, has to be on duty eighteen hours a day, and feels indignant about it, to realize that he must work out the problem between nature and the law, between an empty stomach and a corporation, without losing his temper or getting drunk, and that even if he gets drunk on an empty stomach, and in consequence loses his temper, he must behave all the time, in a way that will show up well before a court and jury. Nevertheless, there is not, even in this case, in spite of the very evident hardship of it, anything that goes much deeper than the ordinary ills that flesh is heir to under our common views of life. Anybody who is familiar with the life led by sailors on board of English, or even American sailing vessels, knows that the life of a man on shore who is making any money at all, is comparative luxury. Half the discontented and complaining land lubbers would come back with penitence to their cab, their switch, their sewing-machine, or their loom if they could once be sent round the Horn before the mast, or even have to do the duty, and put up with the hardships of an

able-bodied seaman on the winter voyage of a coasting schooner.

Hardly any of our city malcontents who stick to their safe though crowded flats and their accessible saloons know what it is to take their lives in their hands and face death by starvation or freezing or a bullet. They have not got it in them ever to find this out. They are not pioneers. They prefer the flat and the saloon. In sticking to them these people are exercising a privilege and indulging a preference, and any one who indulges a preference must receive a qualified pity.

As things stand at the present time, the people born to hardship are making a great bid for sympathy to the people born to success. Never before has there been so strong a tendency on the part of those who by birth or work or luck have got money—that is, have accumulated a little and laid it up ahead—to do something for those who, for some reason or other, are living from hand to mouth ; and never has there been such a tendency on the part of these latter to denounce the behavior, the success, and even the existence of their would-be benefactors.

There has never been such a sympathetic and really charitable age—charitable in the highest sense of that old-fashioned word—and there has never been a time when solid disapproval was so general.

So much for the people who get rather more sympathy than they deserve, considering the nature of the universe. There is another class, who, whatever may be the real causes of their discontent, express it in complaints that have no foundation in fact or in reason.

Such are those who accuse the financier of making a practice of cornering the medium of

exchange—a feat which, under certain circumstances, might be accomplished, but one which would seldom be profitable and which a little ingenuity could prevent. Others attribute to capitalists the power of dictating to labor the amount of its compensation—a matter which lies wholly in the sphere of supply and demand, as any workman knows who has happened to fall in with a rich man who wanted work done and could get no one else to do it.

These two false notions supply the material for about two thirds of all complaints against existing institutions. Yet, deserving or undeserving, manly or unmanly, correct or incorrect, these complaints are made ; and as it takes time and costs money to make them, we must conclude that the makers of them think it worth while to keep them up. Nobody does this sort of thing for nothing. All these attacks on wealth and the system which renders wealth possible are not made for the mere amusement of the talkers (excepting those who are paid to talk on a given line, in which case the element of “worth while” must be referred to those who pay them), but because the talkers think they have something to gain by it.

What have they to gain ?

A man like Bryan is easily explained by personal ambition or the desire of personal emolument. Mr. Bryan gave no evidence of personal conviction sufficient to arouse the sympathy even of those of us who admire honest personal convictions, however irregular they may seem, are on the lookout for them, and think they are the only things worth having. An unprejudiced observer must set Mr. Bryan down as a demagogue, and his case explains hundreds of others.

Yet even a demagogue has a meaning as a fact. He does not come into being unless there is a Demos ready to be agitated. His existence shows some real "uneasy working" in the people he undertakes to voice, albeit theatrically.

We have pooh-poohed populism and socialism, and have ignored all kinds of discontent and made light of it from a political standpoint. If we did anything about it we have done it along the lines of charity ; but this does not suffice. There is a real and widespread feeling of revolt among many kinds of people. All they can really be said to know is that they are not as comfortable as they think they ought to be. They do not know what they want in order to better their condition. Sometimes they think one thing would do it, sometimes another. They have a sense of injustice which it is impossible for them to define or express in terms of existing institutions without using revolutionary language. The leaders they have had have given them little or no help. They would not be populist leaders if they did, for the badge of populism is to ignore what is obvious and at hand, and to jump ahead into indefinite future possibilities.

Let us see if we cannot get at the fundamental cause of a large part, at all events, of the present state of discontent in this country, leaving out of the question the men who, like the Western farmer, complain because the business they went into did not turn out as profitable as they expected, and leaving out also the grievances of those who are not willing to do their share of the world's work.

The defenders of our present social arrangements take their stand on the ground that com-

fort and wealth are the rewards of merit in the shape of industry, intelligence, and energy. They assume that this is as it should be, and they deprecate any suggestions that seem to attack the proposition.

In the first place, to say that the ability of one man to outstrip another in the battle of life makes the former the better man, and to call the qualities by which he does it, virtues, is to beg the whole question. If we admit for a moment that life ought not to be a battle, but rather a science, then those qualities which tend to make it a fight become not only indifferent but positively harmful.

It is almost impossible for the people of any given time to think of the qualities which insure success among them as being anything but virtues. In barbarous times, mere physical strength, swiftness, and keenness of sense were thought the highest virtues. They did their part in bringing success to their possessors, and their part was the greatest.

We of to-day do not rate men as valuable and worthy on any such basis. We do not think any more of a Sullivan or a Corbett, as men, than we do of an Evarts or an Everett, small men, whom these giants could demolish with a blow and exterminate physically. We have transferred our admiration to another set of qualities, for the reason that we have taken to fighting with another set of weapons, and have turned the aggregate physical strength of the whole community against the physical strength of the individual giant, and shut him out from the use of his natural advantage over us. We now fight by means of our intelligence and astuteness, under a system of rules which we call the law. These rules are precisely analogous to the rules of the ring.

Certain blows are barred and called fouls. For the most part such barred blows come under the head of frauds. The whole proceeding, however, is just as much a fight as it ever was ; and our virtues are qualities which win in a fight. If we look at these virtues closely we shall see, however, that we are wrong in saying that success is the reward of all of them in an equal measure. Industry, energy, and intelligence do not alone suffice to insure their possessor any very great amount of worldly victory. Many men have all these qualities, and get only a very little way above a hand-to-mouth existence. These qualities, it is true, are necessary to the accomplishment of anything, but they may exist without accomplishing very much. The qualities that produce transcendent results are different. They are great intellectual capacity wholly wrapped up in financial interest, and coupled, as a rule, with a certain brutality, which is capable of shutting out of any transaction everything except its bearing upon the interests of the actor himself. This brutality, or, perhaps, one ought rather to say callousness, will permit to pass unnoticed, what often amounts to cruelty, fraud, and practical injustice, even under present notions of what is and what is not just.

Now, the fundamental and often undefined grievance of the hard-working man, who makes little or no headway in the world, and whose case is the one which deserves the most attention, is that there is no necessity of permitting any one to exercise such powers and qualities of mind among his fellows any more than there is need of allowing a prize-fighter to bully smaller men, who are every bit as good as he, if not better.

There is nothing intrinsically absurd in the proposal to restrain the exercise of certain intellectual traits, even though they be such as we now think honest. We know, as a matter of fact, that it took many hundreds of years to get physical strength and skill under any sort of control. Not until duelling was abolished was it quite wiped out. By a curious survival, the most valuable intellect was still at the disposal of the skilful swordsman. During all but the latter part of this period the fighter despised the merchant, and even the man of letters, and he would have regarded the suppression of himself as an absurdity. Nevertheless there would have been nothing absurd about the notion, for he was suppressed.

So, too, to-day the astute and clever individual who, under our system of free contract, can twist his fellow-men to his own uses, and by taking advantage of their necessities can turn their industry to his own account, considers it ridiculous to imagine that he is not quite within his rights or that he is likely to be interfered with. But, far from being absurd, it seems most probable that it is through interference with him that a good part of our future betterment will come.

It must be admitted that he has on his side the argument that competition in civilized society represents what in nature is the struggle for existence, and that if we do away with it we do away with an element on which the world relies, in a great measure, for its advancement.

The answer to this argument is twofold. In the first place, nobody is expected to make themselves uncomfortable for the sake of the amelioration of the race in future generations ; or if some race lovers recommend such behavior, nobody follows their advice.

In the second place, the proposition is not to abolish competition, but to make a further reduction in the weapons with which it may be carried on ; and this is a proposal so entirely in line with what has taken place in the past as to raise a strong presumption in favor of its being a step in the right direction. For, on looking back over the history of civilization, it would seem, that while competition has never been wholly banished with any success, yet the powers with which competition may be carried on have been continuously restricted. In the beginning there was no restriction at all. Whatever natural powers a man possessed, those he might use against his fellows in making his way. As the conditions of life changed he was still allowed to compete ; but one by one his weapons were taken away from him. First his powerful right arm was put on a par with the weaker one of his less muscular neighbor ; then his ability to work on his neighbor's imagination, to scare him into submission by a profession of supernatural power ; then his ability to trick and cheat him by human devices were curtailed. Theoretically we are past this stage, but practically we are in it still. As we get through it we see another weapon, still in good standing, which looks as if it would some day be confiscated, namely, the power of superior astuteness and intelligence of a particular kind to outdo or outstrip men, otherwise equally good, in the race for more favorable existence.

It is most unlikely that competition will ever be eradicated from human affairs ; but it is highly probable that it will be confined more and more to solid and permanent characteristics. Slight differences of mental capacity or temperament will not be productive of such

enormous discrepancies of fortune as they are to-day.

It is a little difficult, in advance of the fact, to imagine the kind of character that will hereafter come out on top. It will very likely be that of those rather dull and unostentatious individuals who do not make much noise in the world in these days, but who do a great deal of its work. It is not unlikely that he will be a sort of person whom we do not at present admire very much, but who has a very good opinion of himself. He will come to consider himself worthy of more protection, and he will end by forcing the community to protect him against the attacks of certain kinds of intellectual superiority on the part of other individuals. We are in no position to appreciate his good qualities, for we are so beset by our own necessities that we are all trying to get into our business a little bit of the gigantic and disproportionate astuteness to which he objects, and to play, ourselves, the part of Anteus among the Pygmies.

We must now consider three questions. First, is the time ripe for the inauguration of this control over intellect? Second, how is this control to be secured? And third, what are the effects going to be?

As to the first question, while it may be admitted that it is not always necessary to postpone the trial of new good till all old evil has been got out of the way, yet it must be admitted, that in this case, it is not possible to do much under present circumstances.

Before we can get very far in the way of deciding what is unconscionable we must first find out how much of our present difficulties is due to actual fraud. For instance, before we can tell what wages a corporation can reason-

ably afford to pay its employés we must know how much it earns, when nothing is deducted for fraudulent dividends or legislative bribery.

The first business of the populist leaders, if they mean to do any practical work for their clients, is to throw the whole power of their machinery into the extermination of palpable and recognizable fraud, either on the part of individuals in business or public men in office. There is no objection to their keeping alive in the minds of their followers the thought that there is in the future a scientific system of social existence, or, at all events, a system better than the one we have now, in which the basis of equality will be decency of character rather than a certain sort of ability; but whatever that system shall be, it is very clear that, inasmuch as it must more and more entrust private interests to public administration, honesty is then going to count even more than it does now, and that until we have a system by which fraud can be detected and punished, and is detected and punished, there is no use in devoting much time to ulterior improvements. It would be just as wise to wrangle over the decoration of one's house while the foundations were continually sinking in a quicksand.

In the methods which prevail to-day between men of business and public or quasi-public concerns the work of the populist lies ready to his hand.

Of course it is more attractive to plunge forward into the future and skip over the intermediate steps, but it does not do any good. The ground must be levelled and the prosaic foundations must be laid before the beautiful artistic dream of the builder can go up. It is an undeniable fact that this country is riddled with fraud of all kinds.

Let the populist begin by seeing to it that there is not in any legislature, State or national, a corruptible man. Let them next, or concomitantly, investigate the business methods of financiers. They may take it for granted that among themselves these gentlemen are entirely honest and accurate. Their trade requires that this should be so—they all depend on it, and no one of them could do business on any other basis. Where their methods will bear investigation, however, is where they come to deal with public officials and with public or corporate interests, such as railroads and the like. Here their morality takes a decided twist toward the exercise of arbitrary power. Most corporation officials will bribe legislators and think nothing of it. Their argument is that here is a set of fellows blocking the way and waiting to be paid to stand aside. Pay them, then, by all means and get them out of the way as quickly as possible. They do not consider that there is anything immoral in this behavior on their part, and they speak of it openly among themselves. They would think themselves fools to behave in any other way. There is a general impression that the machinery for these transactions is supplied by political bosses, and the evidence that this is the case is strong enough to warrant the populists in making a beginning by abolishing the political boss. It is very difficult for a thousand business men to deal separately with a hundred legislators ; but if one man can be found to receive and disburse the fund according to the wishes of the bribers, and can then deliver the legislation they respectively desire, the business is safe and simple.

Next, the administration of failed corporations and the reorganization companies will

bear careful investigation, for they offer opportunities for what, in smaller operations, would stand out as plain fraud. Lastly, the administration of all corporations in which the participators avoid personal liability by virtue of their franchises from the State is a legitimate subject of investigation.

The handling of these abuses is a populist undertaking and a populist duty, and nobody would have a legitimate word to say against the populists if they undertook to do it. It will not be till these and other species of fraud are abolished that the evils arising from what we now regard as honest though excessive keenness will stand out with sufficient clearness to make them the legitimate objects of attack.

We now have to ask how, when we have got down to it, this honest though excessive keenness is to be controlled, and the answer is, that it must be controlled by laws limiting the power of individuals to contract freely with each other about certain matters or along certain lines. The power to limit the making of contracts already resides in the existing law. Many kinds of contract, which have come to be considered injurious to the community, are prohibited, and the only limit to the power or propriety of such prohibition is the good sense of the community in deciding what is good for it and what is bad. The law also takes cognizance to-day of contract that are considered unconscionable, and declines to enforce them.

We come, then, over a prepared way to the adoption of laws by which men shall be prohibited from making contracts with one another wherein either shall get more than his fair share of the profits in a common enterprise. This, of course, is the line of restric-

tion which is of most interest to the hard-working man. If we can define justice in this matter the problem of the working man who can get employment will be solved. If we consider the phrase "his fair share" under our present conditions, we find that there is no criterion of the value of labor by which the division can be measured except the pressure of circumstances as they exist under the law. Whatever anybody agrees to take is his share ; and if through competition he is obliged to take very little, he nevertheless has no redress. But it is quite possible, if we are willing to take the consequences, to enact any laws we choose fixing the least amount for which laborers in different trades may sell their labor, or, to put it the other way round, the least amount an employer shall be allowed to pay for work.

Such laws would be very acceptable to those who believe that under them they would be among the ones to get employment, and equally distasteful to those who felt doubtful on this point. We have already some examples of this kind of legislation in the eight-hour law and the prohibitions of Sunday labor. They are laws which prevent people from entering into contracts which they would make if they were left to themselves ; and this brings us to our third question as to how such laws work when applied to labor, the answer to which is that they inevitably cut both ways, for they not only restrict the employer, but they prevent some would-be employés from doing work which they would be willing to do rather than be idle. The effect of such laws is to make the work of the efficient more profitable and to increase the number of people who get no work at all.

The result will be that when the efficient members of society have got their laws into a shape satisfactory to themselves, and have defined the limits within which the working population may contract with each other, they will find that they will have upon their hands a constant residuum of the less efficient, with whom nobody will care to contract at all. This class will undoubtedly be larger than it is to-day, and it will have to be provided for by a tax which will be precisely equal to the amount of protection afforded by the law. There will be no pecuniary advantage so far as amount is concerned ; but there ought to be an advantage in distribution, a fairer wage to the efficient, and a more economical method of taking care of the less efficient than our present method of leaving him hanging about on the verge of starvation, keeping down the wages of everybody by his existence, and getting nothing out of it himself.

As matters stand to-day, it must be confessed that everything is pretty well at loose ends. The man of astuteness probably gets too much for the quality and the man of industry too little for his hard and regular work. Fraud still pays, and chance plays a larger part than it should in an intelligently conducted society. Charity, or help to the unsuccessful, an element of society which is well represented to-day, and which we need never expect to get rid of altogether, is partly public, partly private, partly well advised, and partly sentimental and injurious. It is not too much to expect that the future will see these matters reduced to better order and dealt with on economical and psychological principles.

It is useless to expect that the time will ever come when the whole world will be laborious,

efficient, and comfortable, for human beings are born in each generation who thwart such an event. The most that can be expected is that, since men must work to live, those who do the work shall get shares of the living, as near as may be, just, while those who do not do the work shall be dealt with as fairly and as economically as possible.

It is quite evident, if this account of the direction things are taking among us is correct, that it is impossible to expect to bring about any sudden changes. Democracy, as it stands to-day, is not an artificial institution, it is a very organic growth. It is broad enough and elastic enough to keep on its feet and afford a *modus vivendi* during the trial of all sorts of experiments in sociology, provided those experiments are not made with violent and explosive haste. Moreover, this particular democracy is provided with half a hundred legislatures, in each of which experiments may be tried without endangering the whole.

As a citizen of the United States, one may well think it wise to keep the populists out of the federal government as long as possible, but to welcome them to power in some of the new Western communities and observe what they do with it. They have made a bad beginning, to be sure, and they have put themselves back, as people who go off at half cock always do, but there is some truth in their complaint that existing institutions are irregular, irrational, wasteful, and unjust, and with time and care they may do something toward reducing them to better order.

HENRY G. CHAPMAN.

A STORY OF SKYSCRAPERS.

When Henry Fendall came down to New York for the Law School a few years ago he was advised to enter a law office at once, inasmuch as the courts demanded a certain number of years in an office as a preliminary to admission to the bar. He looked about, and finally made arrangements with White, Dick & Steele, who were very brisk, "driving" young men, and who did everything in their law cases with considerable dash and glitter.

Their expensive law offices were located in the top floor of the Star Building, and the prospect from their windows was west and south over the wide expanse of river and harbor. A client felt that with White, Dick & Steele something notable would be done. It would be sure to be in the papers, for one thing, and his business would get advertised. Then it sounded well to say, "My lawyers tell me—White, Dick & Steele, you know." There is a fashion in all things, and the lawyers who "put on side," as the saying is, are generally the ones in front.

Old, white-haired, kindly ex-Judge Clover, had *his* opinion of these later-day lawyers. "They practised law with a trumpet and drum," as he expressed it; and the judge went on to say, further, "Perhaps we've all got to come to it in New York—swell offices, a large force of clerks, typewriters by the dozen, telephones—and make the greatest display possible all the time."

It may be said that the old ex-judge looked ruefully about his own dingy office in a dingy old building on William Street as he said it.

His law books were grimy and black with dust, his carpet was worn to a thread, his old-fashioned desk inky and spotted; even the bundles of law papers were dust-laden, as if quietly burying themselves and their legal quarrels in the earth of a dingy past.

The old ex-judge solemnly gazed out of his window at the granite walls of the monster Star Building, which, the year previous, had been erected by a wealthy insurance company. "The sun used to come in my window," he mused as he turned gently in his pivot chair and placed his feet on the rounds of a low settee. "Now I have to use gas by four o'clock every day. I wonder where these tall buildings are going to end—in the moon? Perhaps they will shut out the light of the moon some day, and we shall have our only glance at the stars from a ferryboat! Times are changed since my clients used to walk up four flights of stairs to consult with *Clover & Jameson* in the 'new' white marble building on William Street. It's harder nowadays to get business and harder to keep it. There are *Bangs & Jones*, their lumber business all gone over to *White, Dick & Steele*, high up in the high Star Building. Jones always *used* to be a good client of mine. But *young* Jones, he must go to a more fashionable attorney. Bah! they'll put liveries on their clerks next. I don't like the way the law has been turned into a business—not I. It *used* to be a profession; it used to be something one was proud to—eh?"

Some one had entered.

"I'm from *White, Dick & Steele*, sir. Please admit service," said a voice from the doorway.

Ex-Judge Clover looked up into the face of

a well-dressed, good-looking young man, neatly gloved, carrying a cane. The gloves and cane provoked him. The young man further presented a card which read in neat engraving script :

Mr. Henry Fendall,
with White, Dick & Steele,
Star Building.

“ White, Dick & Steele,” said Fendall, “ want an extension of time in this foreclosure case. You see, our whole office force has been overdriven in the great Stout receiver matter—you’ve heard ? Stout & Brown failed for nine millions—involved seventeen railroads and one canal. Tremendous stroke of luck our pulling in that matter. You see, Steele happened to dine with Bliven, the receiver, at the club, and made an extra fine salad. Tickled the old fellow’s palate. Bliven’s the judge’s brother-in-law ; so there it is. So, you see, we are so busy we can’t fool away our time over a two-thousand-five-hundred-dollar foreclosure suit. You catch on ?”

“ But, young man—Mr. Fendall—this is the fourth time, on some excuse or other, I’ve extended your time.”

“ But you see how it is ?”

“ My client is a poor widow who needs the money, and must have it.”

“ Of course. But we only ask for ten days more—”

“ But Mrs. Garretson, formerly very well off, now much reduced in means—why, her daughter Kate has actually been obliged to take up typewriting.—”

“ What ! Miss Kate Garretson ?”

“ Think of it ! and they used to live in a fine house on Madison Avenue.”

"Oh, very good. I'm sorry for them ; but our client means to pay up principal and interest if you don't press him too hard. Why, if Miss Kate Garretson was here now she'd grant it—I know she would."

There entered the old dingy office two ladies at the moment, one dressed in black, the other in a quiet brown, with a gray-and-silver hat and feathers.

The ex-judge rose and bowed.

"Mrs. Garretson, a young man from White, Dick & Steele asks for further time in your foreclosure suit."

"Further time ? It can't be," said the elder of the ladies, scarcely acknowledging the judge's salute.

Fendall and Miss Kate Garretson exchanged quick glances, and Kate perceptibly blushed.

"Why not, mamma ?" she murmured.

"I feel sure our client will settle this affair," said Fendall bluntly and then stopped.

Miss Garretson and her mother seated themselves.

"I don't suppose you really intend to put in an answer to our complaint ?" asked the ex-judge of Fendall.

"Why, as to that—um—um—my firm must—er—er—be consulted, of course—impossible for me to say ; but I *think* not."

"I hope there will be no further delay in this vexatious suit," said Mrs. Garretson, who was rather solemn and rather languid. "Really, Judge Clover, you must not permit these people to run over you." She gave a significant glance at Kate. The latter had long since caught the knowledge of what firms of lawyers were "the correct thing," as the office boy of Stanton & Black, her employers, had remarked. She gave a quick glance about

at the dilapidated old law office and turned up her aristocratic nose at the white-haired, quiet little ex-judge, who actually, as it appeared, employed no "regular" typewriter and had no telephone in his office. Then, too, what odd bookcases, with glass fronts! What a queer thing in an office—yes, actually a stove! She wondered at her mother employing such an old "back number."

"I assure you, Mrs. Garretson," said Fendall, "we are really pressed for time in our office. The Stout failure, you know. Attorneys for the receiver, Bliven."

Kate looked interested, and a little admiringly, too, it may be added. Fendall was certainly very good-looking.

"I heard Mr. Black say that *we* came within an ace of that entire affair," she said casually.

"Your Mr. Black probably couldn't mix an agreeable salad," laughed the little ex-judge, amused.

"Mr. Bliven, the receiver, is an old client of ours. It's very clever in you to have stolen him." Kate smiled sweetly.

"We must live," Fendall replied. "And business is business. Make it five days, Judge Clover. We are sure to settle it."

"Not a day," said Mrs. Garretson.

"Will have to apply to the court, then."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Kate. "Put in a demurrer."

"You're a little too sharp. You can't withdraw that now and put in an answer in twenty days as you once could, or I would do so. Not since the Media case."

Kate grinned. She was a very pretty, dark, high-foreheaded girl, and she knew a trick or two of law practice, and had legal am-

bitions herself. She was a new type of girl, one who never seemed to have any morbid, disconsolate view of her "wretched" position. Truth was, she liked it. She earned a good salary, helped her brothers and sisters at home, dressed herself, and was busy. She loved to be driven from morning to night, and Stanton & Black drove their typewriter for all she was worth, and regularly raised her salary every six months since she had been with them.

Yet, five years before, Catherine Garretson was apparently intended for as high a social position as any bright, clever girl in her fashionable set. She had refused a number of men, who after the Garretson failure thanked their particular stars that she *had* blighted their existence.

But society had never seemed very *real* to her. She found that she preferred business, and she actually *loved* the law. The world therefore, she considered, had treated her very well. She acknowledged it. She loved Nassau Street. Wall Street seemed finer than Fifth Avenue. She had the business "gift." It amazed her mother.

Going back to her office with her mother, after they had given Fendall one more day ("if women ever come to practise law," said Fendall afterward, "they'll out-Jew the Jews!"), Kate told her maternal parent all she knew of Fendall—and it was indeed a good deal.

"You see, my dear mother, our firm and their firm are deadly rivals, and we are both trying to set the pace for the slower firms, so we both move into a higher building every time they put one up. We're on the twenty-fourth story now, in our rival towers, each of

us. We have lots of business with them, and we're always clashing. It's fight from the word go. That horrid, odious Mr. White ! That ugly Mr. Steele ! Mr. Black and Mr. Stanton are both fine-looking and are both *gentlemen* as *we* used to know them."

She referred to their former social plane.

" But this young Mr. Fendall ? "

" He's a new man, fresh from Harvard. "

" He seemed to know you, Kate. "

" Semi-professionally, yes. "

" Tell me. "

" I did him a favor once. He was very green, you know, just out of college, and he made some mistakes. " Kate began to laugh. " You see, he thought it the right thing to leave originals and take back the copies ; and in answering the calendar he had a way of saying, ' Aw—your honah—aw—the firm with whom I am connected—aw—desire to have an adjournment—aw, ' until every one in the court room laughed. Well, he made a most ridiculous blunder in our office—served the wrong papers. He was in such a flurry that day, and I saw it—and I—well, I didn't let our firm know anything about it—and—and—so he was so grateful that he took me out to lunch at Savarin's. Quite nice, wasn't it ? "

" Kate ! I can't understand how a girl like you, brought up as you have been—"

" My dear mamma—"

" You *were* to have been—a lady. " There were signs of tears in the elder's eyes. " And now you go out alone to lunch with strange young men ! "

" Oh, you cannot understand ! I'm a typewriter, and I belong to the new order of things. It was considered perfectly proper in our office and *his* office, and I'm sure we both

belong to very high class offices, I assure you. At all events, we are high up in the world !”

“ A new code of etiquette indeed !”

“ Of course. Where we women are employed down-town in business we cannot stand on our old-fashioned up-town notions.”

“ What other awful things have you done, Kate ?”

“ Well, I’ve promised to go and see Mansfield with him.”

“ Alone ? The theatre ?”

“ No chaperon is necessary. Do I have a chaperon in the office ? There I am with six men—”

“ The next thing you’ll tell me is that you’ve decided to marry him !”

“ Well—I may. I’ve heard he has money, and I must marry money. There’s Mr. Black, *he’s* been very kind to me lately. Then he has a client, H. D. Sniggins, of Sniggins & Co—coffee people—old and fat, but rich, and delightfully litigious.”

“ Delightfully litigious ! Do you admire litigious people ?”

“ They are our grist, my dear mother. Mr. Sniggins offered me double wages to leave where I am.”

Kate looked down and blushed.

“ And you ?”

“ In our code of etiquette it was tantamount to a proposal of marriage.”

“ And you refused, of course ?”

“ I have taken twenty days to give my answer—the usual time to answer, you know. Now, as Mrs. Sniggins there would be no further ‘ little bills.’ I can manage that dear fat old thing—”

“ Kate !”

"And you and the children would live on Madison Avenue again, dear."

The tears glistened in both the women's eyes. They stood just under the spire of old Trinity at the corner of Wall Street.

"Now, Kate, whatever your new code is, it's a sacrifice, and I won't have it," said her mother firmly.

"No, nor I," said Kate softly, looking across Trinity churchyard.

"Marriage without love," began the elder lady as they walked slowly up Broadway.

"Is what it ought to be, but won't. Mr. Fendall has bought the tickets for the theatre."

"Why, he seemed so very distant in Judge Clover's office."

"That's his way. You notice I did not introduce you. He wouldn't have liked it. When he gets good and ready he'll call at the house and meet you. He has ridiculous prejudices against mothers. I don't intend to cram you down his throat."

They reached the Rector Street Station, and Kate saw her mother in the train and hurried back to the office.

"Heavens! I've been away over my hour," she cried dismayed as she resumed her seat and clicked away at a Complaint.

A moment later there was a call at the telephone and she answered it. The office boy grinned as he heard her say into the 'phone:

"She's just as sweet and good as she looks, Harry."

"Old-fashioned of course; so are you; you're both alike, though you're learning fast."

"Yes, I can count on her all right."

"She won't object. I'll arrange that. Then, I'll need all that mortgage money for my *trousseau*."

"That's right. Principal and interest by next Saturday, sure. I knew you'd fix it."

"What really?"

"Now, Harry, you always *told* me you were poor. And you deceived me! I don't like it one bit!"

"The Riviera! How heavenly!"

"Oh, Harry!"

"At five-thirty. I'll send a short note to Mr. Sniggins. Yes, we'll walk up-town together."

"Tiffany's? Oh, Harry!"

"Five-thirty. Now good-by. I'm busy."

"Hush! I'm afraid some one will hear."

Then Kate resumed her seat and her typewriter clicked away merrily again. She rattled off a curt note to Mr. Sniggins and another to her "bosses," if truth may be told, the happiest a typewriter ever has to write:

Messrs. Stanton & Black.

GENTLEMEN: At the end of this week I shall be obliged to leave your employ. I expect to be married to Mr. Henry Fendall, and take this means of announcing the fact.

Respectfully yours,

CATHERINE W. GARRETSON.

Then she gazed out of the window over the top of Trinity spire on to the Orange Mountains, which lay a purple rim and setting to the western sky.

"I guess I'd better come down to earth again," she said, and resumed her typing, at which she was an expert.

JANE SYLVESTER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Science.—What makes the present system of telephonic communication expensive is the large staff of employes—switchers, “hello-girls,” and attendants. The new Apostoloff automatic telephone is an invention whereby any one can, without the assistance of a “central,” put himself directly in communication with any other of as many as ten thousand subscribers. The invention is claimed to be easily applicable to modern telephone systems, and does away with central offices, also—a very desirable thing—secures absolute secrecy in transmission.

* * *

MR. CHARLES B. DAVIS, a chemist of New York City, claims to have solved the difficulty of transmitting pictures through a wire by electricity. The ends of bunched wires in transmitter and receiver are coated with selenium, a substance exceedingly sensitive to variations of light, which, when in an electric circuit, transmits a current proportionate in strength to the amount of light falling on it. At the receiver a copper plate is pressed over the ends of the selenium-coated wires, and a print is obtained on a sheet of paper coated with phenol-phthalen, glycerine, and alcohol.

Messrs. Amstutz, of Cleveland, and **F. M. Close**, of Oakland, Cal., also claim to have transmitted pictures by wire.

Undoubtedly the day is not far off when one will enter a cabinet and ring up the distant friend and talk with him face to face.

* * *

THE STARTLING announcement of the transmutation of silver into gold, by one **Dr. S. H.**

Emmens, of New York, appeared in the *Press, Sun and Journal*. The claim is that silver has been by physical means split up into its "ultimate" state of atomic division, and the atoms then regrouped so as to form a substance of new properties. The annihilation of 25 per cent of the silver is not explained.

* * *

THE NUMEROUS attempts at aerial navigation have so far amounted to little. Like the bicycle, a flying machine will "arrive" when various parts are discovered, one by one—light and strong material for frame, great power of wings in lightest shape and weight, great power of ascension and descent, an engine of sufficient force. The flight of birds is hardly to be imitated, but rather some *new* secret discovered.

Mr. C. H. Lamson, a Portland jeweller, has shown this year (August 20th) the possibility of making kites that will lift great weights. He lifted 150 pounds, a man's weight, to a height of 600 feet. Professor Octave Chanute imitated Herr Lilienthal (who perished August 11th near Berlin, in an accident while attempting flight in a machine modelled on birds' wings) in his attempts at flight on Lake Michigan's shore. Dr. Wolfert, at Berlin, propelled a balloon-shaped gas-bag against the wind and in all directions. Mr. J. C. Ryder, of Staten Island, applies the power of the bicycle to his flying machine.

But none of these inventors have made a success of it.

* * *

THE BAZIN ROLLER SHIP is the newest attempt at shipbuilding, the idea being to roll over the level surface of the sea as a wagon, or as a road-roller goes over a road. The

demonstration of the new method is not yet satisfactory. It is possible, however, in fifty years, that we shall go to Europe on rollers, and sea-sickness will be a thing of the past.

* * *

THE PHONENDOSCOPE is an instrument invented by two Italian savants, Messrs. Bazzi and Bianchi, for the purpose of exploring by sound the regions of the lungs and heart. It is described as being to the stethoscope what a powerful lens is to the eye, and it is predicted that it will make a revolution in pathology.

* * *

THE BICYCLE is no new thing, says M. Tissandier in *La Nature*. "Ozanam mentions a mechanical vehicle worked by a servant from behind." In 1796 M. De Sivrae devised a wooden bicycle called the *Celerifère*, or carry-fast. In 1818 M. De Sauerbron made the *Celerifère* by making the front wheel a rudder. Baron Drais, in 1840, made a bicycle which he called the *Draisienne*. But all these machines were, after all, merely contrivances to aid walking, and were propelled by kicking.

* * *

The Yale Scientific Monthly is a very worthy production of the Senior Class of the Sheffield Scientific School. It is one of the first college scientific magazines to be adequately illustrated. A very interesting article on "Terra Cotta," by W. F. Jelke, appeared in the December number.

Athletics.—The college world was informed some weeks ago that Harvard and Yale were

about to come together and join hands once more in peace and concord in all branches of sport. Then diplomacy got in its work in spite of Mr. Lehman, of Oxford, and to-day they are wide apart.

The trouble arises from the fact that Harvard must row Cornell, and Yale doesn't want to be in the general regatta at Poughkeepsie, and Harvard can't find a convenient date to meet Yale.

* * *

THE BACHELOR suggests that a race between Harvard, Yale, and Cornell would be worth going far to see. Columbia has decided to omit rowing this year. Why not have the race in the New Thames Regatta which, at our suggestion, the New London people are getting up? And if Penn. wants to send a crew, have them in by all means.

* * *

CORNELL HAVING the four-mile record deserves a showing with Harvard and Yale this year. We are not quite so sure about Penn. Harvard should urge Yale to enter this general race. Come, Yale, don't let the fact of your old antipathies be a present obstacle to some splendid sport next June.

* * *

THE NEW LONDON City Council are at work, and are thoroughly in earnest about their Thames Henley Regatta. Circulars have been sent to all the colleges. Any kind of a college crew may enter at New London. Boating talent that does not get on a 'Varsity crew, for some reason, should show itself here. We shall do all in our power to make this New London Regatta a success.

COLUMBIA WITHOUT a crew? It sounds on the face of it preposterous. Columbia has won laurels enough in the past, and not two years ago led the eights at Poughkeepsie. She has won at Henley. She won in the old days at Saratoga. The blue and white has always been near the leaders at the finish, but last year something got into the crew, and it made a bad fizzle of the Poughkeepsie race. Let this not dishearten the honest boys of Columbia!

* * *

THERE IS no doubt about Harvard this year of our Lord 1897. She is going to be heard from on the water. Mr. Lehman has set them going, and enthusiasm is strong, and hard work is already being done. We hope and trust that Harvard won't work her men too hard, and that there will be plenty of "life" in the boat next summer. That there will be skill and to spare, we have no doubt.

* * *

IN THE *Harvard Crimson* appear such notices as this, "Squad be at Carey Building dressed to exercise at 4.40 this afternoon." "The graduate department are urged to send in their names as soon as possible." The crew rows at present Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Monday and Friday some light form of exercise, such as skating, is taken. Messrs. Peabody, Storrow, and Mumford are doing the coaching. The regular make-up of the crew is: Stroke, Bull; 7, Goodrich; 6, Moulton; 5, Perkins; '98, 4, Sprague; 3, Hollister; 2, Thomson; bow, Boardman.

* * *

HARVARD WANTS to row Cornell separately, with a view of inducing Yale to enter also.

This being so, Harvard is not likely to enter the "quadrangular race."

A triangular race of Harvard, Yale, and Cornell is what is not unlikely to eventuate. This is what the general public wants, but colleges latterly are not catering to the general public.

* * *

IN FACT, the Council of the University Athletic Club of New York, which has charge of the annual Yale-Princeton football game, met January 14, and decided that the holding of the game in New York was injurious to amateur sport, and advised that the games be held alternately at New Haven and Princeton.

That gentlemen should not play for gate money at all will be the next proposition. But the gate money is very useful in keeping down the expenses to the body of students of their teams.

To the BACHELOR it is all a question of growth and numbers. In old days a college game in New York was not as it is now, a national event. But to-day the crowd is too big, the excitement too great, the whole affair too notorious. We are glad the colleges are growing more sensible of this, and that henceforth the great games will be played at home.

* * *

CORNELL WILL row Harvard as Harvard wishes, either separately, with Yale, or with Columbia and Penn.

Cornell always showed willingness to row—anybody, anyhow. There is a certain plucky air of sport about this Ithacan university which we must admire.

* * *

THE YALE hockey team was not quite up

to the New York Athletic Club's at the fashionable St. Nicholas Rink January 14th, but the game was worth seeing. What a brilliant, dashing sport it is ! We are glad that skating—genuine ice skating has come in again. These patent rinks are doing a great deal for the winter health of our young people.

* * *

OUR NOTES on football last month have called forth many letters. We feel that we were right in saying that football is too rough for men weighing over 160 pounds. Even with men under this weight it would be dangerous, unless leather armor of some sort were regularly used.

* * *

COLUMBIA MUST have a 'Varsity crew, even if she has to run in debt for it. The objection is that with a debt of \$3300 hanging over them, and about as much more to raise for a new crew, it would be foolish to try and support a crew.

We say to this that in one week Columbia ought to raise the necessary money, perhaps even in less time than this. She has loyal and wealthy alumni to whom she may look.

Columbia does not play football or baseball, hence has no gate money to depend upon as have the larger colleges.

But she has always had a crew on the water, and she has had a great share of success. By all means raise the money, Columbians !

* * *

THE WINTER boating season finds things in a muddle. Cornell and Harvard and Yale may race. Penn. and Columbia and Cornell may race. At present writing the former trio look almost certain not to race.

Yale may pull out at any time, and go over to England again.

Looking at Yale's interests, merely, we think she would have a good chance to win in 1897. A Henley victory would be a good thing for American rowing just now.

* * *

THE THAMES REGATTA COMMITTEE should try to get an English crew over for their regatta at New London.

One good English crew at New London would draw all the college crews like a magnet.

One reason why we suggested an American Henley was to get rid of this everlasting "diplomacy" of the larger colleges. We believe in an annual regatta where any good amateur crews can enter.

* * *

WHEN SUCH men as Julian W. Curtiss, Yale, '79 ; Tracey H. Harris, Princeton, '86 ; H. S. Van Duser, Harvard, '75 ; O. G. Jennings, Yale, '87 ; C. Ledyard Blair, Princeton, '90 ; Guy Richards, Columbia, '87 ; Charles S. Mathewson, Dartmouth, '82 ; W. W. Skiddy, Yale, '65, report against a Yale-Princeton game in New York, they know what they are talking about.

Their report, after going into the details of the ticket evil, showing how strong is the temptation to students to dispose of their tickets at a profit, goes on to say that the most available athletic ground in or around New York is Manhattan Field, but that the construction and arrangement of the stand make even that undesirable as a football ground.

The committee reported :

"In addition to the facts we have men-

tioned, we are firmly convinced that the playing of the annual football game in New York is injurious to the good name of colleges.

"The game is apparently considered a public spectacle, and it seems to be considered by many in New York no longer a contest among college students, but as a public exhibition, offered to obtain large gate receipts, and this is injurious to the best interests of true amateur sport. We are all too well acquainted with the objections that have been raised against the large sums of money received from the sale of tickets to football games in this city, and they need not be enumerated.

"The excitement that is created in this city over the game leads the morning press to publish sensational articles in regard to happenings attributed to students at places of amusement the evening after the game. Our own experience convinces us that the accounts are greatly exaggerated, and but few college students take part in the proceedings reported, but the fact of the necessity that extra police be placed on duty in the streets and in places of amusement on the evening after the annual football game between Yale and Princeton is a sufficient cause for persons interested in our colleges and higher education to urge the giving up of the annual game in New York, and to urge the colleges to hold their athletic contest on college grounds and not elsewhere."

* * *

PRINCETON SHOULD stand a good show of winning the intercollegiate athletics this year. Her field and track team will be better than ever. There are several promising new men who will make their athletic *début*. Walter Chrubie will be Princeton's trainer, and he

expects to develop some good material. Charlie Kilpatrick and Oregan, the two New York Athletic Club cracks, have entered Princeton, and will add greatly in the point-making in the intercollegiate contest. Other athletes who will wear the orange and black this year are Lane, '97, who can cover the 100-yard dash in 10 flat. He will be the mainstay in the sprints. Jones is another who may startle many persons. It takes him 52½ seconds to go a quarter under ordinary circumstances, while he clears the low hurdles in 26½ seconds. Colfelt, who is credited with going a quarter inside of 50 seconds, will give his attention to the middle distance runs. Palmer, who entered Princeton this year from Iowa, is a good half-miler, and is looked upon to back up Kilpatrick in this distance. The field team is not as promising as the track team, but is worthy of a little watching. Carroll, who has cleared the high jump when the bar was at 5 feet 10 inches, and Bottger, the broad jumper, with a record of 21 feet 8 inches, are the Tiger's best representatives in these events, while the weight events will be taken care of by Garrett.

* * *

HARVARD AND YALE cannot agree as to their boat race, and so, it is said, there will be no baseball or other athletic contest between the two leading universities.

Who is to blame? It is hard to say. The Harvard faculty influence is rather against reuniting with Yale, and the Yale graduate feeling is not especially friendly to Harvard. The undergraduates of both institutions would like to renew the time-honored warfare.

The trouble with Harvard seems to be that

she never knows exactly what she wants, and never has any decisive and authoritative head. It is difficult to negotiate with her.

The trouble with Yale is she knows what she wants, but she wants too much.

Harvard is too subtle, too devious. Yale is too pushing, too business-like. It is a case of cat and bull-dog.

* * *

BUT IT apparently makes no difference to Yale whether they have a race on in June or not. The 'Varsity crew began training January 20th.

The regular 'Varsity men now in college—Langford, Simpson, and Rodgers—will not join Captain Bailey's squad for a few days.

The following men reported : Baker, Slo-covitch, Wright, Weir, Griswold, Hewitt, Whitehouse, Parkhurst, Patterson, Cadwal-lader, March, Whitney, Campbell, Miller, Mills, Judd, Rogers, McGlauchlin, and Cram.

College Notes.—At last the great Fayer-weather will case is decided. The *Sun* says (January 19th) the Court of Appeals has decided the Fayerweather will contest, involv-ing the distribution of \$3,000,000 among edu-cational institutions all over the country. The Court's decision in the case, which was entitled Amherst College and others, respon-dents, *versus* The Executors of the Will, ap-pellants, is : " Judgment affirmed with costs to all parties appearing by separate attorneys, payable out of the estate."

Judge Vann wrote the prevailing opinion, in which all the Judges but Chief Judge An-drews agreed. Judge Andrews wrote an opin-ion for reversal.

In deciding the Fayerweather will case the Court of Appeals held in substance that Mr. Fayerweather intended that his residuary estate, now amounting to about \$3,000,000, should go to the twenty colleges named in the ninth article of his will ; that he would not have made the gift to the residuary legatees had he not been assured by them or in their behalf that they would thus dispose of their legacies ; that hence they were under an equitable obligation so to dispose of it ; that they had no right to disappoint his belief, based on their promises, which thus induced him to make his will, by disposing of the property through a deed of gift to eleven hospitals and twenty-one colleges, of which only five of the former and six of the latter were named in the will ; that no one can take advantage of the act of 1860, which prohibits any person having a husband, wife, child, or parent from devising or bequeathing more than one half of his or her estate to charitable, benevolent, or literary institutions, except the widow or next of kin, who by their releases, which do not operate as transfers, waive and abandon all the rights they might have derived from that statute ; that all obstacles to the enforcement of the secret trust being removed, it bound the residuary legatees and compelled them to keep their promise to the testator and turn over the residuary estate to the twenty colleges mentioned in the ninth article of the will.

Chief Judge Andrews, who dissented from the prevailing opinion, holds that the releases were intended as transfers to the residuary legatees, who thus became entitled to the residuary estate.

The effect of the decision is to distribute

\$3,000,000 among the following colleges, in equal proportions : Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Yale, Columbia, Hamilton, Lafayette, Lincoln, Maryville, Marietta, Adelbert, Wabash, Park, the Wesleyan University, the Universities of Rochester, Cornell, Virginia, and Hampton, and the Union Theological Seminary.

Daniel B. Fayerweather was a well-known and wealthy leather merchant of New York City. He died on November 15th, 1890, leaving a fortune of \$5,000,000 to various colleges throughout the country and many benevolent institutions. Mr. Fayerweather left a widow and three nieces, but no children. His nieces are Mrs. Mary W. Achter, Emma S. Fayerweather, and Mrs. Lucy J. Beardsley.

There was left to the widow, by terms of the will, \$10,000 in cash, the family home at 145 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, with \$100,000, and an annuity of \$15,000 in lieu of her dower rights.

Mr. Fayerweather always lived modestly during his lifetime, considering his means, and his yearly expenses never exceeded the annuity which he provided for his widow. Mrs. Beardsley received \$100,000, and the other nieces got \$20,000 each.

The eighth paragraph of the will gave \$25,000 each to the Presbyterian and St. Luke's hospitals and the Manhattan Eye and Ear Infirmary of New York City, and \$10,000 each to the Woman's and Mount Sinai hospitals in New York City.

Of the remaining \$4,500,000 about half was left to twenty colleges and universities and to the residuary legatees.

Under the ninth paragraph of the will bequests to twenty colleges, aggregating \$2,100,-

000, were made. Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.; Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.; Williams College, Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.; Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.; University of Rochester, Lincoln University, Lower Oxford, Pa.; Virginia University, Charlottesville, Va.; Hampton University, Hampton, Va., and Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn., \$100,000 each; Yale College, \$300,000; Columbia College, New York City, \$200,000; Union Theological Seminary, New York City; Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.; Marietta College, Marietta, O.; Adelbert College, Cleveland; Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., and Park College, Parkersville, Mo., \$50,000 each, and Cornell University, \$200,000. All of the bequests in the eighth and ninth articles have been paid.

By the tenth article of the will, as originally constructed, Mr. Fayerweather directed that the residue of the estate, amounting to \$2,500,000, be held in trust, and be divided equally among the twenty colleges mentioned in the ninth paragraph of the will. The original will was dated October 6th, 1834, but by codicils made as late as November 15th, 1890, the day of Mr. Fayerweather's death, the tenth article of the will giving the \$2,500,000 residue of the estate to the twenty colleges named in the ninth paragraph was revoked, and this residue was devised and bequeathed to "Justus L. Bulkeley, Thomas G. Ritch, and Henry B. Vaughan, to them and their heirs forever."

Proceedings were begun to probate the will, but the widow and three nieces objected on the ground that the will and codicils were

procured by undue influence and fraud, and that the testator was of unsound mind.

Pending the probate of the will the three residuary legatees made it apparent that they did not intend to retain any of the \$2,500,000 for themselves. They increased the annuity of Mrs. Fayerweather from \$15,000 to \$25,000, and gave her an additional \$225,000, in cash. Mrs. Beardsley got \$100,000, and the two other nieces had their bequests increased from \$20,000 to \$62,500. The widow and nieces then withdrew their contentions, consenting to the probate of the will, and stipulated with the residuary legatees to execute a general release from further benefits under the will. This release to the residuary legatees was formally made by the heirs and the will was probated.

The residuary legatees by a deed of gift distributed the remainder of the estate, amounting to about \$2,150,000, among thirty-four colleges and charitable institutions.

Thirteen of the twenty colleges mentioned in Article 9 were ignored, and the trustees of Dartmouth, Amherst, Hamilton, and Williams colleges, and of the University of Rochester brought this suit to establish a trust as to the residuary estate in the residuary legatees of the will and codicils for the benefit of the twenty colleges mentioned in Article 9 of the will, contesting the legality of the deed of gift to the numerous other institutions. Their contention was sustained by Justice Truax in Supreme Court, General Term, and lastly by the Court of Appeals.

* * *

THE BACHELOR is grieved to say that of the stories by undergraduates sent us for our Fic-

tion Prize Contest not one was deserving of publication. This was our second offer, and we shall now be obliged to give it up. A great many of our friends said that by moving the date to January 1st we would obtain a greater variety and better lot of stories. The truth is, that in June and January, summer and winter, the stories sent in ranged equally low in literary excellence.

Yet we read now and then in college papers an excellent story, but rarely about college life, it is true—rarely about life the student lives.

* * *

COLLEGE DEBATING is apparently, with chess, the midwinter college sport. Harvard won in the New York Chess Tournament, and the great intercollegiate debates have not yet transpired. The question which agitates all concerned is, How far is faculty coaching permissible? We understand that up to this time the professors have readily been the aiders and abettors of student debaters. Coaching was deemed fair. Any thoughts or facts contributed by a professor were used *ad libitum* by the student.

It seems to us that the debates ought to be the result of the student's own individual work unsuggested by the faculty.

But the trouble is how can you maintain such a rule? In athletics a student depends on himself, in debating or in a literary competition he depends on others, *ex necessitate*, by reading books or by getting "points."

On the whole, we would advise debaters to be gentlemen in debate, and to rely on themselves as far as possible. A suggestion here or there by a learned professor ought not to be made too much of, but the professor must

not go too far or do all the work for the debater.

* * *

THE SCHOOL BOARD of New York, a most important function, more really important for good morals and good citizenship than a dozen boards of aldermen, contains at the present time a number of college men of repute. Charles B. Hubbell, of Williams, has lately been elected President of the Board. Mr. Hubbell is also a member of the Advisory Board of the BACHELOR. Dr. E. H. Peaslee, of Yale, '72; N. A. Prentiss, Harvard, '61; W. H. Hurlbut, Yale, '61; Jacob W. Mack, University of Jena; W. H. Greenough, Harvard, '63; John E. Eustis, Wesleyan, '74; E. Ellery Anderson, Harvard, '58; H. W. Taft, Yale, '81; John W. Agar, Georgetown, '76; Alexander W. Ketchum, College of the City of New York; H. A. Rogers, and Hugh Kelly, City College of New York—these are the college men on the Board.

* * *

THE PROFOUND seriousness with which athletics are taken at Yale is shown in the condemnation of a team of football-players using the name of Yale in a Southern trip during the Christmas holidays. They were Yale students, and they did not pretend to call themselves the 'Varsity team. We can see no harm in their amusing themselves in playing football as they pleased, with whom they pleased. But though they succeeded very well, they were mercilessly pounced upon by *Harper's Weekly* and the *Yale News*, as if they had been out on an expedition for the avowed purpose of slinging mud at their Alma Mater!

Pray, why not a little sport among students who are not on "teams" and do not reach the 'Varsity?

* * *

MR. JOHN I. BLAIR's new dormitory at Princeton is to be 800 feet long and only two stories high, and to be modelled on Magdalen College, Oxford. (There is, by the way, a Magdalen College at Cambridge not less famous and beautiful than the former.) Criticism has been passed on the new building as being too low and built about an inner court. If a campus is large enough, two-story buildings are, it would seem to us, preferable to four stories. We are not in favor of the New York style of architecture—towers of fifty stories.

* * *

MAGDALEN COLLEGE (Oxon) gateway is probably the model of the Phelps gateway at Yale; but the latter, with all its laudable and ambitious efforts, only succeeds in looking like an apartment-house in upper Broadway.

* * *

THE TRUSTEES OF COLUMBIA have presented the institution with a gymnasium, the plans of which appear in the current *Spectator*. It will cost the sum of \$500,000.

* * *

NEW HAVEN CITY is desirous of taxing some \$400,000 worth of Yale's real estate, and Yale emphatically protests. The justice of taxing an educational institution in any event may be questioned.

Does Yale benefit or injure the business interests and the real estate values of New Haven?

We remember riding to New Haven a few

years ago just in front of two citizens of New Haven, one of whom all the way up talked about the injury Yale did to New Haven's business interests. He was a plain, thrifty citizen, a hard-headed, economical Connecticut Yankee, evidently a storekeeper. We were surprised to hear his expressions of regret that the college was located where it was. His theory was that Yale was a damper on enterprise, a serious menace to New Haven's growth, etc.

We admit that it would be better for Yale and better for New Haven if the college buildings were removed to that splendid site on Prospect street contemplated at one time (1872), a plateau which would have most admirably set off the beautiful Vanderbilt Hall.

But Yale is in New Haven's midst to stay, and the question of taxation must now be settled for all time. We hope that the Connecticut Legislature will, in case this suit is decided against Yale, pass a law relieving the institution from paying all taxes. Otherwise some city—Springfield, for example—will make a bid for the college, and if they offer enough Connecticut will lose the one great shining light of its history. New York is forced to lose the presence of many of its "choicest" millionaires by reason of its taxation. Let Connecticut beware!

Music and Drama.—Why Allan Dale or any other playgoer should not enjoy Mr. Hackett and Miss Mannering in "The Late Mr. Castello" we cannot understand. The play is a very amusing one, the dialogue lively and bright. It is just farcical enough, and is splendidly acted. Mr. Hackett is surely

booked for a long run as a favorite in New York if he will repress himself just a little, and not wave his long arms quite so much. But he is usually excellent, and his stunning personal appearance—we love to see a tall man on the stage now and then—is greatly in his favor.

* * *

JOHN HARE—see him for delicacy and finish. How easy it seems to do the business he does, yet he is one of the most thoughtful students on the stage. His *Eccles* is very effective, not only because of his wonderful make-up, but because Hare's identity seems to be completely lost.

* * *

AUGUSTIN DALY is pushing the work on "A King and a Few Dukes," and an early production is looked for. It was originally intended that James Lewis should play the part of the *King*. Now Edwin Stevens is booked to have the part. Charles Richman is to be the hero, *Stephen Stern*; Herbert Gresham, the *Duke of Taxil*; Sydney Herbert, the *Duke of Baber*, and Miss Rehan, the *Princess Sylvia*.

* * *

HENRY MILLER, in "Heartsease," at the Garden Theatre, is becoming the idol of the matinée girl. He was called on for a speech last week, and began, "Ladies and gentlemen," then he looked around the house and said, "I should say ladies." There was not a single man in the house.

* * *

"THE GIRL FROM PARIS," at the Herald Square Theatre, is funny and bright, and is well worth seeing. It hardly needs clock souvenirs to keep it going.

E. M. AND JOSEPH HOLLAND, in "A Social Highwayman," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, are old favorites, and deserve the success they are having.

* * *

ONCE MORE Auguste Van Biene delighted a New York audience with the wonderful melody drawn from the strings of his 'cello. The actor-musician began an engagement at Hammerstein's Olympia with the first section of his professional title dropped for the nonce. He figured simply as a musician, and as such he was more than enjoyed by the large assemblage of auditors. With nothing but his 'cello to occupy his mind he threw his whole soul into his work, and the result was a harmonious rendition quite enchanting in its way. He was enthusiastically encored in his several selections, and his success at Olympia may be said to have overshadowed his American Theatre experience. The rest of the bill at Olympia was made up of pleasing vaudeville selections. Minnie Renwood appeared in the "Silly Dinner" sketch clad in *Tribby* costume, but without the famous placards of the original banquet. She did little more than dance about the guests and act as boisterously as possible.

* * *

HOTT's "A Contented Woman" is a distinct success, and is having a long run.

* * *

OTERO WILL never go in New York. She failed before and will fail again. Why? Because she is too artificial. She has not Carmencita's natural grace, and not a farthing of Yvette Guilbert's genius. Otero is simply a pretty, voluptuous woman—with a load of diamonds.

YVETTE GUILBERT is undoubtedly a woman of real genius. We saw her at the New York Athletic Club vaudeville performance the other night, and she was not dressed to look as well as we have seen her at Koster & Bial's. In fact, at the club she looked quite plain, unattractive.

She cannot sing very well, but she has a wonderful clarity of expression, both in voice and in facial expression. It is this that has made her famous. Her enunciation can be thoroughly well understood. So many good singers sing "My country, 'tis of thee," for example, like "Ma ca-ty-tis-a-tha," or some equally unintelligible jargon. Every music hall favorite looks well to the enunciation, and if the song's points are good makes a hit.

* * *

LILLIAN RUSSELL, in "An American Beauty," will give each of her admirers a souvenir February 1st. She has made a great hit in this play.

* * *

THE OPERA, with Madame Sapiro in place of Melba—the only Melba—has been rather tame the last week. M. Salignac sang well, although he seems ill at ease on the stage. Campanari made quite a hit as *Alfo* in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

By the bye, is it not time to cease playing the music of the latter on every orchestral programme? Mascagni's new "Iris" should be waited for in *silence*.

* * *

THE LARGE feathered hat has again brought down legislation on itself in Bridgeport, Conn. It is proposed to make it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, or both for one offence.

We would add, to be followed by hanging, drawing, and quartering on the second offence, and burning alive on the third. Why ladies do not take their huge hats off at once on entering a theatre is a mystery. They are certainly no gentlemen !

* * *

The World is conducting an amusing ballot for the "Queen of the American Stage." Here is the list so far. Note where Ada Rehan stands—by far the legitimate "queen" by right of popularity and desert. Miss Bingham is certainly popular, and it looks as if she was going to win.

Meanwhile, what an excellent way of advertising these popular actresses ! Nowadays advertising must be done in every possible way, by every possible scheme. An advance agent recently advertised his company's approaching engagement by slowly undressing in a stage box before the audience, and displaying the name of his show in glaring white letters on his red sweater ! Here is the list of actresses :

Amelia Bingham....	1,207	Della Fox.....	38
Corinne... ..	489	Maud Nugent.....	38
Cora Tanner.....	227	Amy Busby.....	34
Ethel Mason.....	210	Annie Irish.....	31
Maude Winter... ..	142	Lizzie B. Raymond...	29
Carlotta Gilman.....	136	Julia Marlowe Tabor.	28
Sadie Martinot.....	129	Fannie Davenport....	23
Dorothy Usner.....	126	Caroline Miskel Hoyt.	19
Lillian Russell.....	96	Edna W. Hopper.....	18
Viola Allen.....	95	Anne L. Lawrence. .	16
Lottie Gilson.....	91	Fanny Herring.....	14
Daisy A. Ward.....	91	Maggie Cline.....	13
Maud Adams... ..	82	Virginia Earle.	12
Florence French.....	66	Modjeska.....	11
Ada Rehan.....	62	Mabel Knowles.....	10

BOOK NOTICES.

WE ARE still suffering from the Scottish inroad, and are still in the midst of "MacSlushy," a Highlander literary celebrity whom *Life* has made immortal, but there are signs that we are to be made to suffer in a far greater degree from the advertising energies of our large publishing houses.

There is Dodd, Mead & Co.'s *Bookman*, the leading literary monthly, containing many excellent critiques, but also containing a lot of gossip and small talk of authors, and much felicitous praise of their own publications.

There is Scribner's *Book Buyer* doing the same gossip and puffing their books in a genteel sort of way.

There is the *Century's Critic*, edited by a literary curiosity, and now a monthly edition of this last publication called *The Month*, containing more gossip and small talk and puffs of favorites *ad nauseam*.

In Philadelphia John Wanamaker puffs his dry-goods and book counters by means of a similar periodical, *Book News*.

In Boston there are several such "trade" papers—more or less readable.

A race of gossip-mongers and small-talk editors has grown up to meet the demand, not of the suffering public, but the publishers.

At last even the fascinating little *Chap Book* has fallen into the stream, and must perforce become a tributary to H. B. Stone & Co.'s publications. Its dimensions are now something like 6x10. "Alas, poor Yorick!" In a purely literary field it could not succeed—will it do so by reason of its advertising puffery?

The gossip-mongers have certain "well-known names" outside of the Scottish clique which they bandy about until the reading public get dreadfully tired. A person named Zangwill is one of these. Zangwill's smart sayings, his manner of eating, his London social pleasures, his various friends and acquaintances, his views on everything and nothing. How tired we are of Zangwill!

Of Mrs. Humphry Ward the gossipers speak with respect and awe. Her "Sir George Tressady" sold for \$60,000. Of Mr. Hawkins they speak less frequently now. Mr. Hawkins has an unpleasant way of snubbing the "loungers," the gossipers, and sending

them about their business. Du Maurier must turn in his grave at some of the gossip related of him.

Kipling pays little or no attention to the gossip-hunter—he appears to be indifferent, and works away as if he expected an early death.

Richard Harding Davis keeps himself well with these people. Their latest tale of him is that a gushing Smith College girl received one of his photographs—the one in the single-breasted cutaway—and pasted it on the ceiling. Every one was thus compelled to kneel to this school-girl divinity in order to see him.

Do these little puffs sell books? We suppose they must do so, otherwise why do nearly all the publishers put forth their advertisers?

The Hunt for Happiness. By Anita V. Chartres.
(Town Topics Publishing Company.)

This book is another bit of evidence of our *fin de siècle* life. We judge it to be a true picture of the social life of a certain class—the class of women who eat late suppers at Shanley's, and dress in rather loud style, and are usually discontented with their husbands. At the middle of the century this class was small in number. To-day we believe it to be extremely large in our cities. The women who must be continually on the "go," who despise an honest, toiling husband, who are, at last, ashamed to be seen with him, who must be, as they put it, "in the swim" or die.

Take this extremely well written novel, the art in it is quite above the average, and the woman who so well describes Lea Norton is capable of true insight into character; but the book has, on the whole, not exactly the right tone, its atmosphere is rather vulgar, more so than that of the lady "In a Looking Glass." It may be true to life, but the followers after Ouida fall far below her tone. People may be fast and wicked, but they need not be vulgar. In this novel of Miss Chartres there is an indescribable odor of rank boarding-houses. One feels that the ladies and the men who call each other frankly by their first names are not the wearers of spotless linen. Could they have been presented a little higher up, the fall of Lea would have seemed more tragic. As it is, Lea is very good, one feels, not to run away with more than one gentleman.

But there are plenty of clever things in the book, and, at least, it is truer to the life than dozens of well-trumpeted novels by "eminent hands" which are ad-

vocated by our best publishers. Here is "Dot's" advice to wives (Dot is Lea's sister and "Jack's") : " Why, if you were all folly and fragrance, all evening dress and champagne supper ; if you insisted upon smoking Russian cigarettes scented with white heliotrope ; if you had amber *viculleuses*, heavy dark carpets, and softened lights all over the house, you would not be nagged at, you would not be bullied, and you would not be neglected. You should be capricious and wilful and extravagant. Never (and Dot clasped her hands in agony of appeal), never be good or patient or economical. A good wife is the coffin of a husband's affection."

How clever this sounds ! The grain of truth in it is, wives should not neglect the charm of person, of manner, of dress which led their husbands to love them and select them. But then, again, is it agreeable to be engrossed, is not indifference the solace of marriage ? Is it not well that passionate love subsides into an agreeable friendship ?

Lea's hunt for earthly happiness ends miserably in suicide, and the book is somewhat harrowing at the end, but its moral is clear, and discontented wives ought to read the book, for it adds more testimony as to where happiness does *not* lie—in intrigue and *liaison*. Stupidity and domestication are hard enough to endure, but passion soon burns one up and burns out besides.

There are several other stories bound up with the novel, all of them written in the one note of cynicism and insinuation. Their very cleverness is alluring, and the plot is always one of passion. We were naturally a rather domestic, plain, moral people, even our wealthier class ; are we growing sensuous and hedonistic at the close of the century ? Are we really the people *Town Topics* thinks we are ?

Essays on Books and Culture. By H. W. Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) We enjoy turning aside from much that is frivolous in literature to Mr. Mabie's thoughtful essays. Sometimes Mr. Mabie is a little prosy, but not often. His style could be made a little less stiff, perhaps, and there might be less striving after the appearance of great profundity and learning. After you read very carefully a Mabie essay—even go over it twice—you seem to lose yourself in the effort to find out what the writer is driving at. The mention of Dante or Homer, or of Cervantes or even Virgil, is not enough to lift the thought if emptiness follows ; and we are inclined to the belief that Mr. Mabie's essays

are more or less empty, if not largely verbiage and hollow sound.

Chap Book Stories. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.) A pretty compilation of good stories which have appeared in the fascinating little *Chap Book* from time to time. Read them.

Sun and Shield. By Gustav Gottheil. (Brentano's.) Wise and lovely sayings compiled from Jewish and other authorities.

Curious Punishments of Bygone Days. By A. M. Earle. (H. S. Stone & Co.) This is a very well done little book, showing considerable research. The writer might have chosen a less gruesome subject.

Quo Vadis. A narrative of the time of Nero. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. (Boston : Little, Brown & Co.) In this Roman story Sienkiewicz has hardly kept up the same interest one felt for "Pan Michael." "*Quo Vadis*" is, on the whole, a dull book.

The Land of the Castanet. By H. C. Chatfield Taylor. (Chicago : Herbert Stone & Co.) A most interesting book of travels just at this time. Spain is the gift of mediævalism to the nineteenth century, and we cannot learn too much about this fascinating country.

An Adventure of the North. By Gilbert Parker. (Stone & Kimball.) An exciting story of old Canadian life. One of Mr. Parker's best books.

Short Suit Whist. By Val W. Starnes. (Brentano's.) A valuable book for beginners, in which the leads are given according to the latest American methods.

The Heart of Princess Osra. By Anthony Hope. (F. A. Stokes Company.) A brilliant collection of Hope's stories which we have read in *McClure's*, and from which models so many amateurs are copying at the present time.

We can fairly say that of ten stories sent in by writers all over the country to the *BACHELOR*, nine show signs of Hope's modern mediævalism, as shown in his *Zenda* stories.

Maris Stella. By Marie C. Balfour. (Boston : Roberts Bros.) This is a quiet, charming little tale of the seashore of France and of French peasant life. It is well written and harmless.

A Garrison Tangle. By Charles King, U. S. A. (F. Tennyson Neely.) A capital story of army life.

Bushy. By Cynthia M. Westover. (New York : The Morse Company.) A very delightful and real book. Bushy is a little girl of true American bravery and strength. From a literary point of view the book is lacking in finish, but it has real life in it, and that's something nowadays.

* * *

THE ADVISORY BOARD of the BACHELOR OF ARTS announce that they will give a dinner, February 24th, to three prominent literary gentlemen residing in or near New York. The tickets will be \$3.00 only. The place St. Denis Hotel (new rooms). Literary college men are invited, and college girls also.

The Advisory Board consists of about eighty representative college men of the United States. So far they have let the editors of the magazine severely alone, but in future they mean to see that their influence and advice are heeded. Their dinner will doubtless be the college literary event of the winter. We hope to give a report of the good things said over the coffee and cigars. It is expected that Mr. Depew or Judge Howland will preside.

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THE



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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO UNIVERSITY INTERESTS
AND GENERAL LITERATURE



VOL. IV

No. 2

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3 WALL ST. NEW YORK

The change which is coming over these larger colleges may be described briefly as a process of assimilation to the German university system. In none of them has the process, however, been completed, and it is therefore perhaps easiest, through a comparison of the German system of higher education with that of our old-fashioned colleges, to form an estimate of the probable development and proper future relations of these two classes of American institutions.

A German university may be briefly described as an aggregate of professional schools, in which the students may attend what lectures they please, with no lessons from textbooks, with no examinations except the final one for a degree, with no supervision of their daily lives outside of the class-room, with no attempt to insist upon all students acquiring instruction on subjects connected with general or ethical culture.

As a rule, the first year of a German student's life at a university is supposed to be devoted to the consideration of the general philosophical principles, upon which the particular science which he intends to study as a profession is based. Unfortunately, this first year is practically devoted to a course of sowing of wild oats, not to be wondered at when one considers that "the fox" comes straight from the gymnasium—where he has been all his life subjected to the strictest discipline, not being allowed even to show his face in a restaurant—to a strange city, where he enjoys absolute liberty, and where the daily frequenting of the "Kneipe" and the consumption of at least a dozen glasses of beer at a sitting, by the members of the various "corps" is *de fide*, from which there can be no exemption.

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THE COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY.

A quarter of a century ago there was practically no difference, in kind, between our higher American institutions of learning; some had a larger number of students than others, some had more renowned professors, some had slightly more difficult examinations for admission; but they were all colleges, in which the principal studies were known as the classical course, with lessons from text-books and marks for attendance, and all more or less under the influence of some religious denomination. No professional instruction was given, but this was left to be acquired subsequently at professional schools scattered throughout the country. While the greater number of these college institutions continue in practically the same condition to-day, a certain number of them, especially those in large cities, have radically changed their methods of study and organization, and the question arises whether these changes have not become so great and important as to constitute them a group by themselves, essentially different from the old-fashioned colleges, with work and objects of their own, and whether both classes of institutions could not do better by recognizing this distinction and adapting themselves to it.

ed in the technical part of his profession, but he seems to lack certain qualities which enable our American professional men in the course of time to achieve a higher success—and by success I mean, of course, the real, merited success which follows the good work of a lifetime—than their German *confrères*. The superiority of American surgeons may, I think, be cited as an example.

Statistical proof of these assertions in general can, of course, not be furnished ; but the writer speaks from personal experience as a student of one of our American church colleges and professional schools, and of a German gymnasium and two universities, and from many years of observation of the lives of the graduates of the institutions above referred to, in our metropolis. He may add that his views have been confirmed by many who have had similar experiences.

What is the conclusion ? Is the church college in our smaller cities and villages an institution which “ must go ” unless it can offer lists of lectures as varied and scientific instruments as costly as those of the universities in our great cities ? In my opinion, no ; but the small college must adapt itself to the altered circumstances. It must recognize that in our great cities institutions are growing up which closely resemble German universities—*i.e.*, great aggregations of professional schools, in which the supervision of the lives of the students outside of the class-room is becoming more and more impossible, in which the old-fashioned classical course, with its wide range of “ humanities,” is being pushed more and more into the background. It is true that some attempts to found universities or aggregates of professional schools have been made

in small places ; but the experience of Germany shows that the advantages which a great city offers for securing the best professional talent for its instructors, renders the ultimate failure of a university in a small place a foregone conclusion.

How shall young men be prepared for these professional schools in great cities? Shall the smaller church colleges disappear and the course of the preparatory schools be lengthened and increased until it corresponds to that of the German gymnasium, or shall the great universities retain their present undergraduate courses, or shall the ideal education of the American youth comprise a course through three institutions—*i.e.*, school, church-college, and university? My opinion is in favor of the latter plan. In order to avoid the two defects above noted in the German system—*i.e.*, lack of general, philosophical training and the tendency to dissipation—it would seem to be impossible in a school to give the scholars the comparatively great freedom of action as well as the philosophical instruction necessary to prepare them for the absolutely unrestrained life at the professional school or university in the great city, and the strictly technical education there given.

The reason for the first is apparent. It would be impracticable to permit the larger boys to lead an essentially different and freer life from that of the other scholars, without many evils resulting from bad examples which some of the former would inevitably give to the latter ; and this opportunity which the college in the smaller place gives to acquire habits of self-control under a system of limited supervision, alone, should seem sufficient to justify the existence of small colleges, espe-

cially to any one acquainted with the dissipation prevalent in German universities.

The further fact that our colleges give a course of philosophical instruction which probably, for very good and sufficient reasons, is not attempted, as the writer believes, by any school in this country or in Germany, is a strong additional argument, if one be needed, in their favor. The reason for the absence of such courses from the schools may be that the consideration of such subjects, involving necessarily questions as to the truths which lie at the bottom of our systems of religion and morality, however ably and carefully they might be treated in the classes, would necessarily spread among the younger scholars, who had not yet reached this course, grave doubts on many points, and there awaken a scepticism which might not be eradicated in a lifetime.

The other alternative—*i.e.*, that the universities in our great cities should continue their undergraduate, classical courses, seems equally unpromising. It is difficult to maintain any supervision over the lives of students or the close touch between professors and scholars, in great cities, which is of such paramount importance for youths between the ages of about seventeen and twenty-one, when their faculty of imitation has such powerful sway. Moreover, the close intimacy between the young men in the same class or in the same fraternity, for which youth yearns so strongly, is impossible in a great city. It is almost impossible to call into being there all those pleasant associations and friendships which made college life in former years so attractive.

Then, too, there is something inappropriate in studying the humanities amid the clash and

clang of a metropolis ; open fields, fair lakes or rivers should be accessible for minds absorbed by abstruse thought or fancy. In Germany the universities in the smaller towns are the only ones which retain the old-fashioned student life, with its fraternal societies, excursions, etc., and they are generally visited by students during their first year after leaving school, while they are studying, or supposed to be studying, general philosophical principles, although the real work in the professional course is done afterward at Leipzig, Berlin, or Vienna.

In referring to a philosophical course, the writer has not had in mind the course in any particular church college nor in the colleges of any one denomination, although in what he is about to write, he would assume that he was addressing people who believe that Christianity is the one divine religion, or at least who would prefer that their children should so believe. Starting with this assumption, it would follow naturally that the college should put great weight upon its instruction as to the evidences of Christianity ; this teaching, of all others, should be kept abreast of the times. The arguments of Paley and Butler are very good ; but what have they to say as to Buddhism and Schopenhauer ? Max Müller's translation of the sacred writings of the East has opened up a new arsenal for the enemies of Christianity. German philosophy is continually producing new engines for the attacks of rationalism. The great duty of Christians of our age is to show that the essential principles of these religions of the East appeared long ago in Greek or modern philosophy, and have received conclusive answers, and that, if set forth in their true colors, and

not in Christianized versions such as the "Light of Asia," they will give us the strongest argument in favor of Christianity by proving the impassable gulf which separates them all from the teaching of the Nazarene, so that the conclusion is inevitable that the latter is indeed the child of miracle. How strongly can this be confirmed by the practical experience of any one who has travelled beyond the pale of Christianity and seen the fearful practical failure of all other systems of ethics.

Moreover, the translation of the Ante-Nicene Fathers has furnished the materials for a mighty armor of defense of the historical truth of Christianity which should on no account be neglected. This instruction need not necessarily be given by a clergyman. In these days respect for "the cloth" keeps the clergy largely in ignorance of what is going on in the minds of the men of the world. It is in their after-dinner talks at the club that one learns what they think, and in their daily lives downtown that one sees what they do.

A man of the world, with the proper theoretical training, it is therefore submitted, knows better than any one else what arguments, what innuendoes, what sneers the young man will meet when he launches out into life, and can best prepare him to brave them and provide him with proper answers and authorities.

On the other hand, none of the instructors should be irreligious men; no matter what the class may be studying, it is so easy for the teacher by a sentence or even a look or accent to cast a slur upon the teachings, most important for the welfare of youth. There is not a subject except, perhaps, mathematics, which

cannot be taught in a religious or irreligious manner. Take history, for example : the constant contests between Church and State, the religious wars and persecutions furnish innumerable occasions for the depreciation of all religions, if the teacher desires. In the same way physical science, with its various theories as to the origin and continued existence of matter, supplies endless opportunities for atheistical insinuations by a professor desiring so to do.

Moreover, not only are irreligious teachers therefore undesirable in a church college, as constituting a danger to young men, not yet thoroughly imbued with sound doctrine and able to give an answer for the faith that is in them, but also, in the writer's opinion, they are undesirable because they are unable to give their pupils a solid foundation in the various branches which they are to teach.

Whatever we may think of modern Roman Catholic teachers in other respects—and the writer is by no means one to give them unlimited praise—their position as to the absolute logical dependence of a true understanding in all branches of science and learning upon a correct religious teaching, seems to be unanswerable. Modern scientists would no doubt scoff at such a suggestion, but let them first answer the arguments of the Stonyhurst Series of Philosophy. Those Jesuit theories of metaphysics, psychology, political economy, etc., may be incorrect in their details, but not in their argument in favor of unity and consistency with religion in the treatment of the ultimate questions in all sciences.

Of course, from the philosophical or classical course above alluded to, natural sciences should not be omitted ; only the smaller col-

leges should not strain their resources in trying to give a complete technical education in any branch of science any more than they undertake to prepare one completely for one of the literary professions ; enough of physics should be taught so as to form a bridge from the teachings of metaphysics as to force, matter and imperceptible essence to the practical professional training which the student will receive in the university. Better far, even an erroneous theory on these subjects than that they should be left in such hopeless confusion as indicated, for example, in the collection of essays on these topics made by Professor Youmans, entitled "Conservation of Energy." What progress might not science have made by this time if all explorers in the physical world had but remembered the unity of force !

Latin and Greek should of course continue to be subjects for this classical course ; no language is their equal for mental discipline, no language imbues the mind with loftier thoughts ! Unfortunately, men instructed in our present methods forget so soon what they have learned, that in after life they derive little or no direct benefit from this learning. May it not be a mistake to treat these languages as dead and impossible for conversational use ? The Greek of to-day speaks a language not much more dissimilar from that of Homer than our English is from that of Chaucer ; the Roman Catholic casuists treat in Latin of the most practical and delicate questions of the hour in their collegiate discussions, *viva voce* as well as in writing. A very little practice in such conversation does more to fix those languages in the student's mind than a far greater amount of time spent in

mere translation with grammar and dictionary.

Neither should the modern languages be neglected ; every branch of learning suffers from the confusion of tongues which followed the Reformation. How few even of our standard writers on important subjects show familiarity with contemporaneous work in German, French, and Italian ! When once a professional school is entered, the acquisition of these languages is rare. Great care should be taken in the selection of the instructor in these languages. It will not do to take any foreigner who happens to pass that way, but one acquainted with the best and latest methods of instruction should be chosen. Particular care should also be taken by the executive officers of the college to see that proper discipline is maintained in these classes, and much importance should be attached to success in acquiring ability to speak in these languages.

A collection of reproductions of Greek statuary in plaster casts, such as exists, for example, at Norwich, in Connecticut, can be obtained at a comparatively small cost ; and these, together with the copies of Pre-Raphaelite paintings, published by the Arundel Society, could make lectures on æsthetics most interesting and profitable, so that the student would acquire that love of form and outline from the former—so rare, unfortunately, in our American men—and from the latter, he could learn to appreciate that the greatest painting is called forth only by the highest motives, as well as the hollowness of the cry of “ Art for Art’s sake.” And then, when opportunity offers for a European trip, he would not have to wait until about the end of the

journey before discovering what among the works of art was worthy of attention.

The study of history should be prosecuted with ever-increasing zeal as the period treated of becomes more and more modern ; the history of this century should be studied carefully, with particular attention to the world-embracing schemes of the Vatican ; the taking of foreign newspapers and magazines should be encouraged, and discussions instituted concerning the great European questions of the day. The study of political economy, according to the principles of the German professorial socialists, such as Wagner, Schmoller, and others, which leads naturally to Christian socialism, might also find a place in the course of study ; particular attention should be paid to the ever-increasing power of trade unionism as a political and economic factor, and the necessity of right guidance for this young Titan should be pointed out.

In no American institution of learning will the study of mathematics and the related branches of physical science be likely to be neglected ; but often it is believed the textbook is followed too closely, and not enough time is given to the German custom of proposing problems which the student must work out for himself. Such problems will meet him in real life, and such exercise also furnishes the best of mental athletics. While the aim of the college should not be to produce fully equipped scientific men in any department, it should furnish enough information in these subjects to give the student who takes up some branch of science as his life's work, a brave start in the professional school, and should give to the others as much general information on these topics as will enable

them to select efficient professional assistance in later life, when the occasion calls for it, and to follow the opinions of these scientific experts with intelligence and judgment. The general principles of jurisprudence, with a glance at the history of Roman and Germanic law, might also be taught, with enough practical instruction to enable a man of property to manage his ordinary business safely.

Finally we come to the most difficult course of instruction, which yet is also the very *raison d'être* of the existence of the college—*i.e.*, philosophy, with its four branches of logic, metaphysics, psychology, and moral philosophy; but where shall the text-books and teachers for these be found? Think not to dispose of them with a sneer as unpractical and unworthy of this nineteenth century! First try your hand at an argument with any Roman Catholic priest you may meet on some question of the Darwinian theory, or responsibility under the criminal law; let his case be yet so weak, and the writer will be surprised if, before you have finished your argument, you do not gather some respect for Aristotelian logic, metaphysics, psychology, and moral philosophy, as explained and expanded by Thomas Aquinas. Many, it is true, have been the attacks upon this system; often it has seemed as though it had met its last days; but where is its successor? Who has conquered enough territory or maintained himself long enough to entitle him to recognition as Aristotle's successor, or even as a rival potentate? And yet three hundred years have passed since astrology, the mainspring of the Aristotelian system, was hopelessly broken by Galileo. But those questions of the ultimate constitution of things and of men, once raised,

will not down ; may it not be perhaps reserved for America, with its love of great undertakings, to furnish the system which will reconcile the metaphysical speculations of the Stagirite with the physical discoveries of to-day ? Certainly, without some such reconciliation our proudest speculations of natural science are but castles in the air. At least at present the problems in metaphysics, awaiting solution, could be indicated—the various attempts to solve them could be set forth—the necessity of a solution could be insisted on and the lines pointed out, by the following of which this goal could most probably be attained. The great cause of the disrepute into which this chief of studies has fallen is largely due, as the writer believes, to the neglect of its professors to study the mediæval schoolmen ; they thus miss the bridge which connected the speculations of antiquity with those of to-day and lack familiarity with the errors which Descartes, Leibnitz, and their scholars intended to combat.

In psychology and moral philosophy, we are fortunately not so much in the dark. Christianity more than supplies the place of the broken Aristotelian mainspring, in psychology, by St. Paul's doctrine of trichotomy ; it furnishes us also with the basis for the construction of a system of ethics grander than the world has ever seen, for the very reason that we can in these departments most safely throw off completely the leading strings of Aristotle. And how important is this ethical work ! Read Kidd's "Social Evolution" or Richmond's "Christian Economics," or Stahl's "Philosophie des Rechts," and no further argument would be necessary.

The Roman Catholics understand this

thoroughly ; their laity have a broad and deep general education, although they are handicapped by their lack of exercise in original thought and their dependence on authority for opinions.

Take, for example, the lawyer, with the many branches of business activity with which he comes in contact ; how important it is for him to have a well-defined, settled theory as to the relation of law to morals, of the responsibility of man to the criminal law, of the proper relations of State, Church, and individual ! What a blessing would it be if the members of the medical profession were kept from the materialistic atheism so common among them, so that they would remember that man is made of something more than what meets the dissecting knife ! To the sick and dying what comfort could they often bring, by a word or two of reference to the world beyond ! How greatly could their consideration and tenderness for the sufferings, mental as well as physical, of their humblest patient be increased if they had it ever before them that he too is a brother for whom Christ died !

And if the man of letters would but remember that with this short span of earthly life the story of none of us ends ; that even the humblest is bound to a destiny for good or ill, in full contemplation of which, all are lost in an amazement of dread or delight. No need then would there be of Zolas, seeking to attract a moment's attention by more and more disgusting exhibitions of the merely animal side of humanity.

Nor can the painter have higher ideals, without the inspiration of the noble thoughts which spring only from an alliance of religion

and philosophy. How otherwise can he escape from mere, dreary realism—for what is nature without God but a ghastly, all-devouring idiot?

In every profession or business the same principle holds true; without this invigorating religious principle there can be permanently no noble aspirations, no generous, self-sacrificing devotion. Test this in practical life; count up the men who are the leaders and workers in efforts for real reform and improvement, not only in public but in business life, and with hardly an exception you will name men who draw their energy, perseverance and public spirit from the old-fashioned colleges, with their classical and religious-philosophical training.

Inquire of the men with clear heads and sound hearts who are doing the work in our great institutions, and you will find how many of them are graduates of church colleges. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

If these things are so, does it not follow that there is no need of the tendency which has of late been showing itself on the part of friends of the larger institutions to depreciate the smaller ones? Is there any need on the part of the latter to strain every resource to imitate the former? Each has its place, each is required for the full development of the ideal American citizen. Only, let them work in harmony!

There would be nothing in this, derogatory to the dignity of the smaller colleges; the philosophical or classical course would consist of instruction in the great general principles, the detailed application of which would be given subsequently in the various professional

schools. Every instructor knows that in any science, the correct statement and thorough appreciation of general principles requires fully as high an order of intellect, in both teachers and students, as the later instruction in matters of detail ; they merely come first in order of instruction.

The natural development would seem to be that the church colleges of each denomination should form a group around that great university which by association and constitution is most nearly allied to their church ; and that colleges and university should strive to benefit each other reciprocally—the colleges by acting as feeders to the university, and using their influence to send their graduates to her for their professional studies, and the university in turn by encouraging the city youth to seek his preliminary general education in the colleges in the smaller towns, with the expectation of returning, in his maturer manhood, to make his professional studies in the great city, with its many advantages, which he can then appreciate and use to the full, for his lifelong benefit. Many are the other advantages which in practice would doubtless suggest themselves from such association ; lectures might be given by the professors of one institution visiting the others ; the university could exercise a friendly supervision over the work of the colleges, and possibly confer the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts on their graduates, after due examinations. It might direct even some of the legacies and devises, so much more frequent in large cities than in the country, to their useful coadjutors in the distant, village college, as the importance of proper general preparation for professional study made itself felt—and thus the whole system of

education would be encouraged and strengthened. The executive officers of our smaller colleges should boldly announce and keep before the public in the great cities, the benefits to be derived by students from attendance at their institutions and the pleasures of this old-fashioned college life for undergraduates—so impossible in a great city; they should frequently see the alumni individually and try to make each of them a recruiting agent for their Alma Mater; the clergy in the large cities should also be sought out and an interest in the success of church colleges awakened in them.

Nor let the indirect advantage from the maintenance of these small colleges, with their bands of educated professors, scattered throughout the land, be forgotten. A sad day it is for our country when the last lamp in one of these little shrines of learning is quenched, even though the brilliant educational lights in our great cities continue for a while. The great city university needs these many rivulets, which directly and indirectly contribute to swell its mighty waters; let the friends of the one not forget to care for the other!

Has the writer exaggerated the advantages and possibilities of the colleges which do not aim to give professional education? If so, ascribe it to his charming recollections of that one of those institutions where he studied many years ago—situated high on the banks of a noble lake of water, clear as crystal and of unfathomed depth; with a wooded, rolling country in the background; in a village whose cultivated society would test the politeness of the frequenter of any court of Europe; with professors, some of European reputation, all

full of kindly courtesy ; with students who in their gayest pranks never forgot that they were gentlemen. Doubtless there are many such !

Floreant, et floreat Hobartia !

J. BLEECKER MILLER.

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA.

Searcher for Truth, through winding, twilit ways,
What love-dream of young Greece enchanted thee,
That thou shouldst link with Christian Trinity
Her fair gods, fallen upon evil days
Since He of Nazareth rose—their bright love stays—
Ere life waxed fruitful, thou didst wistfully
Lie down to sleep, where saints' antiphony
Above thy grave through the long cloister strays.

The purple glories of thine own age mix
With the white light of Greece to make us glad,
Yet seek we aye to link old song and dance
With the new mystery of the crucifix ;
Only to pass, like thee, wondering and sad,
Into the fold of Death's omnipotence.

ANNA McCLURE SHOLL.

DARTMOUTH AND WEBSTER.

The two words *Dartmouth* and *Webster* are so closely connected that the one recalls the other. Rarely, if ever, has an alumnus of any college more deeply affected its life, and never has a college given to an alumnus such honor and gratitude. The years that a man spends in college are undoubtedly the most critical of his existence, for the college life in its entirety powerfully moulds his character and fashions his ideals. His powers then first appear and then first obtain recognition. So the college history of one who has mightily influenced the thought of the nation cannot be without interest to every thoughtful student of American history.

Daniel Webster entered Dartmouth as a Freshman at the age of fifteen, in August, 1797. His college preparatory work had been performed at Phillips, Exeter, and under the tuition of Rev. Samuel Wood, whom Mr. Webster later describes as a most benevolent and excellent man. His fit was miserable. In Greek his entire education was confined to a little grammar and to the four Evangelists in the original. In Latin he was familiar with six books of *Æneid*, Cicero's Orations against Catiline, and a portion of Tully. A smattering of arithmetic comprised his whole stock of mathematics, while all the historical knowledge he possessed he had obtained from his own hasty reading. In addition he was acquainted with some of the works of Addison and of Pope, and was passionately fond of "Don Quixote." Thus equipped, one of the most gigantic minds America has ever known began its real work.

As a college student Webster was not the leader of his class, although his ability was recognized by all. The testimony of his companions proves that he was a faithful student, always punctual in attendance, never shirking his duty, but continually adding to his knowledge. Nothing but the most comprehensive learning satisfied him, for his mind was deep and broad. He used his lessons and lectures as a framework, and on all questions consulted every authority he had at his disposal. He possessed a wonderful power of concentration, that quality so essential to the best scholarship. It was his custom, he himself afterward told, to read his lesson, close his book, and think over carefully the main points of the assigned task. By reading twenty or thirty pages of poetry twice, he could repeat the portion almost word for word. Besides his required work, he read voraciously whatever of English history or literature he could procure, and we find in his speeches later evidence of a broad familiarity with English thought. He excelled in Latin, for he loved Vergil and Cicero, nor did he ever forget how to quote from either author.

But it was in writing and speaking that Webster obtained his greatest reputation while in college. We find here and there in his correspondence fragments of his poetry which do not show power or originality. During his Sophomore year he delivered a poem before his classmates that produced a profound sensation. Every line ended in *ion*. As a product of ingenuity the poem was successful, but not as a model of rhythm. He delivered two eulogies over the dead bodies of his classmates, once as a Freshman, again as a Senior. The former eulogy was never printed ; the latter,

although published, has been almost entirely forgotten, only one copy of it now being known to exist. The religious sentiments it contains are excellent, the style is good, the pathos simple but full of power. Webster's reputation as an accomplished speaker soon spread, so that, while a Junior, he delivered an oration before the townspeople of Hanover, the college town, on July 4th, 1800. His address at this time, although rhetorical, reveals the fact that already Webster had conceived his idea of the indissolubility of the Union, that idea so ably championed by him in later years.

As a debater he was easily the superior of any one in college. He obtained his most valuable training in the meetings of the "United Fraternity," a society for literary and social purposes. It was his custom to arrange his thoughts in private and to put them on paper just before he had to speak. As he arose to address his small audience, his very presence demanded the closest attention. His black, piercing eyes, his broad, intellectual forehead, the solemn tones of his voice, the dignity of his mien, the clearness of his reasoning had a marvellous power of convincing his hearers that he was intensely sincere. It was his wont to begin his discourse slowly, perhaps a trifle monotonously. But as he went on he kindled into a flame, driving all objections before him by his eloquence, or thrilling his auditors with his bold and lion-like language.

His deportment in college was excellent. He took no part in the wilder pranks of his classmates, but bore the reputation of being quiet, studious, and thoughtful. He was popular with the entire college, owing to his

pleasant and agreeable nature, yet he had very few intimate friends. His dignified habits forbade that. His religious life was simple and natural. He possessed a profound conviction of his personal responsibility to God ; hence he always attended divine worship, regarding it as a duty that must be performed.

His favorite amusements were hunting, fishing, and riding, always without a companion. No trait of the man is more powerful than this desire for privacy in his thinking. He said that he loved solitude, for it gave him a chance to commune with nature and to decide his course in life. So he was profoundly happy when opportunity permitted him to take a long walk into the neighboring fields or forest, and to carry with him a volume of poetry upon which to meditate.

And so his college life passed by, a happy, joyous life for the most part, yet possessing some trials and labor. Owing to the scarcity of his means, he was compelled to teach a school at Salisbury, N. H., during the early part of the year 1800. Throughout his Junior year he paid for his board by superintending the publication of the *Dartmouth Gazette*, a little weekly published in Hanover. It was his duty to make selections for it from books of literature and from contemporary publications. Occasionally he himself wrote editorials for it, or addressed to it communications under the pseudonym of *Icarus*.

Although recognized as the ablest man in his class, Webster took no part in the Commencement exercises, owing to a misunderstanding with the Faculty. They desired him to accept as his part a poem in English or an English oration on the fine arts, but he preferred the position of valedictory orator, then

elected by the class. The Faculty was firm, and, at the wish of his friends, Webster refused the part assigned him. Yet there is no indication in his remarks or actions that he bore the least resentment against the college authorities for their well-meant action. However, at Commencement, he did not appear as a speaker before the college, but gave before the "United Fraternity" an address which showed the splendid abilities of the man.

There is current in some sections an idle tale that Webster destroyed his diploma in anger when the Commencement exercises were over. The report is absolutely without foundation, and was unknown at Dartmouth until many years after Webster had left that institution. His classmates, especially his most intimate friends, have stated in writing that the story is utterly false. One of them wrote in 1852: "I stood by his side when he received his degree with a graceful bow; and such was my connection with society affairs that if he had destroyed his degree afterward I would have known it." The venerable ex-President of the college, Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D., LL.D., recently related to the writer a conversation between Judge Nesmith, now deceased, and Mr. Webster—a conversation subsequently reported to Dr. Bartlett by Judge Nesmith. For many years Judge Nesmith had heard the story, and, wishing to know the truth of the matter, he asked Mr. Webster in regard to it. Mr. Webster denied that he had destroyed the diploma, and gave renewed assurances of his good will toward the college. This is unimpeachable testimony and brands the rumor as a deliberate falsehood.

After his graduation in August, 1801, Webster was still in close touch with the college

for several years, owing to the fact that his much-loved brother Ezekiel was now a member of the institution. It seemed to be Daniel's highest ambition in life to aid his brother ; and to his honor be it told that the first earnings of his life were placed in Ezekiel's hands to keep the less-known brother in the college they both loved so well. Until Ezekiel was graduated Daniel was a frequent visitor at Hanover, and enjoyed himself thoroughly, as one of his classmates had become a tutor there. In 1809 Daniel delivered an address before the Phi Beta Kappa of Dartmouth. It was purely literary work, and did not add much to his claim as a speaker.

Thus far Webster was debtor to the college. Now we shall see how he repaid the debt. The Dartmouth College case is too well known to require an extended explanation. The point at issue stated in its simplest form was, whether certain acts of the New Hampshire Legislature relating to the enlargement of the corporation of Dartmouth College and to the amendment of the charter were legal, or were repugnant to the Constitution of the United States. In other words, was the college a private corporation or an institution of government, subject to the direction of legislative power ? The Supreme Court of New Hampshire decided against the college. The case was removed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and it was here that Mr. Webster proved beyond a doubt that he was a brilliant constitutional lawyer.

The following description of the trial is familiar, and shows the bearing of Mr. Webster and his love for his Alma Mater. The eye-witness says :

“ The argument ended, Mr. Webster stood

for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length addressing the Chief Justice, he proceeded thus :

“ ‘ This, sir, is my case. It is the case not merely of this humble institution, it is the case of every college in our land. . . . Sir, you may destroy this little institution ; it is weak ; it is in your hands. I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out ; but if you do so you must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science which for more than a century have thrown their radiance over our land !

“ ‘ It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it—’

“ Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down broke forth. His lips quivered, his firm cheeks trembled with emotion, his eyes were filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed to be struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly outburst of feeling. I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the privations and trials through which he had made his way in life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears.

“ The court-room during two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. . . . If a painter could give us the scene on canvas—those forms and countenances, and Daniel

Webster as he stood there in the midst—it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep when he saw standing before him the man who had made such an argument melted into the tenderness of a child.

“ Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his keen eyes on the Chief Justice, said in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience :

“ ‘ Sir, I know not how others may feel, but for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not for this right hand have her to turn to me and say, “ *Et tu quoque mi fili !* ” ’ ”

“ He sat down. There was a death-like stillness throughout the room for some moments ; every one seemed to be recovering himself.”

Thus ended the description. The effect of Mr. Webster’s eloquence and pathos was irresistible. The Supreme Court decided in favor of the college, and Mr. Webster had the intense satisfaction of writing to the young president of the college, Francis Brown, the following letter, which is still preserved by Rev. Francis Brown, of the Union Theological Seminary, a grandson of the president, and a graduate of Dartmouth :

WASHINGTON, February 2, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR : All is safe and certain. The Chief Justice delivered an opinion this morning in our favor on all the points. In this opinion, Washington, Livingstone, Johnson, and Story, Justices, are understood to have

concurred ; Duval, Justice, it is said, dissents. Mr. Justice Todd is not present. The opinion goes the whole length and leaves nothing further to be decided. I give you my congratulations on this occasion, and assure you that I feel a burden removed from my shoulders much heavier than they have been accustomed to bear.

Very truly yours,

D. WEBSTER.

Thus grandly Mr. Webster paid his debt to his college. His relation to the college remained close throughout his life. Only eighteen months before his death he wrote to a classmate :

“ At our time of life the mind turns to the past. I find that I think now, much more frequently than twenty or thirty years ago, on college scenes and college friends. I look over the catalogue, call to mind the dead, and inquire after the living.”

Immediately after the decision in the Dartmouth College case, Mr. Hopkinson, Mr. Webster's colleague in the trial, wrote to the president of the college. He closed his letter with a sentiment which to-day every Dartmouth man would applaud. It was this :

“ I would have an inscription over the door of your building : ‘ FOUNDED BY ELEAZER WHEELLOCK, REFOUNDED BY DANIEL WEBSTER.’ ”

JOHN MERRILL BOYD.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AMATEUR
ETCHER.

The etching fever took hold of me very strongly on a warm morning soon after the occurrence of our last national midsummer holiday. Whether the noise and smoke of the "glorious Fourth" predisposed my artistic soul to soar into this *terra incognita*, or the very hot week we were then having relaxed the tension of my usually sedate mind, I am uncertain. I had long been an etcher *in posse*; I had felt immense capabilities within me when enjoying the exquisite shadows of the *Shere Mill-Pond* or looking upon the fine pathos of the *Agamemnon*. I think I felt the poetry of the etched line quite as much as the trained artist. A friend of my wife had only then to lend us Hamerton's book, with its practical addenda, and I conceived of myself as an etcher *in esse*. Hamerton's book, every one will remember, is written in a very eloquent and enthusiastic key.

We read the book aloud together, about good etching being accomplished only in "momentary bursts of passionate enthusiasm." I remember that my wife observed that she thought, from the raptures I often went into over the baby, I might be capable of a "momentary burst" over etching. I pondered upon her words for some time, and they seemed, I confess, very reasonable.

I admit I did not fully understand the meaning of Hamerton's words at the time. I thought Hamerton was carried away with his subject. I remembered that, in treating of artistic themes, it is proper to throw off many little hyperbolic expressions which are

generally supposed to be meaningless and harmless. Until I tried it myself I had hardly pictured to my mind a frantic individual whose fingers trembled with ill-suppressed excitement and made the "poetic etched line" somewhat ragged, I fear, and who was so eager to see the results of his work that he came very nearly going through the various processes out of their exact chronological order. Of such a person, I say, I had not conceived as the typical "passionate enthusiast"—*experto crede*. I now understand Hamerton fully. I am fain to believe that etching as a life work would be quite too exciting for the ordinary mind. Continued bursts of passionate enthusiasm would exhaust the vitality of a Hercules, without mentioning the nerves of a Mrs. H——. But let me tell my experience; it may serve as a useful lesson, or as a warning—it hardly matters much which.

I began operations by taking Hamerton's book out with me under an old maple tree on the lawn and looking for some time intently at the etched illustrations. It certainly seemed easy and feasible. I read the practical treatise—the addenda—it seemed ridiculously simple. Only procure your plate, wax, acid, printer's ink, paper, and press, and then you have your etching! I felt within me that which told me I should succeed. I arose from the maple tree a tentative etcher. I went into the house and talked it over with my mother-in-law.

I may as well say that we were spending the month of July in the country with my wife's parents. I find it quite as inexpensive as going to a fashionable watering-place; and, considering the extraordinary interest my mother-in-law takes in the baby, I tolerate the

idea of spending my vacation at her very comfortable, old-fashioned residence in W——, a little town upon the Connecticut River, with considerable fortitude. There was a pretty view of the river from our lawn, and a hazy outline of smoky hills in the distance. I told my mother-in-law at once that I should proceed to *etch* those distant hills.

She fell in with my views without any hesitation. As I knew very little about drawing, I said the greater distance I could throw into my etching the better. She agreed with me. She said that it would not do to be too definite; that she remembered, when she was a girl, drawing an elephant lying down, which was afterward supposed to be distant hills; that if I attempted distant hills it might turn out a very good picture of an elephant lying down. Thus encouraged, I concluded to make the necessary purchases in W—— when I drove down to get the mail, and to begin to etch that very day. I confess I was beginning to feel a foretaste of “passionate enthusiasm”—that is to say, I was highly impatient because the horses were not harnessed and before the door the very moment I had made up my mind to etch. That there should be any delay in purchasing my materials I justly thought inexcusable and unpardonable. I walked to and fro on the porch and fumed. My wife and mother-in-law looked at one another with knowing glances, and for once Hamerton was made the scapegoat of my impatience. At last the horses were at the door. I leaped into the carriage and drove to W—— so rapidly that the poor beasts were in a lather as I drew up in front of a tin store labelled with a little sign, “C. Pennoyer, Agent,” above the door. I called loudly for copper

plates, but for the life of me I could see nothing but a confused wilderness of tin pots and pans, and could hear only the rap-rapping of a hammer in a distant room. When I am enthused with my subject it seems so singular that no one else seems to get excited. The apprentice who stopped in his career of pounding sheets of tin long enough to inquire of me in answer to *my* question, "Woo'n't sheet iron do?" went on with his rap-rapping when I told him it *wouldn't*; and it was only after exploring the rear of the Pennoyer habitation and interviewing Mrs. Pennoyer and several very young and toddling Pennoyers that I was at last able to procure several sheets of copper lined with zinc, and made up, I supposed (in its lower uses), into Pennoyer boilers and tea-kettles. It was, however, the best I could do, and I bore off my plates—cut into proper size by means of a huge pair of shears worked by an attenuated apprentice, who thought it all very absurd, and who appeared to much prefer rap-rapping to conversation—with a feeling of considerable complacency. I drove over to the one village "drug and grocery" store for the rest of my materials—my wax, asphaltum, my acid and my printing ink—and found, of course, it being mail-time, that the top of every flour and sugar barrel in the store was occupied. Several old and attenuated fathers of toil were, in fact, forced to do their whittling on the steps outside from want of room. I found it more than I could do to get my acid. There was a long consultation behind the counter, as to the advisability of trusting me with it, between the sandy-haired young clerk and his aged and sallow "boss." They proceeded to cross-examine me as to the dire and malignant pur-

poses to which I intended to put the "pizen," as they called it; and the cross-examination, conducted in the presence of the village gossips and several quite pretty school girls who happened in, was really very trying.

"Why do you want so much fer?" I was asked.

"To use in etching," I replied calmly.

Here was a mystery to begin with. No one had ever heard of the word before. The village gossips pricked up their ears.

"What in thunder's etchin'?" accompanied by a shrewd, searching glance—a glance full of suspicion, and which, I confess, made me quail a little—on the part of the white-haired proprietor of the store.

"To use in drawing; that is all," I said.

Strained attention on the part of the village gossips.

"Never heered o' usin' pizen acid in drawin'," observed the proprietor, with his thin, suspicious, Connecticut smile.

The old men outside came in to listen also.

"I want it for proper purposes," I said, getting more and more provoked. "Do you think I intend to poison anybody?"

He asked me another question in reply.

"You're livin' up to Mr. Torrance's folks, ain't ye?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Son-in-law, ain't ye?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, you get a letter from Mrs. Torrance sayin' to me it's all right, an' ye ken hev yer acid. I've knowed the Torrance folks for twenty year, an' I shed kinder hate ter be the cause o' their suddin departur'."

He said this with a grin as he glanced about at his hearers, and I slunk away abashed. I

felt like a culprit. Every eye in that store glanced at me as I went out with a cold look of distrust. I drove home with my "passionate enthusiasm" considerably cooled, and persuaded my mother-in-law to make my remaining purchases for me.

On my way home I met the village cart and pony of Miss Ludden. She was the reputed belle of W—— among the summer boarders.

She looked very charming as she stopped her pony, leaned forward, and waited for me to stop at the side of the road. "Tennis this afternoon, I suppose?" she said smilingly.

"Not for me," I said. "I have a loftier pursuit now."

I may as well say here that while elsewhere I count for nothing in young ladies' estimation, in W—— I count for a good deal. Though married, I am much sought after. *I am the only man!* It does not make me conceited, it does not make me vain, but I do not dislike W—— at all on this account.

"No tennis! What is it you are doing?" asked my pretty *vis-à-vis*, arching her eyebrows.

"Etching."

"Oh, that charming pursuit which 'begins with a scratching and ends with a biting,' as they say," she laughed. "I never thought of *you* as an artist; you are too—humdrum."

"Humdrum!" I cried sarcastically as her pony started abruptly and ended our conversation. "I will show her how humdrum I am. Only wait." And I drove home as furiously as I departed. "When my etching is finished," I thought to myself, "I will send her a proof with my name in one corner, and Miss Ludden shall acknowledge my artistic ability."

My respected mother-in-law had much better

success in buying the acid than I. She simply told them she was going to make some fresh vinegar, and they thought she was making up some new fangled receipt out of some new city cook-book and gave it to her. After lunch we—my wife, my child, and my mother-in-law—began operations in earnest. I say *we*, for I allowed my wife and her mother to “assist” me in making the “ground.”

Now, Hamerton’s description of making the ground is so simple that we were quite ashamed at our inability to persuade the asphaltum to mix with the wax, and the wax to absorb the asphaltum. *Do our best, it would not mix.*

My mother-in-law said herself that she was capable of the most intricate receipts; that she knew the size of a “lump” of salt and the amount of a “pinch” of flour; that, in fact, she had most excellent “judgment” in cooking all sorts of things, but she could *not* cook Hamerton’s receipt. We all grew very red and very anxious over the kitchen fire, and my wife, to console us, picked up Hamerton and read, “Industry cannot make an etcher.” I left the kitchen at that, lit a cigarette, and walked out into the garden to be alone.

When I came back they had got the gum-arabic and the wax together, but the asphaltum *would not melt*. Nothing that we could do would prevail on the dark mass to seethe and amalgamate. I found my opportunity to make several very derogatory remarks about women’s knowledge of cooking. They then—shall I say it? I was a lone man in that household—they forced me out of that kitchen; that is, I beat a dignified retreat and played with the baby. In half an hour my wife en-

tered with an air of immense triumph. My indefatigable mother-in-law had succeeded ! They bore the china cup of "ground" aloft to show me. Thus, after toiling and moiling half the afternoon, "keeping things *back*" in the kitchen (a heinous offence, I have been brought up to believe), I made my ground according to Hamerton, and so conquered the first battlefield in the warfare of etching. I say *I* made my "ground"—do we not say that a general wins his battles ? I now was ready for my "dabber."

The frenzy of "passionate enthusiasm" had by this time so filled the soul of my mother-in-law that she offered to cut a piece of silk for the dabber out of one of her dresses if I wanted it. I believe she would have given me all the glittering adornments on her bonnet—which hide the view of the clergyman from those who sit behind her in church—if I wanted them. We made a dabber—she made it (honor to whom honor, etc.)—and then we all commenced to dab.

But we dabbled in vain. We had not heated our plate. We opened Hamerton wide before us. "Next heat your plate," said the great apostle of etching, "over a spirit-lamp." We followed out the idea to the letter. I held the copper plate in my fingers. Pretty soon it seemed to grow amazingly hot. I dropped that plate on the carpet with an expletive which was hardly necessary—let alone the presence of my family and only son, I was wrong—but I defy even Hamerton's thumb and finger to have held that plate calmly over a spirit-lamp without wincing. I tried to pick it up. I let out that expletive—that unnecessary expletive—again. Hot ! it was so hot that I expected to see it burn its way

through the floor into the cellar, and it kept growing hotter. Note, now, the capability of womankind to play with fire. My wife stooped and picked up the plate as calmly as if it were a piece of pine ! The rebuke in her glance was undeserved ; no man's fingers are capable of such self-denial. I remembered that women are gifted with an extraordinary power of holding hot things—a singular phenomenon I had often thought of discussing scientifically in a paper—and I really gave my wife no credit for what she did. It is no credit to one to be a salamander ; it is rather a discredit as being something unnatural and abnormal.

But *then* how we dabbled ! In a moment the shiny copper was an obscure, dull, cloudy black. We took it out to the refrigerator to cool, and then we studied Hamerton to see what to do next.

Hamerton said, "Smoke it !"

Now, that is easier—much easier said than done, lector. Lamps will smoke you to death in the country when you don't care to have them, but nothing *we* could do that day would persuade a lamp to do more than smoke up its chimney and then break it. At last, after infinite burns and pains, we smoked a third of it. And then—oh shades of Rembrandt and Claude Lorraine !—I began to etch with a darning-needle ; that is to say, I made a little scratch in one corner to see how it went, and then sat back, breathed a deep sigh, allowed the "passionate burst of enthusiasm" to come on if it would, and discussed the theory of distant hills as a subject.

"If I draw these hills," I said, needle in hand, "I must extract a vow that whatever they turn out to be you will insist that they

are hills. I for one would be greatly mortified to have them turn out to be a reclining elephant. I should feel dreadfully if any one should come in and look at the etching as a war map, or an explosion, or anything it *isn't*." And they vowed.

"And another thing," I said, "before I begin I want to feel at peace with every one. I want to take back the word I uttered a few moments ago. I think it was only 'darn,' by the way."

"Oh, no, it wasn't, it wasn't!" exclaimed my wife quickly.

"If it was anything worse I wish to be forgiven. I wish to be in a purely artistic Hamertonian state of mind. This is my first etching. Who knows but that I may go on and be a second Haden? It is a crisis in my life—"

"Do begin!" (chorus of women); but they forgave.

I began. As I had never drawn anything before in my life, there was no reasonable expectation of my being able to draw anything now. In contemplating the possibility of becoming an aquafortist I had hoped that there existed a secret power in the wax and copper which would abrogate the necessity of any cleverness in sketching. Was I to be balked, after all, by not knowing how to draw? Distant hills, indeed! How was it possible to make them distant without a foreground? I knew little of "middle distance" then, and I boldly plunged at it with my darning-needle, ploughing up the wax and smoked lampblack until I had a most unintelligible mass of what I have since learned engravers call "hay." When all was done I bethought me that tall waving grass would do if printed very

black indeed as a foreground. This was easily accomplished. Waving grass—how delightfully simple to make! and the rest of my etching “hay”—a truly rural scene, with the distant hills looking very coppery and shiny in the upper part of the plate! Now I was ready for the acid bath.

I freely admit that by this time I was really in a state of “passionate enthusiasm.” I realized the truth of Hamerton’s remark so plainly that in etching “*feeling* is supreme and mechanism nowhere.” I felt so strongly that I trusted the mechanism of my “distant hills” would pass unnoticed. I now put my etching down and read aloud his chapter on “motions,” and I felt deeply that I had not etched these “distant hills” “from a cool acknowledgment that they were good material.” Oh, no! but from “passionate love” for the subject of distant hills in general and these in particular. I felt, nay, I *knew*, my etching was to be a grand success. Had I not been “possessed for an hour by an overmastering thought, and had I not recorded that thought (distant hills) before the fire has had time to die out of it?” Hamerton could have done no more. I prepared the bath.

Hamerton, I know, has a great deal to say of “Dutch mordant,” but simple American nitric acid was enough—as it turned out—for me. When I was mixing the banial fluid in a large, old-fashioned china bowl, my mother-in-law looked very ruefully at the blue Dresden shepherdesses upon its well-formed oval. But I think she would not have had me forego its use for worlds. A servant now brought in word that Miss Ludden and a party of friends were on the lawn ready for tennis. “Oh, bother!” I said vexedly. “Of course I can-

not come !” And then my wife went into surprising raptures over my “distant hills,” they were so natural, so perfect. She was so proud of me. She even kissed me twice in the presence of that indefatigable woman, my mother-in-law.

When I took that nitric-acid bottle from its place on a shelf, where they had put it with great care, my clothes were of a subdued gray pattern ; my wife was in pink bombazine (I think), and my mother-in-law in dark blue empress cloth. I mention this at this time not so much to display my knowledge of dress materials, but because I was so surprised afterward at our changed appearance. I poured into the bowl equal parts of acid and water. The bowl became quite warm. There was something odd about this, but I said nothing. In a moment of intense, even breathless interest—the immersion of a sinner in the tank of a Baptist church could not have excited greater—I dropped the plate into its bath. It splattered a little over us, but we didn’t mind *that*. Almost immediately flakes of wax floated to the top of the bath, and we could see wide spaces of copper, above which thousands of curious little bubbles formed themselves. We opened Hamerton, and we concluded to let the plate remain for thirty minutes before we took it out. I brushed away the little bubbles with a feather. I may have brushed too hard. When the thirty minutes were up I made a dive for the plate with a lead-pencil. I caught the point under the plate, and it slipped and dropped back again with a splash ; but of course we didn’t mind *that*. What we *did* mind—my poor wife almost cried over it—was to see our poor plate, with its distant hills so far away as to be actually invisible.

Our waving grass was an impenetrable foggy haze. From the appearance of the plate I should say that the copper had eaten through into the zinc, and the zinc had returned the compliment by eating through into the copper. It was a wretched, dilapidated old plate! There was no foreground, middle distance, or background to it. It was all chiaroscuro, all opaque shadow. It was dreadful! it was more dreadful to think how Hamerton had misled us—and we had followed his instructions, too, to the letter! I fell from a state of exaltation into a slough of despond. I went out of the room, out of the house, and threw myself at full length on the grass under the old maple tree. I watched Miss Ludden play tennis. The world seemed very hollow, everything seemed very unreal except the baby. I took him on my shoulder after a while and walked to and fro before the house, feeling that the crisis of my etching fever had passed. I was sane again. My mother-in-law came out, spoke of going on a long drive. How I remember these little details *now*! I declined, and saw them ride away with the baby. Then it occurred to me—Why—why not try again? *I had forgotten to ground the back of my plate, and had burned my wax to a crisp* in smoking it. Alone and by myself I discovered this. I prepared another plate. I was calm now. I was deliberate. I forbore smoking it. I waxed both sides and the edges. I let it cool. I drew a barn and a fence, plain subjects, but typical of my changed mood—a plain barn without the casual cow or even the spirited horse, and an ordinary fence without anything in the nature of intricate gate-posts. I bathed this plate. I saw the bubbles form in delightful little barn-

like lines and fence-like squares ; in another half hour I was calmly awaiting the return of my family with a well-bitten plate drying upon the table before me. I lit a cigar and awaited them complacently. I was no longer feverish, passionate. I was collected, reasonable. It grew dusk, and I resolved to print my plate the following day. Meanwhile—in no Hamertonian mood, I'll admit—I heard their returning wheels. I rose from my chair and went outside. The setting sun was throwing a most peculiar light across the lawn upon my mother-in-law, wife, and baby as they walked toward me from the carriage. I shaded my eyes. I looked again. Where now was my wife's pink bombazine, my mother-in-law's indigo blue, or my child's little brown frock ? They seemed surprised at my attitude.

“Has anything happened ?” they asked.

“Merciful heavens—the acid !” I exclaimed.

My wife turned very pale. “You haven't swallowed any ?” she asked nervously.

“Look—look at yourselves ! You, mother, are now a bright and inspiring yellow. My wife, your pink bombazine—”

And now I look at myself. I am a mass of scarlet.

My wife sank into a seat with that common, that trite feminine remark, “It's the only dress I have !”

“And not a decent dressmaker in W—— !” chimed in my mother-in-law.

“But I have succeeded,” I cried, “in spite of all ! *I have etched a plate !*” and I led them into the house. I showed them my barn and fence which I intended to print on the following day.

They hardly cared to look at it. The acid had cured *them*—at least for the time—of the etching fever.

Putting a thing off in the country is often putting it off until the Greek kalends. On the following day there was a picnic at one of the “Prospect Hills” or “Silver Dale Cascades,” or “Bubble Brooks,” or “Joneses Mountains,” which always *have* and always *will* abound in the neighborhood of New England villages. We had to go to this picnic. I don’t know why, but we *had* to. I revenged myself by being very amiable to Miss Ludden, though she teased me about my etching. That day I manfully refused to divide myself into twelve distinct parts and be agreeable to each of the summer boarders. I helped Miss Ludden over rocks, fences, brooks, and trunks of trees. I allowed my poor wife to struggle on alone. And just as we arrived at our camping ground, where we spread our luncheon, I pretended to have been looking for her high and low.

Hypocrite ! Did I not give Miss Ludden the very tenderest bits of chicken, and was not my poor, long-suffering better half made to put up with a neck and a drumstick ?

It was a week before I took up my barn and fence again, and thought of printing it. It stood reproachfully on the mantelpiece in my dressing-room, awakening conscience-smiting feelings within me. Had I then no more serious energy than that ? Had my Hamertonian frenzy entirely burned out ? I would see. I waited till that pleasant period after breakfast, when every one says to every one else, “What are you going to do to-day ?”—I waited till then, and then I spoke of printing it.

It was as mild and innocuous a suggestion as ever was put forth in a Sunday-school ; but alas ! what trials and troubles were before that household *now* ! Acid was bad, very bad ; but, lector, did you ever, did you thoughtlessly, unknowingly introduce into the bosom of your family a little jar—a mere trifle—of black printer's ink ? If so, I am sure of *one* sympathetic heart. That day I brought home—why, I laugh at the amount ; it was but a dime's worth in a blacking-box—that small (but dangerous) quantity of that unctuous, juicy paste, black as the shining nose upon the face of a colored brother—blacker. I brought it home that calm summer morning, and before night the carpet, the furniture, the clean white door-jambs, the wall-paper, my mother-in-law, my baby, myself, were one irreognizable deep sombre tint, from which (we could procure no benzine at the time) we were unable to extricate ourselves.

It happened in this way—the scourge I may call it—the blight of printer's ink which came down on my innocent family that bright, pleasant July day. I brought the ink at once into my laboratory—the sitting-room. I cleared the table by gently but firmly shoving my mother-in-law's reticule, four pairs of scissors, half a dozen novels, some magazines, and a vase containing some fresh roses up against the wall and laying back the table-cover. I had Hamerton on a chair at my side. I concluded not to follow Hamerton very minutely again, as I did not care to get into a frenzy this time. I did not open him, but I did open my tin of printer's ink.

I happened to be wearing that day a very clean suit of very white duck. It was cool and comfortable, and it was pleasant not to be

obliged to take off my coat in the house. I had found an ordinary strong copying press, which I placed upon another chair, and my paper, dry and crispy for the purpose. I had not realized that it was generally customary among printers to *wet* it. My paper was ready on the table with my plate.

It was a simple matter to take the ink *out* of the little tin box with a stick and ply it upon the copper plate—oh, so simple and so easy! I dropped the business end of the stick in my lap, and that was the beginning of the end. In half an hour I had shaded my white duck very prettily. If Hamerton could only have seen me! How he would have rejoiced in my eloquent shadows! I was an etching in myself—a study in black and white. My mother-in-law told me I ought to be framed; and my wife was cruel enough to say I ought to be hanged. *Simplicitas ipsa* indeed to get the ink *on* the plate, but to get it *off* again, that was the question. I admit I became frantic again—not artistically so, but inkily. I plunged with my inky hands into Hamerton, and he became, like myself, eloquent in spots. Hamerton gave very general and cursory remarks as to getting the ink *off*. He said, “Wipe it off.” So I did—with my handkerchief.

The fact was, I was perfectly appalled by the infinite variety and capability of printer’s ink. As I say, my mother-in-law coming to the rescue, got inked for her pains, and became, like me, a raging shade. I daubed and she wiped. I wiped and she daubed—etching is *so* fascinating even in its manual unintellectual daubings, and the plate began to look like a very dirty and a very greasy frying-pan.

It is singular how women reason in grooves

as regards all mechanical processes. My wife and my mother-in-law, finding that it was necessary to *wax* both sides of the plate, drew the feminine conclusion that it was also necessary to *ink* both sides—a conclusion, I must say, in which I did not agree at all with them, but in which I yielded merely to humor them. The plate, thoroughly inked on both sides, was quite exciting. It had double the power to ink everything within its range. I know not how I got it into my letter-press. I only know I got it there with a sheet of stiff cardboard above it, and that I was screwing down the long iron handles for dear life. I was again, alas ! in a purely artistic Hamertonian frenzy. My infant son, my precious offspring, while I was turning the press, I saw about to fall head downward from a chair. I dashed for him, and in a moment my child was of a swarthy African hue, like the rest of us—“black, but comely ! Oh, ye daughters of Israel !” I screwed the press hard down until it danced off the chair on to my toes ; and then, oh, rapture ! we examined our proof. *It was the only white object, lector, in the room !* We were all inked to no purpose. Wretched, benzineless mortals that we were ; not a sign of an etching or of anything else appeared upon that cardboard as I am a living soul !

I stared madly at my inky hands, at my shaded duck suit, at the cardboard. I rushed out of doors, inking as I went. I rolled in the grass. I inked that. Why had I made a dauber of myself for nothing ? Was nothing to come after these long hours of inky toil ? Was the spoiling of one suit (my gray) by acid, and the daubing of another (my duck) to reap no reward ? Were my barn and fence

always to remain in unprinted obscurity? No, it should not be so. I would not be inked for nothing. I would daub again. When I went into the house they were reading Hamerton, and had found out that the cardboard should be very damp indeed before printing. We dampened our sheets.

When, then, after several more attempts at last—at last I drew from the surface of that plate a hazy, dim imprint of a three-cornered hat and waving ribbon (my barn and fence!), my relief was so great that I said I would print no more. I had triumphed. I had made an etching. It was finished. I cared to achieve nothing more that day nor the next. I devoted myself to washing my hands. I washed, rewashed, and washed again. Then I began anew and scrubbed and washed again; but the inkiest ink I had ever known stuck to me still. I had landscapes on my palms, and until these fine etched lines disappeared I lost heart in any further etching.

No, not for a year did I take it up seriously again. Then I worked at the charming art in a desultory fashion, achieving slender results. I found seas very “easy.” I devoted myself to shores with a distant ship on the horizon. Trees and long grass or stone work, which *looks* so easy, I rarely attempted, and when I printed *I used gloves*. Now that the etching fever has so generally died out, I presume that few will have ambition enough to follow in my footsteps. If they should do so, I have an old press, some copper plates, some acid, some sheets of India paper they can have for a reasonable price. Indeed, a man of “passionate enthusiasm” can have them for the asking! Alas! the days of etching seem to be numbered.

F. H. BAIN.

PRE-DESTINY.

Again the sea begins to heave, and moan,
And toss its waves in darkened ranks unending,
As if it felt the wrath and wreck impending,
Ere the chained bolt descending claims its own.
Woe to the ships that sail the tumbled main !
For some be there shall never sail again.

Thou, O my soul, art as yon heaving sea !
Naught of thy treasure canst thou hide or cover
When the wind threatens, and the cloud comes over,
And the known storm of sorrow bursts on thee.
Needs must thou rave beneath the blasts that rave ;
Must see joy sink and be thyself its grave.

DORA READ GOODALE.

SPECIMENS OF ALUMNI WIT AND WISDOM.

January and February are the months in which college banquets live and have their being.

On January 11th last the Hamilton Alumni Association of New York held its annual dinner, and Hamilton B. Tompkins, Esq., presided as toastmaster.

He spoke in part as follows :

“ Fellow-members and guests of the Hamilton College Alumni Association : It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and of pain that I find myself in this position to-night—of pleasure, because it cannot be otherwise than a gratification to be called upon to preside over a gathering of Hamilton Alumni ; and of pain because I cannot forget that I am taking the place of one who a year ago we had every reason to believe would occupy this chair as your presiding officer. Dr. Isaac Hollister Hall, elected last year President of this Association, was a few months ago called from our midst ; but we still cherish his memory, and I know that I voice the sentiment of every alumnus when I testify to the great respect we all had for his character and his virtues. He leaves a pure and spotless name, and the remembrance of his life and work will be an inspiration to all who knew him. [*Applause.*] But, gentlemen, although Dr. Hall, had he been permitted to be present, might have greeted you in more eloquent terms than I, yet I can assure you his welcome could not have been more cordial and sincere than my own.

“ Hamilton has a record of which we may

all be proud ; and when we view her past, and what she is doing to-day, we may never be reluctant to admit that we are graduates of such a college, small though it be. And as the inhabitant of the Eternal City, when wandering in distant lands, holding high his head, would proclaim with conscious pride, '*Sum civis Romanus*,' so may each of us, surrounded though we may be by graduates of older and larger institutions, exclaim with equal pride, '*Collegii Hamiltonensis alumnus sum*.'

"I trust that this interest, of which these later meetings are an evidence, will continue to grow, and that it may be manifested in some substantial manner toward the institution that we love so well. Every one can do something : give at least a book to its library, a picture—for every little helps the dear old college on the hill."

Dr. Stryker was introduced as "uniting the learning of a Melancthon with the administrative ability of a Woolsey—he is a Stryker all the time."

Dr. Stryker said : "I am fresh from College Hill. I heard the college bell ring this morning. I walked across the Campus with Professor Root. I heard a college recitation. I came down the hill on a sled. Don't you wish you had ? [A voice : "Look out ahead !"] A voice : "Road !"] I came by the way of Professor North's house and tried to get him to say he would come too. He always says he will come, but does not. This time he said he would not, but I hoped he would.

"I had a letter not long ago from Jenkins, of '64, who was stirring up the Kansas City crowd to get up a good dinner, and nothing would satisfy him but all the material must

come from College Hill. So I sent him a barrel of apples, and I put in the bottom of the barrel a five-gallon keg of cider. He wrote back and said that when they arrived the cider was left in the keg, but there was no cider left in the apples. The point of the story was that he wanted some turkeys, and asked me to get them for him. I told him I had no great reputation of that kind on College Hill, and I didn't dare to try to get the turkeys; but I had a neighbor who had the best reputation that way, and I had persuaded him, after some reluctant excuses on his part, to go up and pull the legs of two of the turkeys in the dark of the moon; and I hoped he would not let it out, because Professor North was actually of a very shy and retiring disposition. It was on the strength of that confession that Professor North sent his love and condolence to you.

“The prettiest girl and the noblest woman in all the world, in all the galaxy of beauty that smiles above our head in the gallery, there is no face worthy to compare with our Hill-side Queen. Health and three times three to her memory and to her hopes!

“An English rector was a little hard of hearing, and he wanted very much to introduce some new hymn books into his parish (not the first or the last minister that has wanted to do that, and not without reason), and he had arranged with the clerk of the parish that at a certain time just after the sermon the notice should be given out. The clerk had a little notice of his own to give out concerning the baptism of some children, which he gave as soon as the sermon was over. As soon as he had made the announcement in regard to the baptism of children, the minister jumped to

his feet and exclaimed : ' They can be had at the vestry any afternoon between one and four o'clock ; the plain ones for a shilling apiece, and the special ones with red backs for a shilling and sixpence ! '

" I have had in my not too short life lots of encouragement from the story of Andrews' raid in Georgia. I have no doubt General Hawley can tell you this better than I can ; but do you remember one time, in Tennessee, Sherman wanted to get possession of a rebel railroad, that they might not get their men and supplies to check a movement of his. There were some volunteers under the leadership of a bright man by the name of Andrews. This man stole a train of cars. He boxed up in a freight car a half dozen of his associates with the most daredevil audacity, claiming that he was running through with a supply of powder. At noon the train stopped at a particular station for dinner. After the custom in that part of the country, all the hands left the train and went in to dinner. He uncoupled the engine with his freight car and started off with it to break up the road, burn the bridges, and do all the necessary damage possible. The point is not concerning Andrews, brilliant as that raid was, and noble as the effort was, though a failure, but concerning the conductor. He started out of the dining-room of that station, shirt-sleeved and hatless. He saw his engine and the car disappear in the distance. Without hat or coat he started up the track on a dead run. He went half a mile and found a broken-down hand-car ; he pushed it two miles and found a good one ; he went about five miles and found a freight engine ; he got on the freight engine and went twenty-five

miles and found a passenger engine ; and in less than fifty miles more he had captured the engine. The point was that *he made a beginning*. If any gentleman will authorize me to set up a single brick on the Campus of Hamilton College, and say that is a start for a particular building of any kind, we will set up that brick, dedicate it, and hope and pray for the complete building that is coming later on !

“ Our Alma Mater does not want anything so much as she wants the hearts of her friends. ‘ Hearts together and hands all around,’ and the college will thrive.

“ I wish it could be said of me as it was said by a little boy of his minister. The boy had swallowed a cent and his mother was talking of sending for the doctor. The little boy said : ‘ Don’t send for the doctor, send for the minister, because my father said the minister could get money out of people better than any man he knew of.’

“ I stood at the launching of that administration with which I am most concerned (for my life is in it) not without fear on the first day of it ; and in the address that I made to the Hamilton men in the old stone church I said : ‘ How glad I should be to have some man’s cheeks burn red and have an offer for the rebuilding of our then decaying chapel spire.’ Just after that address was over a gentleman came up to me and said that he would pay for that chapel spire. He paid for it, \$1300. It was unsolicited. [*Applause.*] A little later he volunteered to stand under our first foundation for a fellowship, which yields now \$400 each year. A little later he put up \$2500 for the Upson Chair, and a little later \$1000 for the North Chair, and last fall he told me that if we would dig a hole he would

pay for the stone for a Science Building ; and a little later he told me he had about made up his mind to pay for the whole of that building, and he has made up his mind to pay for it, and the plans will soon be completed for a Science Hall that will probably cost him about \$30,000 before he is done with it, and that man is Elihu Root, Esq., of the Class of '64. [*Applause.*] I am sure that all of you know how thankful we feel for the moral value upon the students who are in college, and the moral value upon the professors as well, and upon all the ranks of our alumni, of a gift so generous and so timely, which I believe, in the approaching better financial years than these last four have been, is to be followed by many another loyal and generous alumnus of the college.

“ My time is about up, and I am about through ; but I wish to ask the cordial and hearty assent and influence of every Hamilton man here and everywhere to the sustaining of the position of Hamilton College as an exponent of a sound and pure classical education in these days when the A. B. is being demoralized, degraded, and distorted by the abuse put upon it by some of our institutions that are among the leading institutions of our State, which elect so that a man, whether he studies Sanscrit or French or Coptic or horseshoeing, shall at least get the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

“ I am glad to report to this meeting that at a recent meeting of the principals of the high schools and academies of the State of New York, it was demonstrated to our satisfaction that the thing had not gone so far in that line but that we may call a halt, and that that new departure is one that is to be more

honored in the breach than in the muzzle.”
[*Applause.*]

The Toastmaster : “ I am sure, gentlemen, we are very glad to hear such good accounts of the college from our worthy president, and I am sure that it does all our hearts good to hear of the generosity of our fellow-alumnus. I am also glad to hear that there are a few turkeys left on the Hill. It is now thirty years since the Class of '65 were Freshmen ; but I know at that time there were very few left on the Hill. Since that time they may have had a chance to raise some.

“ Our next regular toast is, ‘ Hamilton College and its Board of Trustees.’ ”

Hon. Ellis H. Roberts responded : “ I plead guilty to the fact that I have been for twenty-five years and over a member of the Board of Trustees of your college. When I was chosen, that scholarly Christian gentleman Samuel Gilman Brown [*applause*] was president—a gentleman who did not believe in the monotonous relations between Hamilton College and the Presbyterian Church ; and in those days there were giants—the profound and deliberate Hiram Denio, the intense and enthusiastic Henry Foster, the snave and accomplished William J. Bacon, the earnest and devout Ophniel S. Williams, the courtly William D. Wolcott ; these and such as these gave character in those days to Hamilton College ; these were giants, Mr. President ; and in the presence of my associates upon the board (and I am very glad to see so many of them here to-night) our first duty is to pay tribute to those strong men who then did not despair of the future of Hamilton College. [*Applause.*] Those were the days of intense poverty for the college. It was in those days

that, as long before, 'David had need and was ahungred and did eat of the shewbread, although it was not lawful for him to eat of it, but for the priests.' In those days, through the stress of dire necessity, the trust funds were intrenched upon, because only so could the college live. In those days it was a part of the regular meetings of the Board of Trustees to contribute annually to make up for the deficiencies in the current expenses of the college. In those days, Mr. President and alumni of the college, we all believed (for one, I intensely believed) that it was the great promise of Hamilton College to run its roots deep and wide in Central New York. [*Applause.*] I shall never forget those Delectable Mountains; I shall always rejoice in those green pastures beside still waters where rise the homes of as intelligent and worthy communities as exist upon this footstool of God. In those days, Mr. President, we were very poor, and the tempter came and said: 'If you will make this a scientific school, if you will abandon your classical course you may draw money.' It was to the credit of the trustees of those days that they never for an instant turned their backs upon classical learning. They were willing to add whatever they could to their course of science; but they dreamed (and some of them are thorough scholars themselves) of maintaining upon College Hill the spirit which made the Acropolis of Athens beautiful, which made glorious the mighty hills of Rome.

"But now the college has turned forever its back upon despair, and its eyes are bright with hope, and look forward with confidence to the future. The alumni of Hamilton College cannot devise too generous or too liberal

things for the college. It will never be a university, Mr. President. I should be very sorry to have the university experiment tried. It has long since ceased to be an academy. It is a college with a mission of its own. Let it plant deep and deeper its roots into the grand soil of Central New York. Let it always maintain its distinction as a college where the language of Homer and the tragic poets, of Cicero and of Horace shall be almost the vernacular, and where it shall always be honest in the degrees which it confers upon its alumni." [*Applause.*]

Hon. James S. Sherman said: "There was, Mr. Toastmaster, it seems to me, much in Hamilton's character and in his public life which calls to mind Hamilton College. His following was not large—small, indeed, compared to the following of many of his contemporaries and other men of greatness who followed him—and yet the following had for him a love and a devotion and an admiration that is absolutely without parallel; and that was in large measure because he loved them and served them. So with Hamilton College and its alumni. Its list is small, and yet they have a devotion and an admiration for the college to-day that comes because that institution gave to each and every one of them the basis of a successful business life, and is ready to hold out to them to-day a helping hand wherever it is needed. Hamilton was a logical figure, a precise and a strong speaker, two elements which are prominent in the curriculum of Hamilton College. Alexander Hamilton was, without question, the chief orator of his day in every contest in which he has taken part. Hamilton College, no matter who her opponents have been, has come out

first in oratory. Hamilton's greatest work perhaps was in caring for his country's debt and providing means for her sustenance in the future. Does anybody recognize the likeness of our duty to the college? In one respect, and lastly, Alexander Hamilton and Hamilton College were unlike: Alexander Hamilton came to a grievous, untimely, and a deplorable end. Hamilton College, after a life of nearly a century of usefulness, stands to-day with a future before it brighter than the past, ready to equip for usefulness in the future those who, by the ties of blood, we most dearly love."

General Schuyler Hamilton said: "I often used to hear President Lincoln say, with a merry twinkle of his eyes, 'I do not believe I am a coward.' He would be a bold man who would attempt to enlighten you as to the public career of my venerated grandfather, Alexander Hamilton, after whom your Alma Mater is named. I will, however, repeat what General Horatio Gates said of him about March, 1793. Coming from him, it showed a generous nature, a delicate appreciation and a singularly clear comprehension of the man of whom he spoke.

"General Gates declared, whenever the idea of Alexander Hamilton was present to his mind, he could not help applying the following lines of Pope, the eminent English poet, an epitaph to the memory of his friend, Mr. Secretary Craggs:

" 'Statesman, yet Friend to Truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honor dear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept and honored by the mass he loved.'

"General Gates applied the lines to Hamilton yet living. To him dead, and to his

worthy comrades, I may apply the beautiful words of Bayard Taylor, a relation I believe of the Mr. William Bayard in whose house General Hamilton expired :

“ ‘ Sleep, soldiers ! Still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing.
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.’ ”

“ Pardon me for trespassing upon your time for a moment longer. I show you now a photograph of an original picture Alexander Hamilton gave to his friend, Dr. Edward Stevens, whom, in a letter written from St. Croix, West Indies, November 11th, 1769, Hamilton styles ‘ Neddy.’ Dr. Edward Stevens took it to St. Croix as a souvenir. His son, Dr. James G. Stevens, presented the picture to me at St. Croix, January 4th, 1866. It is in the possession of my family. Hamilton told Mr. Stevens it was said to be the best likeness yet painted of him—this about two years before his death. The photograph is admirable. I will also read to you an original letter of General Hamilton to his wife Elizabeth Schuyler. He must have been very busy, for except August 12th it is not dated nor located. A very rare omission ; indeed, the only one I know of in his immense correspondence. The post-mark New York, August 16th, sheds no light upon the place or year. Also the following letter by his widow, my grandmother. I was named after her father, Major-General Philip Schuyler. The letter I show you was written by her when eighty-five years old.

Post-mark address
New York, August 16.

MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON,
*At General Schuyler's,
Albany.*

" You cannot imagine, my beloved Betsey, how much I am afflicted at learning by your letter of the 6th instant, that you had not then received one from me. It is wholly inconceivable. I wrote you from New York before my departure from that place, which was the Sunday after you left it, and sent the letter to the post by Charles. I write by this opportunity to him to endeavor to trace it.

" On my arrival here I also wrote to you and twice since. For, let me be ever so busy, I could not forbear to allow myself the only converse which your distance from me permits. I could not endure that you should be pained by my silence.

" Be of good cheer, My Darling ; but if you cannot make yourself happy ! come to me, for the only thing that can reconcile me to your absence is that your health might benefit by it ; but this cannot be the case if you are anxious and uneasy.

" Heaven bless my Charmer and my dear infants.

" Yo. ever affec.,

" A. HAMILTON.

" August 12.

" MRS. HAMILTON.

" *Colonel Davenport.*

" MY DEAR SIR : I am truly gratified to have this opportunity of renewing our acquaintance as well as to acknowledge the flattering attentions you extended to me at Fort Snelling. The profit and pleasure I then derived was alone surpassed by your Lady's pleasing hospitality, a distinguished grace in her character.

" You will further gratify me by extending to my grandson, Lieutenant Hamilton, your

notice as to a young man of promise and one whom I believe every way worthy of the Honorable employment in which he was engaged. The zeal he at his age evinces for his profession will ensure to his course the approbation and encouragement of your generous and just judgment. With your advice and example he will be induced to cultivate the worthy and humane principles which has hitherto marked your career in our frontier war.

“ If there be magic in a name, he is happy in writing in his person that of his great Grand Father, General Schuyler, and his Grand Father, General Hamilton, whose career of usefulness it is his to endeavor to emulate.

“ If I have trespassed on your time, it is to let him see his obligations to me in securing to him your regard and patronage, but as most important the kind sympathies of my friend William Davenport.

“ With great esteem sincerely yours,

“ ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

“ I as a boy often saw Colonel Aaron Burr in the City Hall Park. Indeed, I often had conversations with my boyish conscience, whether it was not my duty to serve him as the Sparrow did Cock Robin. Indeed, I remember I filed a very sharp arrow-head out of a piece of hoop iron for Colonel Burr's especial benefit, but happily I thought better of it.

“ I will narrate the first time I saw him. It was at a Mr. Solomon's, No. 5 Dey Street, then in the fashionable quarter of New York City. My mother had two friends—Jewish ladies, eminent for their elegant manners and goodness. They were the Misses Nathan. Mother made two of us boys put on our Sun-

day clothes. Our every-day trousers of satin always had a patch on each knee from our devotion to marbles, tops, hooples, hopscotch, and so forth (and a big one behind !). They believed in those days that sparing the rod spoiled the child, and the patch behind had its uses ! The Misses Nathan, who were handsome, I remember, wore turbans of immaculate white lace—a most becoming head-dress.

“ While paying this visit a medium-sized man of good figure and military bearing entered. He wore a queue. He was dressed in black, with an elegant shirt-frill and wrist-ruffles of lace, knee-breeches, black silk stockings, low shoes, or pumps, with large silver buckles, and a chapeaubras with a black cockade—the cockade of the Cincinnati. As he entered, my mother, in extreme agitation, seemed about to faint. Colonel Burr noticing this, but not knowing her, immediately went to the sideboard, coolly poured out a glass of water, and advanced to hand it to her. It was all done most naturally, gracefully, and courteously. My mother shook her head and murmured, ‘ I am the daughter of Alexander Hamilton.’ Without a word Colonel Burr placed the glass of water on the sideboard, bowed in silence to the Misses Nathan, and quietly retired. It was to him, as to my mother, evidently a very painful meeting. Colonel Burr deported himself like a dignified gentleman. This was about 1830. I was a little boy about eight years old ; then I learned for the first time, to impress the fact upon my memory, that Colonel Burr had killed my grandfather. I had then seen the man for the first time.

“ 1776 was leap year. The 4th of July

came on Tuesday. 1804 was leap year also. The 4th of July fell on Wednesday. General Hamilton as President-General of the Cincinnati, July 4th, 1804, with Colonel Aaron Burr at his left hand, sang two famous camp songs. One often called the 'Drum,' 'I am a son of Mars who have been in many wars' (tune, 'Soldier's Joy'); the other, 'How stands the glass around' (tune, 'The Mother's Lament')—General Wolfe's favorite song; he sang it the night before the Battle of Quebec.

"He was wounded in his interview with Colonel Aaron Burr, at Weehawken, N. J., Wednesday, July 11th, 1804. He died July 12th, 1804, forty-seven years, six months, and one day old; at peace, as I believe, with God and man."

A Voice: "Mr. President, I propose three cheers for Alexander Hamilton." (*Cheers.*)

A Voice: "Three cheers for his grandson." (*Cheers.*)

Joseph R. Hawley said: "I understood that I was not slated for a speech to-night, and I looked forward with great pleasure to the evening. It was one of the few occasions on which I was not tormented from the idea that I was to speak. You know I have spoken sometimes on a public stage, but you will find that one never feels entirely happy about his speech until he is through with it. There have been some noble orations delivered here to-night. I have nothing in my mind to say except perhaps somewhat like the column that I used to make up as editor, suggested by what has been said by previous speakers.

"Reference has been made to the felicitous elocution of Dr. Mandeville. I think we appreciated the old gentleman a good deal in

those days ; but the longer the time since I heard his teaching, the more satisfied I have been of its excellence, and the more pleased I have been to find from year to year that, while he is long ago dead and gone, there actually remains still in Hamilton College itself and in the alumni something of the old man's grace of phrasing, which has not gone from us. I have been to quite a number of college commencements besides our own, and I have heard speaking elsewhere ; for instance, I was at Princeton two or three weeks ago as one of three judges of a prize debate between Harvard and Princeton. When we went to the rear for consultation after the speeches, I found that the other two felt exactly as I did. We all agreed entirely in giving the award to Princeton. While Harvard was speaking I wanted to give those young men the special grace of intonation and distinct articulation which differentiated them from the Princeton men. It seems to me that it is a thing so easily added to public speaking that it is worth while for every young man, in college or out of it, to study it and to think of it. We very often have occasion to criticise not only speakers in political circles, but speakers in the pulpit. I often wish that a man who is otherwise an interesting speaker could have been trained by Mandeville.

“ I was told to-night by our president that I said something to him that I must repeat here. I repeated over rapidly the roll of my class. Can each of you do that ? [*Repeating rapidly the roll. Laughter and applause.*] Once in a while I run over the old list. There are very few answers to that roll call now. My dear old friend Colonel Clark, of the Seventh Regiment, lives in New York.

Williams lives out West. I am a little doubtful about six or seven others. We will try to have a meeting next year. I don't know how large it will be.

“When I get up before an audience of this kind, gentlemen or men of a cultivated ethical, not to say religious sense, I am a little inclined to preach ; but I spare you to-night. I am a little inclined to preach about a great many things connected with the government of our country and the conduct of our people in relation to it, and the overwhelming necessity of intense effort on the part of all men who are honestly and truly Americans, and believe in and pray to God for the success of our government. This nation is not to be saved without labor of the sort I have referred to ; it is needed every day, every hour. I would not make any reference to politics, though I have not much doubt as to where you gentlemen have stood, were it not for the fact that nobody knows how much of a trial we are going to be brought to. Republican government may possibly have before it a test more severe than it had in the Rebellion. I have said a score of times in public in the last month that the social upheaval was a thing more dangerous, more sad and solemn, more trying to us than the breaking out of the Rebellion, for there was something that a man could do then ; he could get up and go and hit somebody, which you cannot do in this. Now, we may be tried again by wild schemes ; we may be tried again by foolish, wicked schemes. We have loaded ourselves with ignorant voters from abroad. I do not despair on that account, because it is a very encouraging fact that where foreign population abounds the majorities for what we think is right have been enormous ;

so let us not be discouraged. It is not a matter of encouragement exactly, but it is a notable fact that the very worst of all in some cases have been native Americans.

“I will not trouble you longer except to say that my faith in the small college, in the rural college, remains unshaken. I believe that the best number for a college proper is not far from two hundred. I believe in the very great need of the personal equation and the relation between the instructor and the pupils. I know we felt it at Hamilton College. I am sure they feel it to-day. Where there are eighteen hundred undergraduates, how is it quite possible for a body of instructors of two or three hundred to have that sort of intimate personal relation and personal influence which is of such immense consequence in the education of youth?” (*Applause.*)

Dr. William H. Northrup said: “When our toastmaster invited me to come to the dinner I was in grave doubt whether I would accept, and for cause.

“A Frenchman newly arrived in this country was somewhat in the predicament I am in. He went to an American and said to him: ‘What a polar bear?’ The American answered: ‘What does a polar bear do? I don’t know. Why, he sits on the ice.’ ‘Sits on zee ice?’ ‘Yes,’ said the American; ‘there is nothing else to sit on.’ ‘Well, vat he do too?’ ‘What does he also do? Why, he eats fish.’ ‘Eats fish—sits on zee ice and eats fish. Then I not accept.’ ‘Why, what do you mean? You don’t accept? What do you mean?’ ‘Oh, non, non, I not accept. I was invite to be polar bear to a funeral!’

“An Irishman came to the out-patient department of Roosevelt Hospital, to my dear

friend the late Dr. Roosevelt. He wore a checked jumper. Dr. Roosevelt looked up from his book, recognized that he had been there before, and said: 'What is the matter?' 'I don't know, sir; the same old difficulty I suppose—rheumatism.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'hold out your hand. Have you been drinking?' 'Well, doctor, of course I am a longshoreman, and we are on a strike; but only a glass of beer occasionally. Does that do any harm?' The doctor told him to put out his tongue, and he put out his tongue. If you know anything about the symptoms in delirium tremens, you know that every fibre of the tongue is in a high state of agitation. The man was perfectly aware that his tongue was going round the circle of his mouth. Dr. Roosevelt asked, 'What is the matter with your tongue?' 'I don't know, sir, unless it is the natural modesty of that organ in the presence of such a fine gentleman.'

"Senator Hawley challenged anybody in the room to give the names of his classmates. I can give those of the first year. Of my class there are only three physicians; of the original class there are only two, Anthony Peck, Halsey L. Wood, and myself. So what I say of the medical profession in connection with Hamilton College need not be very long. It so happens that I spent four years at Hamilton, four years later at Knox College, and four or five years in the Columbia College Medical Department and in hospital, so it is not an uncommon thing for me to be called upon to attend alumni dinners frequently in one or the other place; and it is astonishing how after-dinner speaking tends to the glorification of the Alma Mater in each case. It is best illus-

trated, perhaps, by John Fiske in one of his chapters on 'Manifest Destiny.'

"After the close of the Civil War numerous Americans lived in Paris, and one day they had a dinner, when the after-dinner speeches partook of the bigness of the country from whence they came. One gentleman got up at the close of the dinner and wished to propose a toast: 'Here is to the United States: bounded on the north by the British possessions, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by the Pacific,' with great enthusiasm. Then a gentleman got up and said: 'That does very well for the present limits of the United States; but I wish to propose a toast which looks somewhat to the growth of this great country from which we came. Here is to the United States: bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the rising, and on the west by the setting sun.' That seemed to set very well. Then a serious-looking gentleman from the Far West got up. He said: 'Gentlemen, this looks to the present of our glorious country and to its near future; but I wish to propose a toast which looks to the manifest destiny of this great land from whence we came. Here is to the United States: bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the precession of the equinoxes, on the east by primeval chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment.'

"I have a serious burden on my mind, and I am sorry that Senator Hawley has gone, because I want to make an appeal to you as college men, who have to think of these things, seeing that you are exhorted to think of politics and the questions of the day. I want to

call your attention to some legislation that is this moment going on in Washington before a committee, first in the Senate, and now in the Lower House. It is well under way, and it is urged by various strong advocates. It is the question of the supervision and limitation of vivisection. I am not going to argue to the finish on this, because there must have appeared large volumes of reports on the subject ; but I want to put some facts before your minds as college men that may possibly prejudice you in favor of this ; and if you have influence (and all of you members have), why can't you think it over for yourselves as if you were in harmony with my views ? The appeal to you is on the basis of science alone. We have no excuse. We offer to show no brilliant promise of immediate results ; but I want to just sketch out for a moment something that medicine now relies upon, and which has placed it in the front row. In the District of Columbia are two beautiful large laboratories of the Marine Hospital and the Bureau of Agriculture. They have been of untold advantage in the line of animal diseases, in writing up diseases, in tracing them, getting track of them early, isolating them and rooting them out. Now, it will only take a moment to show that we have palpable results, and these results are due entirely to so-called vivisection. Koch, in 1882, in Berlin, began the study of the life history of the tuberculosis bacillus, and in order to do that he was obliged to trace its history through animals by the sacrifice of untold numbers of guinea pigs and rabbits. Now, as to the results ; a complete knowledge of the life history of the germ, which means a complete knowledge of the disease and the early recognition of it.

“Recently the Board of Health of New York took charge of a sewing-room in one of the sweat shops, and found there a man who was spitting large quantities of tuberculous sputum, a man with huge cavities in both lungs, a man exceedingly dirty, and this man was handling the garments and in all probability communicating the disease to others in that way. They were obliged to exercise the strong arm of the law and take him away. That is one of the results that come from the study of the germ.

“Then we have the early detection of it, isolation and methods of cure, because much of tuberculosis is cured.

“Soon after the studies by Koch, which made a great epoch in the science of medicine, there came Pasteur and others who took up the study of diphtheria. Here we can also show results. The study of diphtheria was pursued in the same way through the sacrifice of untold numbers of animals, guinea pigs and rabbits. While they were studying the inoculation of guinea pigs and rabbits with germs, they found that they could not use the same animal over again; he was, so to say, refractory, he was immune. Why, they did not know for a time; but it came to be a settled fact that these guinea pigs could not be used again. Then they tried experimenting, and they found that if you extract a little fluid from one of them and put it into another guinea pig, strange to say, the guinea pig was refractory, he was immune, he was vaccinated against it. They learned, first of all, the life history of the germ and the ultimate result of it. I am prepared to say and to show that the absolute mortality in all cities where antitoxin for diphtheria is systemati-

cally used has been reduced one half. That is a strong statement, and there are one or two in the city of New York that will deny it ; but no rational being that will look to figures or history or to the testimony of able and reliable men can fail to accept it. Antitoxin, then, is the outcome of the sacrifice of numberless animals, we will admit, but it has reduced the mortality of all cities above a hundred thousand by a half and a little more.

“ Among the men who are in favor of leaving the laboratories unmolested are such men as S. Weir Mitchell, Professor Bowditch of Harvard, Professor Chittenden of Yale, Dr. Janeway of New York, Dr. Welsh of Johns Hopkins, Professor Prudden of New York, and the Surgeon-General of the United States.”

Mr. Norman J. Marsh said : “ I want to congratulate the men who have graduated since 1892 upon one thing. The president alluded to-night to the fact that the college was not going up and down the State asking for money. What we have been wanting has been not so much money as a man who could inspire other men with confidence and courage, and who could get money without asking for it. What the college wanted was a man distinguished not only for Christian scholarship, but for ability, courage, and eloquence ; and I congratulate those young men on living in the days of the administration of Dr. Stryker. [*Applause.*]

“ One afternoon last summer, just at sunset, I stood on College Hill, as I had before thousands of times ; and I was deeply impressed with this thought, that it is a good thing to be a Hamilton man ; and if I ever

have a chance to advise a boy as to his selection of a college I shall tell him as well as I can to go to Hamilton, where the ghost of Skanandoah still fills the red chair and Dominie Kirkland still responds at midnight to the ringing of the chapel bell."

THE OLDEST GRAD.

By brain or brawn in college days
He won no prize—he wore no bays ;
His glory comes a trifle late—
He is—the *oldest graduate* !

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

THE CALCIUM LIGHT PARADES AT YALE.

Young men, full of life and activity as they are, are, as a rule, more original in the conception and more daring in the execution of their plans for enjoyment than are their elders, with their stiffer muscles and soberer brains; and since with "many men" we find "many minds," where but at college should we look for those unique and striking "customs" which seem to possess a peculiar flavor of their own, pertaining to no others in the world?

No class of men are quicker to detect and adopt a "custom" which bears the hall mark of true student genius than are undergraduates; and as a student generation is but four years long, it takes but few such generations to attach the additional charm of "antiquity," and thus add the only thing wanted to make the "custom" perfect to the college taste.

Perhaps one of the most picturesque of these is the annual calcium light parade, given at Yale by the Junior societies of the academic department.

These organizations select their members from the Sophomore Class just before they become Juniors, and elect twenty or thirty apiece. Each society has its own hall, where all its meetings are held, built near the Campus, in the peculiar tomb-like style adopted at Yale for its society buildings, offering a single entrance through a heavy oak or iron door, and obtaining its ventilation through the skylight. Windows are few and far between, set with opaque glass and heavily barred withal, for mystery is one of the essential elements of the true Yale secret society.

After the new men are elected, they are privately informed, by a committee, of the honor, and their acceptance or rejection obtained.

This is all *sub rosa*. The public announcement is made in an entirely different style.

On a certain prearranged Wednesday night in May the candidates gather in several different rooms on the Campus, selected by the Campaign Committee, as it is called, of the particular society to which they have been chosen, and there await the coming of the mysterious processions which are to visit them and give the official announcement that they have been elected to a Junior society.

Well before the hour (nine o'clock) the windows of the dormitories all around the great quadrangle are filled with undergraduates and their fair friends, who always assemble to see the picturesque sight.

But aside from the subdued conversation of these spectators, no unusual sounds are heard, and the great trees which cover the old Campus and form avenues with their spreading branches over its walks, rustle quietly in the breeze, undisturbed by the solitary student crossing the yard or the chatter of the girls.

But hark ! far off, approaching from the direction of the D. K. E. Chapter House on York Street, suddenly can be heard the faint sounds of a song, and the listeners strain their ears to catch the words that the wind brings softly to the Campus.

It is one of the marching tunes of Delta Kappa Epsilon, and the words run :

“ We always are so jolly O !
So jolly O ! so jolly O !
We always are so jolly O !
In jolly D. K. E.
Slap bang ! Here we are again !
In jolly D. K. E.”

But this is not allowed to occupy the attention alone very long, for the Psi U. scout has hastened back to inform his brethren that "Deke" has started, and soon mingled with the distant strain is heard another song combined with the Yale "Rah!" and sung to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Psi U. is marching,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Psi Upsilon!
And with the calcium light
Will illuminate the night,
As we take 'em in to jolly old Psi U.!"

And then suddenly from yet a different quarter comes the shout which shows that the "Alpha Deltas" are approaching.

Nearer and nearer sound the choruses, and all at once, with a sudden glare of light, the singers come wheeling into the Campus simultaneously from three different directions. Each society walks in column, two by two, and at the head of each is carried the huge calcium light which gives its name to the observance.

Thrown by a great reflector, the brilliant light is moved slowly from side to side, casting its dazzling shaft here and there among the wondering spectators, now up, now down, from room to room, as if searching for the men who are to be summoned into the secret fraternity.

Slowly they march in their strange processions. The D. K. E. men are dressed in red gowns, with great cowls enveloping their heads and faces—Psi U. in black and Alpha Delta Phi in green—each chanting, or rather shouting, its own distinctive songs, and all enveloped in the smoke of many-colored torches, the great calcium lights shining through it all

like fiery white eyes glancing with dazzling brilliancy among the trees.

Verily, it is a strange sight and one to be seen no otherwhere but Yale.

Around the Campus circle the fraternities, and as they pass and repass their rivals, each strives to outsing and outshout the other, until the songs of Psi U., D. K. E., or Alpha Delt are so inextricably mingled as to be distinguished as nothing but one vast roar of sound.

But now one of the societies has stopped in front of Welch or Lawrence Hall, as the case may be, where some of its candidates are gathered, and with a cheer the society men swarm up the stairs to inform them of their election.

And thus they march, stop, and counter-march, back and forth, from building to building, now looking as if each man in the procession was a mediæval monk, and now as if "the devil a monk was he," until the last room has been visited and the last man notified, and then in the same order and as mysteriously as they came they file off to their halls again, shouting their songs with their young lungs, as vigorously, if not as tunelessly, as when they first swept into view, the great lights leading the way. Fainter and fainter grow the praises of Alpha Delt, Psi U., and D. K. E., as their respective devotees retreat, until finally the old Campus is again quiet.

Ah ! how many times those elms have heard the strong voices of just such processions of Eli's sons—how many times ! and how many times the recollection of these nights will come back to these young men in after years like a strange, half-forgotten dream, when they are wrestling with problems which

now seem to them about as much a part of
their own life as the events which happened
in the times of Xenophon or Aristophanes !

JAMES KINGSLEY BLAKE.

AQUARELLE.

Deep as the sea, with depths alike unknown ;
Bright as the ripples in the sunlight blown ;
Fickle as they, whose ever-changing motion
Yields to the changeful humors of the ocean ;
Mild as a calm, or angry as a gale ;
Splendent with glory of the moonlight pale ;
Restless, enchanting, fathomless and free,
Who shall the master of your secrets be ?

Such are her eyes—young gallant, have a care,
Lest in those depths you fall, and perish there !

TALCOTT MINER BANKS.

A TABLE D'HÔTER IN PARIS.

It was good to be again upon the wide, clean, brilliant boulevards, after so many weeks spent in dear, dirty, constricted Italian cities, lingering, with mingled reverence and despair, over the works of their illustrious dead. My absorption in the fifteenth century past had bred in me a partial and temporary strangeness toward the insistent nineteenth century present, and for the little space this lasted I could look upon the glittering spectacle of modern life presented by the streets of Paris as from a height—almost like one returning from the dead.

I had long cherished the belief that one might do really great work living alone in Paris, in an attic, like Balzac's heroes, and I lost no time in putting this theory to proof. To this end I hired, for a franc a day, a sordid little room at the top of a second-class hotel in the Latin Quarter, facing the river and opposite to Saint Chapelle, whose marvelously graceful spire my window exactly framed. Here, for a certain period each day, I sat before a rickety table, expectant of the muse. She never came. I even began to lose faith in my own genius; but by a timely discovery this was happily restored. My room proved to be not a garret at all, since there was another crowded in between it and the roof, so that I was able still to cherish the belief that in a *bona fide* attic in Paris, in the Latin Quarter, I could write great books.

Whenever I looked out of my window upon the scene below, Paris clutched me by the throat. To the left stretched the grand procession of bridges and the long, gray, many-win-

dowed Louvre, while to the right towered the grim mass of the Cathedral of Our Lady, the boulevard's sordid traffic eddying about it like some brawling torrent at the base of a cliff. At night the moon made grisly silhouettes of the misshapen monsters which cling to every niche and angle of the towers, and shone, like lime-light in a play, upon the seething life of the streets, making of it a spectacle unreal, fanciful, grotesque. From my place far in the highest tier I watched it. The elephantine busses rumbled on the bridges; the cabs sped swift and silent underneath the trees, their lamps alight, desire in the hearts they carried. The kiosks flared licentious images and whitened a thousand passing faces—sad, silly, cruel, sometimes beautiful faces. Men and women sat and drank at little round tables, laughing immoderately, chattering endlessly, gesticulating wildly, each absorbed in himself; while the band in a near-by *café* played gay and languorous waltzes, which, mingling with the roar of the streets, died discordantly away.

I soon came to know my fellow-lodgers. They were doubtless not respectable, but they were very good-natured and kindly (as people not respectable so often are), and smiled and nodded when I met them on the stair. The hotel seemed to be inhabited for the most part by young couples experimenting in that revokable kind of matrimony peculiar to that part of Paris. I do not know how long these experiments commonly lasted, nor how fertile they were in happiness or rue; but the two who lived in the next room to mine seemed genuinely fond of each other, and in my lonely and homesick moments I envied them, I confess.

I became familiar, too, with the book, print, and poster venders, whose shops were clamped to the stone parapet opposite the hotel door. One of them, an old man with long gray hair and dressed always in a faded blouse, who dealt in dingy sheet music by obscure composers, proved to be a neighbor. Each evening he came out on the balcony below my window and watered some sickly-looking plants. I think he was a socialist or worse, and would have blown up the Chamber of Deputies to a man without compunction ; but all the same he had a wonderfully tender way with flowers.

I had two friends in Paris—Americans, like myself—with whom I lunched and dined each day. We devoted our large leisure to the discovery of places where the dinners were both cheap and good, and each one of us in turn dragged the others to his latest find. After a week or so of this sort of vagrancy we settled upon the Café Leon, where one could get a six-course dinner and a pint of wine for a franc and a half. Our life thereafter became one long waiting for meals. We were three musketeers—not of the sword nor of the brush, but of the knife and fork. In the intervals between meals we did what every one does in Paris with plenty of time and little money. We went for our mail at Cook's ; we flattened our noses against the window to read the New York *Herald* ; we sat long over "small books" in front of glittering *cafés*, watching the changing figures of the crowd ; we loafed about the rotunda of the Grand Hotel (where Taffy tweaked Sven-gali's nose, you will remember), and basked in its atmosphere of bank-notes and gold ; and we spent an hour or so each day at the Louvre,

palace of art and of encounters. First, always we worshipped at the shrine of the Venus of Milo ; but a marble Venus, even without her clothes, is far less attractive than a flesh-and-blood American girl dressed in the absurd costume of a degenerate century, and we soon ascended the broad staircase to the picture galleries, where our fair compatriots congregated in great numbers, Baedekers in hand, and earnestly intent.

Sometimes we went book and poster hunting along the quays, and bought all kinds of queer trash simply because it was cheap. This was an exercise which invariably developed an appetite which old "wine red" and "beefsteak very bloody" could appease, and it was therefore very popular. Often we hung over the parapets of the bridges and watched the clumsy-footed horses being watered and the meek black poodles being clipped, all the while keeping a fascinated eye upon a boat in midstream where two men pursued an occupation connected more or less remotely with the morgue. If the weather were hot we went in swimming at one of the "schools of natation" near at hand, where for an hour we splashed and spluttered about the drenched and slippery place amid a mob of Frenchmen.

All this was merely by way of passing the time ; the serious business of each day was dinner, and the Café Leon was the end of every pilgrimage. There we sat long over our cheap wine and water, and when we emerged again the streets were festal and alight, teeming with intimations of a thousand mysterious pleasures. Sometimes we occupied cheap seats at theatre or opera, sometimes we took a cab to the *Chat Noir*, or improved our French conversation at the *cafés*

of the Latin Quarter, but I think the pleasantest evenings of all were spent in smoking and talking on Philip's little balcony at the Hotel Voltaire, the stars shining above, the river quivering with a thousand lights below, and the mile-long palace of departed kings showing above the dense black foliage of the opposite shore.

In the weeks I spent there I learned to love and to hate Paris all in a breath. No other city, surely, is so all a woman and weaves a spell so feminine. Of many men she has been mistress; she is both beautiful and cruel, and her painted, smiling face conceals a heart black with dishonor and despair.

CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON.

DISTRUST.

The early evening was full of shadows and mist. The newsboys, with their shrill voices, seemed to Lucy, as she wearily made her way up Nassau Street toward the Bridge, like tug-boat whistles on the bay. A bright little face would peep out of the fog, and the shrill announcement of an evening 'dition would follow with its harsh steam whistle. On she trudged through the mud. It began to rain, and her heart sank as she dragged along. She felt as if she carried all the sorrows of the world. Poor little typewriter Lucy!

The men she passed stared hard at her, for she had a round, pretty face. Some of the men looked hard, brutal, wicked. Others looked weak. One or two seemed kind. *Ah, no! no!* *Her way was not their way!* Hers to go home to Brooklyn alone and weary. Hers to ride in a cold street car to a long row of buildings to her unpicturesque little flat. Yee, it meant "home and mother" to her. Her mother's voice was weak, and she couldn't talk very much. She could place her hand on her daughter's head and smile. This was enough.

This was Lucy's reward, her one reward. And when she felt her mother's hand and felt the relief of tears, there came her one solace and a dim shadow of happiness into her heart.

Never in all the world had any one else been "eternally the same" except her mother. Every one else had failed her in some way. She felt she could trust no one, believe in no one. Only her mother's hand at night kept her still trustful in her. *She* still kept a faint spark of hope alive.

Despair comes when Hope drops out. But Hope had never till then, with all Lucy's disappointments, quite dropped out—no, not quite, till then !

And what sad disappointments they were ! First, her father's unfortunate failure, the accusations of fraud, his sickness and death. Then their leaving their old Brooklyn home, the sheriff's sale of all they valued—even their dresses they gave up to Mr. Reyburn's rapacious creditors. When they took the little tenement at twelve dollars per month they saved enough to furnish the kitchen merely, and the parlor was supplied by an instalment agent.

Bravely had Lucy, delicate, pretty child, starved and toiled to pay the furniture agent. Not understanding business, Lucy's mother had signed a bill of sale of *every* thing there was in their flat, and as they were unable to pay regularly the instalments were added to the interest, so that what had been paid amounted to but a drop in the bucket. Seventy-five dollars *must* be paid that very night, and Lucy had only forty dollars in her purse.

As she came near the great bridge which spans the dark East River, a poor lame boy, jostled in the crowd, slipped and fell, and she nearly slipped and fell on top of him. Scrambling to her feet, she felt for her purse. It was gone.

"Oh, my purse ! Who's got my purse ?" she cried.

Some stopped and looked, laughing at her bedraggled skirts. Others pushed her one side. The lame boy, who was a thief—misfortune had driven him to preying on humanity—sneaked off, indifferent to Lucy's cries.

While she told her woes to a policeman, a

finely dressed, rather fat, tall gentleman passed by, looked keenly at Lucy, then stood in the corner of a store watching. He *looked* the sensualist.

The policeman was sympathetic, but he could not restore the purse. She was too proud to ask him for eight cents—her ride over the bridge and car fare home. She must walk home.

She turned to go to the bridge in despair. Her face was dead set and white. There were no tears in her eyes. She only wished to go home, to have one last touch of her mother's hand, and then she resolved to die. Hope had now fled.

Poor child of nineteen! Death seemed pleasanter than life at such odds. Fright and fear at her misfortunes, so thick, so fast that she could not bear up against them, overwhelmed her.

A drowning person struggles to breathe in the waves that playfully lap over his head. They laugh as they drown him. So the wind and the rain made sport of Lucy.

Oh, to get home, to feel the touch of her mother's hand, and then—then the experiment of another world!

It was a long walk in the rain and sleet over the bridge, then miles of pavement. She was chilled to the bone.

"Can I help you, little one?"

It was the fat man, sleek, well dressed, who raised his hat as he spoke, smilingly, kindly.

"Why should you?" She drew back.

"*I love you*" was all he said earnestly.

"Let me pass, or I'll call the police!"

The fat man stood aside and she scornfully passed him, glaring angrily.

The fat man followed. She walked fast in

the wet. Her umbrella was blown inside out. The tall bridge towers pierced the murky clouds above her, rolling in grand, wild imagery of tumult.

The fat man still followed. "Let me shield you," he urged, holding out his umbrella.

She stopped, frightened, and glaring at him, *backed* away, her eyes flaming like a tigress's.

Then the fat man, looking chagrined and crestfallen, passed out of sight into the rain and blackness of night.

Midway in the span between the two cities she tilted along in the storm. "*Oh, this world! this world!*" she kept saying.

The next day was sunny and warm. Blue skies and southern, balmy winds. Every one forgot the storm. It passed away like a bad dream with the dawn. The two cities smiled in the spring air.

The fat man in some way traced and found Lucy Reyburn's home in the mean little flat. He entered with a friend. He saw an old woman in a darkened room sitting by the side of the corpse of a young girl, who looked very fair, and white, and pure. The old woman's hand was softly laid on the young girl's brow. She looked up, startled.

"Who are you?" she asked of the fat man.

"One who loved her," he replied in awe.

"She is better dead," said the old woman, shuddering.

"You also do not understand me," said the fat man solemnly, and he and his friend withdrew, leaving some money on a table.

Doubts of Lucy crept unbidden into her mother's broken heart as she gazed at the money. It was a large sum.

JANE SYLVESTER.

TRINITY IN LENT.

Sphinx-like as fate stands Trinity, where street
Flows into street, those vital arteries
Which throb with gold. The classic litanies
Are told within ; without the hurrying feet
Of myriads pass. They have no time to greet
The spire's trend heavenward with the eye that sees :
At most they note the golden hand which flees
Round the clock's face in minutes all too fleet.

O fair enduring admonition wrought
In stone by hands long dead, to-day the snow
Upon the busy pavements lies defiled.
But on thy eaves and spires it gleams, as though
Thou wert a white-haired prophet, grand in thought
And aspect, pure and venerably mild.

DALLETT FUGUET.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Science.—The greatest known curiosity of insect life, so far as habits are concerned at least, is to be found in the “parasol” or “umbrella” ant. The common name by which the creature is known has been bestowed because of a queer habit this species of ant has of stripping certain kinds of trees and shrubs of their foliage and carrying the leaves to their nests. An army of these ants which have been off on a foraging expedition present the queerest sight imaginable as they march in long columns by twos, fours, and sixes, each holding the stem of a leaf in its jaws, the leaf itself shading the little insect’s body like a parasol does the face and shoulders of a lady. The early naturalists imagined that these ants carried leaves for the sole purpose of protecting themselves against the rays of the tropical sun, but recent investigation shows that they have another use for the bits of green they gather. The leaves, according to our authority, are only wanted as soil upon which to grow a certain species of fungi, of which the parasol ant is very fond. The agricultural investigator mentioned above gives a detailed account of observation at a parasol ant’s nest, where fungus growing appears to have been the chief industry.

* * *

A NOVEL but very sensible use is made of old horse-cars in Connecticut. When the trolley system was introduced in the various cities in that State, the problem as to what should be done with the old horse-cars remained unsolved until some enterprising genius suggested using them for summer cot-

tages, hunters' camps, lodges, etc. The public readily fell in with the idea, with the result that all of six hundred old cars that went into disuse are now being utilized for these novel purposes. It is stated that all along the Long Island coast, from Watch Hill to Larchmont, these cars may be seen perched up on top of some breezy bluff on the sandy shore, or in some quiet, shaded nook, affording temporary habitation for families, fishermen, hunters, etc. The demand for old horse-cars has greatly increased in consequence of this new use. One woman recently asked the station agent at New London for his lowest price for passenger cars, also a list of the various styles. A Norwich party has arranged four cars in the form of a hollow square, and erected a canvas awning in the square. One of the cars is used as the kitchen, and the others as sleeping-rooms, dining-room, parlor, etc. One gentleman has five cars on Block Island, which he has placed end to end like a train. The supply of old cars in this one State has thus suddenly become exhausted.

* * *

THE INHABITANTS of St. Lucia have lately discovered a most wonderful plant. It grows in a cavern, in an immense basin of brackish water that has overflowed from the sea. The bottom of the basin is covered with pebbles, and each pebble with from one to five of these plants, which, for want of a better name, are termed animal flowers. The curious creatures, which are in all shades of color, remind one of a beautiful flower-bed. To the sight they are perfect flowers, but on the approach of a hand or a stick they retire out of sight. Close examination shows that the middle of the flower-like disk is provided with

four filaments, which move round the petals with a brisk, spontaneous motion. Each of these filaments is provided with pincers for receiving prey. They live upon the spawn of fish and marine insects. Whenever the pincers on the filaments make a catch the petals immediately close, and there is no escape for whatever has been so unfortunate as to fall into the voracious creature's maw.

* * *

DR. JUDSON DALAND, of Philadelphia, has invented an instrument for counting blood corpuscles, according to the *Physician and Surgeon*. It works on the centrifugal force principle, and accomplishes the measurement by means of comparative bulks. A quantity of blood is placed in a finely graduated tube and the latter revolved at a speed of about one thousand revolutions a minute. The corpuscles divide by force of gravity, and form on the side of the tube in easily traceable divisions of red corpuscles, white corpuscles, and serum. The new method permits of larger, and consequently more representative quantities being used in experimenting, besides doing away with actual microscopic counting.—*New York Medical Times*.

* * *

THE OLDEST inn in the world is probably the Golden Cross at Ratisbon. Charles V. resided in it in 1546. John of Austria, the defender of Europe against the Turk, was born in it in 1547. Ferdinand I. sojourned in it in 1531. In the visitors' book, which was opened in 1879, are the names of many exalted personages, among them those of the old Emperor William, the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Emperor Frederick, the Emperor of Brazil, and Prince Louis Bonaparte,

who resided there in 1824, before he became Napoleon III. The Emperor Maximilian spent his honeymoon there. The room occupied by Prince Bismarck when he stayed there with the Emperor is preserved as he left it. The proprietor is proud to possess an autograph of Schiller.

* * *

ARE FISH of a higher temperature than the water they float in ? This has already been investigated by many experimenters with ordinary thermometers, but the results were as different as possible. Some held that the creatures in water were warmer than the water itself ; others found that the water was warmer than its inhabitants, and still others maintained that both were of the same temperature. Herr P. Regnard has now made new measurements by thermo-electric methods. He thrust into a fish that was swimming in an aquarium a needle consisting of a thermo-electric element, one of whose junctions remained outside in the water. The whole was so arranged that the thermo-element could be carried about by the fish without breaking connections. The fish, at first somewhat restless, soon became still, and swam about quietly as before ; then the circuit, which contained a galvanometer, was suddenly closed, and thus it was shown (by the absence of deflection in the galvanometer) that the temperature in the fish was almost exactly that of the water. (For if there had been a difference, the junction in the fish and the one in the water would have been unequally heated, and a thermo-electric current would have been generated.) The equality of temperature observed by Dutrochet, Humboldt, and others is thus confirmed by the latest researches.—*Gaea (Leipsic).*

SOME INTERESTING observations, made by a M. Fatio, on the surgical treatment of wounds by birds, were recently brought before the Physical Society of Geneva. In these it was established that the snipe had often been observed in repairing damages. With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, and has even been known to secure a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion M. Fatio killed a snipe which had on its chest a large dressing composed of down from other parts of the body, and securely fixed to the body by coagulated blood. Twice he had snipe with interwoven feathers strapped onto the site of a fracture of one or other limb. The most interesting example was that of a snipe both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He only recovered it on the following day, when he found that the wounded bird had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs. In carrying out this operation some feathers had become entangled round the beak, and, not being able to use its claws to get rid of them, the poor creature was almost dead from hunger when found.

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THE *Eclectic Magazine*, in which the above notes were reprinted from foreign periodicals, is well conducted at present, and deserving its continued success.

* * *

PROFESSOR J. JASTROW writes in *Popular Science Monthly* of his "color preferences" obtained from 4500 records taken at the World's Fair. Yale's color, it appears, is more popular than Harvard's, while Princeton's color, orange, is not a favorite.

“ Our first interest lies in determining what colors are the general favorites. The first place is held by *blue*, which is selected as the most pleasing color by slightly more than one quarter of all the voters ; and the second place, though not a good second, by *red*, which is chosen by somewhat less than half as many as choose blue. In the next group of most pleasing colors are found *lighter blue*, *blue violet*, *red violet*, *lighter red* (or pink) *violet*, and ‘ *no choice*,’ while the five least favorite colors are *orange* and its shadings toward red and yellow. In order to illustrate the significance of this result it may be noted that the *four* colors, *blue*, *red*, *lighter blue*, and *blue violet*, constitute just about *half* the entire preferences ; or, again, if we divide the number of records into four approximately equal parts, *blue* would constitute the first quarter ; *red*, *lighter blue* and *blue violet* the second quarter ; *red violet*, *lighter red*, *violet*, ‘ *no choice*,’ *green* and *yellow* the third quarter ; and the remaining *fifteen colors* would constitute the last quarter of the color preferences.

“ It will be remembered that the colors presented for selection were divisible into two groups, the one group composed of the lighter shades of the colors of the other group. On comparing the preferences between the two groups it appears unmistakably that the *darker colors are decidedly preferred*. Of every seven persons five chose among the darker colors, and only two among the lighter. An equally unmistakable tendency is the preference for the primary colors—*i.e.*, red, orange, yellow, etc.—as opposed to the transitional ones—*i.e.*, red orange, orange yellow, etc. ;

this preference is nearly as marked as that of the dark above the lighter shades."

* * *

"THE RISE of the Young Giant, Compressed Air," is the title of an article in the *Engineering Magazine* by Curtis W. Shields, who describes many applications of pneumatic power which are of quite recent invention.

In railway work, as is well known, the greatest diversity of uses for compressed air has been found. The first important use in railroading was discovered in the air brake. Then came the application to the operating of switches and of semaphore signals. It is now used for many other purposes.

"It serves to signal the engineer, to ring the bell, to sand the track, and even to dust the cushions, clean the hangings and raise the water in the lavatories of the sleeping-car; and in the shops it lends itself with equal readiness to heavier duties.

"A sand-papering machine made up of a framework on which is mounted a disk covered with sand-paper revolving at a very high rate of speed does the work of six good carpenters, and, operated by one man, finishes the surface of a baggage-car, making it ready for the painters, in fourteen hours.

"A portable pneumatic saw for cutting off the ends of the boards on freight-car roofs trims off both sides of a thirty-four-foot car in six minutes. Likewise a machine for planing floors or decks of ships is driven by a rotary air motor mounted on what seems at first glance to be an ordinary lawn-mower."

* * *

BUTTER MADE BY BACTERIA.--Mr. G. Clark Nuttall contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an extremely interesting article under

the above heading. Bacteria have an evil name, but the secret of successful butter-making lies in the utilization of bacteria. Butter, as is well known, is best made from sour cream ; it does not keep well unless the cream is soured before churning. The usual way of attaining this result is to allow the cream to stand until it sours by itself ; but our foreign competitors have discovered, by a series of experiments carried on chiefly in Schleswig-Holstein, that the souring of cream is due to the presence of certain bacteria which can be cultivated and introduced so as to produce the requisite souring artificially. Herr Witter addressed himself to the study of the production of bacteria, and " he so skillfully blended certain cultures together that when the mixture was added in due proportion to sterilized cream to effect souring, the butter made therefrom was of most delicious flavor, pure, and of great commercial value, inasmuch as it kept admirably."

* * *

THE DEATH of Dr. Francis A. Walker, January 5th, has been universally bewailed. Dr. Walker was a man who could not easily be spared. The Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, desiring to give expression to their grateful appreciation of his worth and services :

" *Resolved*, That we have heard with deep regret the news of the sudden death of Dr. Francis A. Walker, the foremost exponent of economic science in the United States. We cannot but feel deeply grateful for his memorable services to the cause of economics, which have so lightened our labors as teachers and students, and are profoundly conscious of the great loss our American economists have suf-

ferred in being deprived of his clear judgment and luminous exposition of economic doctrine and phenomena. In regretting his loss, we rejoice that he leaves behind him, in his numerous works, so fitting a monument to his memory, and so rich a source of inspiration and assistance to all who may follow after him in economic research.

“*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of President Walker, and be placed upon the minutes of the Wharton School Committee.”

Dr. Walker was graduated at Amherst in 1860. He intended to study law, but entered the army, where he had a brilliant and splendid career. He was wounded at Chancellorsville in 1863, was held in Libby Prison three months, taught school at Easthampton, served a year on *Springfield Republican*, under Samuel Bowles, was appointed by Grant Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, then to the Superintendency of the Ninth Census, also Tenth Census. In 1873 he was appointed to a professorship of political economy at Yale. In 1881 he was called to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he remained until his death.

General Walker was great in many things, but greatest of all in character. No one was ever more manly, more honorable, more elevated in tone than he.

Athletics.—Representatives of Hobart College, Union College, Syracuse University, Colgate College, Rochester University, and Hamilton College, met November 28th, 1896, at Utica, N. Y., and effected the temporary organization of an Intercollegiate Athletic Association of the State of New York. The prin-

cial point discussed was the regulation of competition with a view to exclude all but genuine students in good academic standing.

A similar meeting was held November 27th, 1896, at Chicago, Ill., delegates being present from the Faculties of Northwestern and Purdue Universities, and the Universities of Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

The existing code of rules was amended and some of its provisions made more stringent, but several proposed reforms failed to obtain a majority vote.

Purdue University and the University of Illinois proposed a rule limiting athletic competition to undergraduate students, but the five other universities united in opposing such a law. This was merely a renewal of the old fight of the smaller institutions, with few or no postgraduates, against the larger universities, with many and large postgraduate departments.

The amended rules do not take effect until indorsed by the Faculty of each university, and it is more than probable that, as has happened in former years, each university will amend or reject some of the rules and thus weaken, if not totally destroy, the good effects of the conference. The representative of the University of Illinois publicly stated after the meeting, that he should advise the Faculty of his university to reject the postgraduate rule and to discontinue playing with universities which adopted the objectionable law. He also hinted that the difference of opinion on this point might lead to the formation of an opposition league, with a rule limiting competition to undergraduates.

These oft-recurring meetings thrust into

prominence two unpleasant points. One is that a majority of the delegates examine and discuss and vote on each proposed rule, not with an eye to the welfare of honest sport and its continued growth and prosperity, but solely in accordance with how the new rule would affect their own college at the present time.

The other, and more disagreeable fact, is the undeniable proof that severe restrictions are necessary. If intercollegiate sport had always been conducted with honest purpose and manly methods, regulation would be idle, and control impertinent. If the vestments of intercollegiate sport had been spotless, such constant cleansing would not be needed. Laws are not framed to punish unknown offences, and each of the restrictions now placed on competition states in effect that the objectionable practice has been prevalent. From these amended laws we learn that in the not remote past students have competed under assumed names; that men have competed who were not members of the colleges they claimed to represent; that lads, whose total hours of study for a month were less than the working time of an honest student for a week, were allowed to represent colleges, and compete in intercollegiate sports; that men have been hired to compete for certain colleges by free tuition, free board and lodging, and sometimes actual payments in cash; that athletes have been allowed to join a college solely to compete on its team, and have severed their nominal connection with the college as soon as the competition ended, and that professionals have been allowed to compete.—*Outing*.

We cordially approve of the above.

MR. LEHMANN has introduced many changes in Harvard rowing matters. The glycerine pressure machines, which were introduced by Mr. Watson, have given place to the tank and stationary boat rigged with the English thole pins and level sides, as was the barge in which the crew rowed last fall, so the practice now obtained is far more practical than that previously employed.

Another innovation is the entire disappearance of secrecy which was prevalent during Mr. Watson's reign. Now any one is welcomed at the rowing-room, and a far more unrestrained atmosphere surrounds crew training. At present the training is not very rigorous, owing to the crew's hard season on the river in the fall and the fear of their becoming stale if pressed too hard at the start. Mr. Lehmann, indeed, has little faith in the efficiency of indoor training, save in the aim to keep the men in good physical condition, and not to allow them to become unfamiliar with the essentials of the stroke. He believes that the oarsman's skill is to be obtained on the water alone.

As most of the present crew men rowed on last year's university crew no call for candidates has been issued, so those working for places in the university boat are out with the various class crews, from which the extra men are taken to the University tank.

We hope that "secrecy" will never again be a part of university training.

* * *

IN REGARD to teams of Yale students using the name of Yale—why does it bring disgrace on "dear old Yale" to have a team of students play as a Yale organization? As far as we can see, no one is deceived into thinking

such a team is the 'Varsity team, or the best possible team.

Suppose eleven Yale Sophomores or Juniors play football in Savannah, are they to say they are not Yale men, or are they to be prohibited from playing ; are they to give up all the sports if they do not reach a 'Varsity team ?

As a means of advertisement they help Yale wherever they go, unless they behave improperly. The test is conduct. We are not of those who like to see ten perfect football or baseball players, but 2500 imperfect ones. Far better would it be for Yale if the 500 who looked on every day at her practice games and shiver in fall overcoats were at play themselves. But the powers that be and dominate Yale sports see only one thing ahead—Victory.

* * *

So ROWING troubles are over for 1897. Cornell agrees to let Yale in the Harvard-Cornell race at Poughkeepsie, and asks that Pennsylvania and Columbia be admitted also.

Cornell shows a splendid spirit, and Yale ought to say "Yes, let in Pennsylvania and Columbia, if Cornell wishes it."

THE BACHELOR has always preached brotherly love among the colleges, and now it looks as if an era of good feeling had actually set in.

What a grand race it will be ! At this date we choose Harvard as the winner by four inches, Columbia second, Cornell third, and Yale fourth—only a few inches apart—Pennsylvania fifth, about three feet behind only !

The Cornell men say :

"We are in receipt of the proposal of the Harvard Boat Club to admit Yale to the Har-

vard-Cornell race of this year. We cordially accept this proposal, and proffer a counter request that the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia be admitted to the same race. In case such arrangement is made, either July 2d or June 25th will be acceptable to Cornell as a date for the race.’’

* * *

THE REV. DR. RAINSFORD, out of purely disinterested motives “as an outsider who was interested in rowing, as a citizen of New York, and as an old oar of Cambridge University in England,” pleaded with Columbia, and Columbia has decided to have a crew.

Columbia crews have always, until last year, shown up fairly well on the water, and there should be plenty of financial aid among the large body of Columbia Alumni.

We wish that the Thames Regatta Committee could afford to pay expenses and invite all the colleges to New London.

A week’s regatta every year—a fixture that every one could count on—how desirable for American college rowing !

The public is tired of college diplomacy and these everlasting squabbles of our great universities, and would prefer a regular annual regatta at New London, which is not run or managed by the colleges, but by a committee of responsible New London citizens.

Then Yale or Harvard could row or not as they pleased ; but there would always be a race worth seeing.

We would have fewer “treaties,” but more rowing.

* * *

DR. RAINSFORD could not carry on the heavy burden of St. George’s Church were it not that he is an experienced athlete. In his

speech to the Columbia boys he drew a parallel with the situation at Cambridge when he was there. Cambridge had been beaten seven times in succession by Oxford, and was going to give up the sport. The rowing men got together, however, aroused some enthusiasm for a crew, and Oxford was beaten. This is the spirit that should exist in all boating colleges now. They should feel that they must have a crew, whether it is going to win or not. The only way to keep up the standard is not to give up any year, to have not one crew only but several crews. The college must keep at it all the time, whether beaten or not. "Row, if you are beaten out of your stockings."

In speaking of the cost of maintaining crews, Dr. Rainsford said expenses were allowed to run too high in this country. These expenses could be reduced if the crews were run more on English lines. There is no reason why crews could not be maintained here as cheaply as in England. The methods used there to-day are the same as those in use twenty years ago, and they are not expensive methods. The idea should, above all, not be to win at any cost; it should be the sportsmanlike idea of doing as well as possible. Those who go in for rowing must do it for sport's sake, and not to win pots. Rowing is and should be the greatest and most gentlemanly sport in America to-day. In conclusion the doctor said that athletics, if properly conducted, have a definite moral value, and that he considered it would be one of the worst things that could happen to athletics in this city if Columbia was not represented on the water by a crew this year. In response to a question by Mr. Seligman, Dr. Rainsford

said the thing to do was to go ahead and have such a crew that could be paid for, and he was confident money would be raised to pay the debt.

* * *

HARVARD AND YALE have at last sensibly joined hands. The diplomats have stood from under, and two level-headed men, Messrs. Brooks and Camp, have settled everything in a single conference.

The *Sun* said of the agreement :

“ After a conference lasting nearly five hours, Dr. W. A. Brooks, Jr., acting for Harvard, and Walter Camp for Yale, came to an agreement and signed articles whereby the two great American universities will once more take up athletics. While the conference was a long-drawn-out affair, it was most harmonious on both sides. Brooks and Camp met at the Union Club, on Park Street, in Boston, quite early in the evening, and it was not until 1.30 o'clock A.M. that they affixed their names to the agreement, which is nothing more or less than a ‘ wedding of the crimson and blue for a period of five years.’

“ It was proven beyond a doubt that had the differences that arose out of the football game at Springfield two years ago, and which caused the break in all athletic sports, been submitted to these two men, all would have been settled, and the hard feeling that has existed between the two universities would have been obviated.

“ The agreement calls for a return to all athletic sports after March 1st, 1897, and lasting until March 1st, 1902. There is a slight hitch because of the agreement Harvard has to row Cornell ; but Yale easily gets over this point by agreeing to enter the Poughkeepsie

race, providing Harvard will secure the consent of Cornell to a three-cornered race. In case Harvard fails to get Cornell's consent the boat race between the Crimson and the Blue for 1897 will be called off, and that branch of the sport will be commenced in 1898. The full text of the agreement is as follows :

“ ‘ It is hereby agreed by and between the Harvard Athletic Committee and the Yale athletic management that there shall be annual contests in running, football, baseball, and track athletics between the representative organizations of Yale and Harvard, beginning March 1st, 1897, and ending March 1st, 1902, the details of these contests to be left to the managing captains.

“ ‘ It is also agreed that all contests with the exception of rowing races shall take place on college grounds, and the net gate receipts shall be equally divided between the two contesting organizations.

“ ‘ This agreement is conditional upon the appointment on or before April 1st, 1897, of a committee, to consist of one graduate of each university, to whom shall be referred all disagreements in any way relating to athletics and all questions of eligibility. The decision of this committee shall be final. In case of disagreement of the members of this committee, it shall have the power to call upon a third person to settle the particular question in dispute.

“ ‘ Exceptions to Clause L. : Owing to Harvard's present boating arrangement, Yale is willing to make a third party in the Harvard-Cornell race at Poughkeepsie in 1897, if Harvard so arranges. Yale is to be definitely informed of the decision regarding and the date of the race on or before March 1st, 1897.

“ ‘ If the race for 1897 is arranged, Yale is to have the privilege of naming either Poughkeepsie or New London for the race of 1898 ; the races of the succeeding years to be governed by the main body of this agreement.

“ ‘ If the race of 1897 is not arranged, that failure shall in no wise affect the general agreement, and the place for the race of 1898 shall then be governed by the terms of the general agreement.’

“ Yale hearts beat happy, and all went merry as a marriage-bell at ‘ The Wedding of the Crimson and the Blue.’ Every manager and captain of a Yale athletic team kept open house to celebrate the announcement of the signing of the treaty of peace between Yale and Harvard. Into the rooms of every one poured delegations of undergraduates, eagerly congratulating the managers at the successful termination of their negotiations with Harvard. There is not a note of discord in the Yale rejoicing.

“ ‘ It is about the best news we could hear,’ said Fred Murphy, of last year’s football eleven. Manager Wheelwright and Captain Bailey, of the crew, were overjoyed. Both expressed unbounded satisfaction at the reconciliation. Captain Harry Keator, of the baseball nine, said :

“ ‘ I am heartily glad we are to meet Harvard again this year on the diamond. We shall, however, probably be able to play them only two games, as our schedule is very full, and Harvard has games with Cornell, Pennsylvania, Brown, and other leading colleges. But there won’t be any trouble about arranging games. Those days are past. It is probable that we shall play at Harvard on Harvard

class day and that Harvard will play at Yale the day before commencement.'

"Keene Fitzpatrick, Yale's football and track trainer, said :

" 'I am overjoyed at the news. The breach ought never to have occurred ; but that is ancient history. Let everybody celebrate the new agreement.' "

* * *

THE COLUMBIA buildings are, some of them, approaching completion. The *Columbia Spectator* in a recent number gives a detailed description of the new Columbia gymnasium and plans of the two principal floors, as well as illustrations from the architect's drawings showing the elevation of the building from the front and the eastern side. The main entrance of the gymnasium will be from the north, and will face the lawn and grove, for which the unoccupied lower level of the grounds will for some years be used. The gymnasium floor will be semicircular in form, being 168 by 113 feet, with a ceiling 65 feet high. With the single exception of the pillars supporting the running track at the border of the room, the entire floor space will be entirely clear and afford plenty of opportunity for a large amount of the customary gymnasium furnishing and apparatus. The room will be lighted by twelve large windows facing the north, south, east, and west. At the southerly corners of the room there are stairways leading down to the swimming-pool on the floor below and to the locker-rooms above. The running-track extends around the gallery of the gymnasium, at a height of 20 feet from the floor, and then into the southern portion of the building around the locker-rooms, making a circuit of one ninth of a mile,

while the track is 12 feet wide. On this floor also are the rooms for boxing, fencing, and the lockers of faculty, while the director has a large office. There will be a large visitors' gallery, and adjoining the locker-rooms shower-baths. The swimming-pool on the floor below the gymnasium will be of a semicircular shape, 100 by 50 feet, and will be constructed of white marble, having a maximum depth of 10 feet and lighted by windows opening on the surrounding arc.

* * *

The Princetonian says, in regard to their new football rules :

“The rule rendering men who have been dropped at the term examinations ineligible for one year to membership on the various university teams, is without doubt a good one. It is right that college duties should not be made subservient to athletics. If a man cannot play on a 'Varsity team and at the same time keep up with the requirements of his course, he should not be allowed to represent the institution. This is but carrying to its logical conclusion the present rule which allows no conditioned men to play. If a man with one or two conditions cannot represent the university, still less should one who has been conditioned in half his studies, and consequently dropped, be allowed to do so.

“But there is one consideration that makes this rule seem hard on Princeton teams : it is that while we now have ineligibility rules covering conditioned and dropped men both, the colleges we play have none of them adopted this double standard. Nevertheless, though the rule may seem somewhat prejudicial to our own interests for the present, we heartily approve it as a further step toward raising the

tone of intercollegiate athletics. It is to the best interest of the universities and of intercollegiate sport to make membership on all teams dependent upon regular standing in the college courses."

College Notes.—Bryn Mawr, the women's college where it cannot be said that women are merely acquiring a smattering of knowledge or studying *at* a subject, they report as follows: There are enrolled 46 graduate students, including the 3 European fellows. The distribution according to departments is as follows: Mathematics, 6; Biology, 8; Chemistry, 5; Physics, 1; Greek, 6; Latin, 6; English, 13; German and Teutonic Philology, 2; Modern Languages, 5; Romance Languages, 1; History, 1; Biblical History and Literature, 1; Philosophy, 1; History of Art, 2. In cases where the graduate student is not a fellow a combination of subjects is frequently elected. A consideration of the adjoined list of the groups arranged by the 46 students will show the tendency toward special rather than general lines of work. Two students are combining biology and chemistry, 2 Greek and English, 1 English and Latin, 1 English and German, 1 English and French, 2 Greek and Latin, 2 German and Teutonic philology, 2 modern languages, 1 Romance languages, 1 Semitic languages, 1 biblical history and literature, 1 English and history of art, 1 biology and English, 1 mathematics and Latin, 1 mathematics and modern languages.

It is easy to see that the girls are pursuing knowledge into its ultimate hiding-places.

* * *

. THE DEBATING SEASON is here, and the meth-

od of intercollegiate debating is explained at length by a participant in last year's Harvard-Yale debate, Mr. R. C. Ringwalt, of ~~Yale~~. *Not.* The growth of interest in this form of contest since 1892, when the first Harvard-Yale debate was held, has been marked and continuous. There is now a triangular intercollegiate debating league between Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, while dual leagues have been formed between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell, and between Leland Stanford, Jr., University and the University of California; debates are held too between universities and colleges which have not entered into league relationships with one another. Thus the University of Michigan has debated with the University of Wisconsin, the Northwestern University and the University of Chicago; Williams and Dartmouth last year had their first meeting of the kind.

The rules of procedure, or what Mr. Ringwalt calls "the mechanics of the debates" for the Harvard-Yale-Princeton league, were adopted last May. "It was then decided that in the future the debates should consist of three speeches of twelve minutes on each side and three speeches in rebuttal of five minutes on each side. The subject for the debate must be submitted by the home college at least seven weeks before the meeting is to take place and the choice of sides, which is always the privilege of the visiting college, must be made within two weeks after the subject has been received. The list of judges, which is to contain the name of no graduate of either institution contesting, must be submitted by the home college at least six weeks before the debate, and must be returned by the visiting college, with any objection noted, .

within one week. The judges so chosen must decide upon the merits of the debate without regard to the merits of the question."

Under the present system the opposing college has the choice of sides ; hence the first concern in selecting a question for debate is that it shall have two sides as nearly equal as may be. The question must also have an interest for the public.

"Last year, for example, when the currency and the Venezuelan boundary dispute were the chief subjects of political interest, Harvard and Princeton debated the retiring of the greenbacks, and Harvard and Yale an international board of arbitration. Princeton and Yale discussed a topic of perhaps less immediate interest, but by no means an unimportant one—referendum of State legislation. In preceding years, immigration, railroad pooling, protection, and free trade, the annexation of Canada, party allegiance in politics, the Cabinet in Congress, labor organizations, and a property qualification for municipal suffrage have all been debated."

We have advocated a popular debate by the greater colleges, in, say, Carnegie Hall, on some current question of public interest. How much more preferable such a gathering of college folk would be than a football game ! It would be a method of educating the public, a sort of university extension which would be of real use.

* * *

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER writes in *Cosmopolis* of Froude's life at Oxford :

"I knew him first when he was still a fellow of Exeter College. I was at that time often with him in his rooms in High Street, opposite to St. Mary's Church, when he was

busy writing novels, and I well remember passing an evening with him and trying to find a name for the novel which afterward appeared under the title of 'Nemesis of Faith.' I saw him almost daily while his persecution at Oxford was going on, gaining strength every day. He had to give up his fellowship, on which he chiefly depended. I will not repeat the old story that his novel was publicly burnt in the quadrangle of Exeter College. The story is interesting as showing how quickly a myth can spring up even in our own time, if only there is some likelihood in it, and something that pleases the popular taste. What really happened was, as I was informed at the time by Froude himself, no more than that one of the tutors (Dr. Sewell) spoke about the book at the end of one of his college lectures. He warned the young men against the book, and asked whether anybody had read it. One of the undergraduates produced a copy which belonged to him. Dr. Sewell continued his sermonette, and, warming with his subject, he finished by throwing the book, which did not belong to him, into the fire, at the same time stirring the coals to make them burn. Of what followed there are two versions. Dr. Sewell, when he had finished, asked his class, 'Now what have I done?' 'You have burned my copy,' the owner of the book said in a sad voice, 'and I shall have to buy a new one.' The other version of the reply was, 'You have stirred the fire, sir.'

"And so it was. A book which at present would call forth no remark, no controversy, was discussed in all the newspapers and raised a storm all over England. Bishops shook their heads, nay even their fists, at the young

heretic. And Froude not only lost his fellowship, but when he had accepted the headmastership of a college far away in Tasmania, his antagonists did not rest till his appointment had been cancelled. The worst of it was that Froude was poor, and that his father, a venerable Archdeacon, was so displeased with his son that he stopped the allowance which he had formerly made him. It seems almost as if the poverty of a victim gave increased zest and enjoyment to his pursuers. Froude had to sell his books one by one, and was trying hard to support himself by his pen. This was then not so easy a matter as it is now. At that very time, however, I received a check for £200 from an unknown hand with a request that I should hand it to Froude, to show him that he had friends and sympathizers who would not forsake him. It was not till many years later that I discovered the donor, and Froude was then able to return him the money which at the time had saved him from drowning. I should like to mention the name, but that kind friend in need is no longer among the living, and I have a feeling that even now he would wish his name to remain unknown. This is not the only instance of true English generosity which I have witnessed. But at the time I confess that I was surprised, for I did not yet know how much of secret goodness, how much of secret strength there is in England, how much of that chivalrous readiness to do good and to resist evil without lifting the vizor. Froude had a hard struggle before him, and, being a very sensitive man, he suffered very keenly. Several times I remember when I was walking with him and friends or acquaintances of his were passing by with-

out noticing him, he turned to me and said, 'That was another cut.' I hardly understood then what he meant, but I felt that he meant not only that he had been dropped by his friends, but that he felt cut to the quick. Persecution, however, did not dishearten him ; on the contrary, it called forth his energies, and the numerous essays from his pen, now collected under the title 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' show how he worked, how he thought, how he followed the course that seemed right to him without looking either right or left."

How pleasant must have been Froude's return to Oxford thirty years after as Regius Professor of History !

* * *

HON. ROBERT C. CORNELL (Columbia '74) makes a forcible point of our unlimited emigration and crime in our cities in *Scribner's*. Judge Cornell speaks of what he knows. The rapacity of steamship lines is the root of the evil. Our streets swarm with the dirty, loathsome, criminal offscourings of Europe. These wretches are foisted upon us because the steamship companies pay our legislative bodies to prevent laws restricting emigration.

We are a big country, but now that our land is actually taken up for private ownership, we believe it is time to shut out every emigrant except those having \$5000 property of their own, well educated, and able-bodied and thrifty. This means absolute "protection" to the laboring man.

* * *

COLLEGE MEN sometimes ask what is there for them to do for the public good ? We answer, take up the right side of any question and stick to it. Here is the question of con-

vict labor, for example. Mr. Choate's State Convention a few years ago decided not to let the convicts do contract labor, a most grievous piece of legislation.

The result is the poor convicts are going insane with idleness.

Oh, brave college youth, take up the convict question and fight through a bill permitting them to build splendid State roads—roads that will last forever, or finish public buildings, or lay out great public parks !

Think of ten thousand convict laborers at work, year by year, on real public improvements—a sight not like that we see when the Italians are set to work to tear up New York streets every fall.

* * *

Do NOT, as so many college men have done, start out to be a "Reformer." The city is tired of reformers who bawl and cry a great deal and with tremendous zeal, until some public office with a fat salary stops their mouths.

How many a thin and striving "reformer" graduate has grown into a fat and contented office-holder, or has made his "pile" in some other way, and now we never hear his name mentioned in the newspapers as connected with anything but, perhaps, some rich lawsuit and fat fees.

* * *

YALE'S PROMENADE, Tuesday, January 19th, was not as numerously attended as last year. The suggestion made by some New Haven papers that its management be taken out of undergraduate hands seems to us highly impolitic. Let the students manage their own affairs as far as possible in athletics of all kinds, including dancing.

This year's receipts were \$6400 ; expenses, \$5100. Last year's receipts were \$8500 ; expenses, \$4800. This seems enormous to—parents and guardians. But it must be remembered that it is Yale's annual society event, and Yale is getting to be a great institution.

* * *

THE NUMBER of Yale men who still love the old brick row, and think of Yale as an institution which has had a past, full of glory, contemplate passing a set of resolutions similar to the ones which follow, in regard to the destruction of the college buildings which is taking place on the Campus.

THE BACHELOR is strongly of the opinion that the Yale Corporation owes it to its splendid body of Alumni to at least take their vote on the question of removing the Lyceum and South Middle College. We do not believe that the removal of these buildings is necessary, architecturally, or for any other reason.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING resolutions are suggested by a number of the older graduates of Yale, on hearing of the rumor that it is the intention of the Yale Corporation to remove the Lyceum and South Middle College, now standing on the Yale Campus.

It is understood that there is no objection to removing North College, which is now standing. Appended to the annual catalogue will be found a map of the colleges as they stand to-day.

The following are the proposed resolutions :

Whereas, It is deemed desirable by the Alumni of Yale that certain landmarks of the old brick row should be left standing on the Campus, and *whereas* the Lyceum and South

Middle College are the two original buildings of Yale, now be it

Resolved, 1. That the Lyceum be allowed to remain untouched, as representing the old college chapel ; and be it

Resolved, 2. South Middle College be allowed to stand, as showing a specimen of the old brick dormitory ; and be it

Resolved, 3. That the said buildings be put in complete repair by the Alumni of Yale, and that the Lyceum building be devoted to a museum of the college, wherein shall be contained historic and other relics of the college, portraits of the presidents, and books written about the college, memoirs, and memorabilia, etc. ; and be it

Resolved, 4. That the Treasury building and North College be removed, and that the Campus be laid out with suitable fountains, flower gardens, and walks, and wherever suitable elm trees can be planted.

* * *

A NEW-COMER among the local *Alumni* societies is that of the New York graduates of Georgetown University, the oldest Catholic institution in the United States. The officers of the new association are : Dr. Richard H. Clarke, President ; Mr. Charles A. Hoyt, Vice-President ; Mr. Thomas Walsh, Secretary and Treasurer. The Executive Committee, which is arranging for a dinner on March 1st at one of the large hotels, consists of Messrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, J. Fairfax McLoughlin, and Charles E. O'Connor.

* * *

WINCHESTER DANA OSGOOD, the famous Pennsylvania football-player—probably the best all-round player Pennsylvania ever had—was killed in battle in Cuba last July, while

bravely fighting for Cuba's freedom. The last lines of the last letter written by this noble-souled fellow are printed, with a touching monograph by his chum, George W. Orton, in *The Red and Blue* for February.

Just as in our Civil War it happened so often, the college boy writes home in good spirits, and in a day or so is shot to death. Osgood's name is carved in deep and never-to-be-forgotten lines in Pennsylvania University history. Is his fate such an unhappy one?

He wrote :

"Tell the boys that they are missing the chance of their lives not helping to fight for Cuban freedom. This makes the twelfth successful expedition, not a single one having been stopped by the Spaniards. I must hurry, for we march in another hour. We all do hope and pray you will soon pass 'Belligerency' and then give us more substantial aid—that we wanderers may get home again. We are hoping that the next opening season will end the war, for expeditions are landing every ten days or so. Do give us 'Belligerency' and let us finish the work and get home. . . .

"My tender love to all at home, and hope to soon be with you there. . . .

"WIN. D. OSGOOD."

July 5th, the last line written before the fatal fight.

* * *

HARVARD'S BIG social event—Class Day—has been robbed of its exciting feature, the struggle for flowers on the Washington elm. The faculty have decreed this effort to get floral emblems to be a really dangerous sport.

"Scrumnaging" for flowers about the "Flower Elm" will not take place next June.

The Senior Class feel that the corporation

? ? ! !

have made a mistake in abolishing this old time-honored custom.

The sight was a very amusing one in the old days—it was never too much of a rumpus. Could not a few be delegated to seize the flowers and distribute them? The old customs should not be abrogated without a vote of the student body, at all events.

* * *

THIS is the season of college dinners, and the wit and wisdom of one of them is set forth on another page. They are pleasant affairs, and if an alumnus feels himself to have deserved his wealth and success, there is no better show-ground. In circumstances of gloom and depression the college dinner affords relief. It takes one back to boyhood, and sometimes saddens by the contrast of what hope depicted and the present shows.

* * *

WHAT DANIEL WEBSTER is to Dartmouth, Mark Hopkins is to Williams—the famous man, the great memory, the presiding divinity. It was said of him that he was the best possible university—he on one end of a log, the student on the other. Good old man! of the day when the *personal* element was so prominent and so important.

Dr. Taylor, at Andover, fumed, pounded, and got angry; Dr. Hopkins, at Williams, smiled, talked in dulcet tones, led the untaught mind into flowery paths of dalliance by genial persuasion. His portrait in the December Williams *Literary Monthly* looks very cross. He was never cross, he was always delightful.

* * *

PRINCETON FEELS jubilant over her sesqui-centennial year. She may well do so. She has won everything in sight.

Mr. James Barnes has put forth an interesting novel of college life in his *Princetonian*. In a great many ways it is an excellent and true picture of Princeton life. The only thing that is uninteresting is the tame love affair. The hero is a good honest fellow, and comes out cock of the walk by reason of his earnest work in all directions.

The book glorifies Princeton, and Princeton should be glad to put it forth as a Freshman-getter.

It gives one another impression of how much students nowadays do in college besides study.

Music and Drama.—Miss Margaret Mather, in “Cymbeline,” produced at Wallack’s in a most gorgeous and effective manner, cannot be said to have made the hit expected. “Cymbeline” is not an effective play, even if the mighty Shakespeare did write it. Homer sometimes nods, and the “Immortal William” nodded and fell into a trance when he wrote the lines of “Cymbeline.”

Miss Mather is a handsome woman, and her characterization of Imogen is well done. It is to be hoped she will let the public enjoy her *Juliet* before she takes her departure from New York.

* * *

“THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE,” at the cozy Lyceum, by Mrs. Burnett, was beautifully set, but not worth while. Miss Man-nering had a very mild part, and Miss Shotwell took the honors of the evening. Her acting shows great improvement. Her voice needs cultivation, however, and her enunciation should be clearer. Mr. Hackett made the ungrateful part of George, Prince of

England, as little unpleasant as possible. The play was not first-rate, and the lines decidedly amateurish.

* * *

"SHAMUS O'BRIEN" was interesting in its attempt to set sweet little Irish airs to Wagnerian music. The melodies were lost in the deep diapason. What was left was magnificent but dull. The plot was too slight. O'Brien's escape was very "easy" and hardly worth while. He had much better have been hanged to slow music than allowed to escape to a jig.

* * *

MAY IRWIN's "Courtied into Court" is not very coherent nor amusing. Were it not for Miss Irwin it would be dull indeed. Her songs are always excellent, and she makes the evening pass very agreeably while she's on the stage. Ada Lewis is rather awkward in her unsuitable German part. She is a clever actress, and should be in some legitimate comedy company. She cannot sing a note, yet she has a song, "The Oompah," which she bravely tackles and fails in.

* * *

MR. JOHN HARE, in "A Pair of Spectacles," was pleasing, natural, and not especially brilliant. Charles Groves' *Uncle Gregory* was, as it seemed to us, the greater character sketch of the play. The two women, Miss Harvey and Miss Thorne, were pretty and capable, but not above the amateurish line. John Hare was not in form the night we saw him—he seemed feeble, more so than the man of sixty whose part he took should appear. The play was charming and interesting throughout. What New Yorkers want is intelligent acting of coherent plays, and John Hare gives them this.

BOOK NOTICES.

Football. By Walter Camp and Lorin F. Deland. (1896.)

Here we have in minute detail, like a text-book, the secrets of Yale's success in football. Everything is elaborately studied out, scientifically arranged and explained. Football becomes a science, and Yale's secret of success is her perfect science, far in advance of the other colleges till now.

Now football is an open secret. Every one can study this text-book of 435 pages. Every college can profit by Mr. Camp's long experience and study. The game is fully explained. It is the standard book on the subject. It will always remain so. We have said elsewhere that we believed the modern game to be too rough. Even in its rules, it is a hard and tough game. Listen to this advice, p. 183 :

"Don't rise from the ground rubbing yourself when you have been thrown unusually hard. You will be thrown twice as hard next time if your opponent sees you mind a fall ;" or this, "Don't exchange civilities with your opponent opposite in the line, no matter how much the score may be in your favor. It is better to delay conversation until after the game ;" or this, "Don't weaken or slow down when about to be tackled."

Often have we seen the best players wince and "slow down," poor chaps, when they know they're in for a hard fall.

We may not believe in football as it is now played—it certainly is too dangerous at present—but this book is certainly the best that has ever been written on the subject. Messrs. Camp and Deland are to be congratulated on their very capable work.

An Eclipse Party in Africa. By Eben J. Loomis. (Boston : Roberts Bros.)

This is not only a beautifully printed, but it is also a very interesting book of travels. The illustrations taken on the spot are superb.

But the great point of the book is the really beautiful description of the scientific tragedy, the "bit of vapor, light as a lady's gossamer veil, white and cool as a fleck of seafoam, which drifted airily across the disk of the sun" just at the time of the eclipse, December 22d, 1889, just before and just after the sky was clear !

And then a miserable beetle got into the object glass of the duplex photometer !

Was nature ever more cruel, more unjust !

But to lay readers Professor Loomis's book is not interesting because of its science, but because of its capital descriptions of African ports and of St. Helena. Of the latter island we get new pictures and new accounts of value.

Sartor Resartus. Edited by A. MacMechan. (Ginn & Co. 1896.)

Of Teufelsdröckh (devil's dirt or assafoetida) Carlyle wrote, in 1838, "I am struggling forward with Dreck, sick enough, but not in bad heart. I think the world will nowise be enraptured with this (medicinal) devil's dung." . . . "I sometimes think the book a medicinal assafoetida for the pudding stomach of England, and produce new secretions there."

So Teufelsdröckh—not a pretty name, but how important !—has made his influence felt in Lowell, in Emerson, in George Meredith—is not Blumine the forerunner of Diana ?

"Peculiar among all dames and damosels, glanced Blumine, there in her modesty like a star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden whom he bent to, in body and in soul, yet scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment. Blumine was a name well known to him ; far and wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices, . . . a certain imperious Queen of Hearts and blooming warm Earth Angel—much more enchanting than your mere white Heaven angels—of women, in whose veins circulates too little naphtha fire. Herself also he had seen in public places ; that light, yet so stately form ; those dark tresses shading a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps."

Is this Carlyle or Meredith ?

The note of Meredith's heroines is here struck—willful, charming, capricious, with a sound heart ; and the basis of all of them, then, is that woman of genius and sorrow—Jane Welsh Carlyle.

In Blumine Carlyle laid the foundation of modern love—i.e., "The intense, chivalrous affection of the unworldly man who has retained the man's natural reverence for the woman." Jane Welsh was a vivacious beauty, full of wit and spirit. Blumine was his wife, although Froude and others would have us be-

lieve it was Miss Kirkpatrick, afterward Mrs. Phillips. The argument is too strong that a man (even Carlyle) would hardly sit down in his honeymoon and celebrate the charms of another woman !

We wonder how many college men sit down and read " Wilhelm Meister " or " Sartor Resartus " to-day ? Twenty years ago things were different.

Yet the latter book is the basis of so much of our modern thought and character. On these two books hang all the law and the prophets of the nineteenth century.

This particular edition is to be highly recommended to students for its notes and introduction. Some one was asking in a critical magazine the other day where Meredith got his puzzling style ; evidently from Carlyle, who got it from his Scotch-German training.

That Affair Next Door. By Anna Katharine Green. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mrs. Rohlf's stories are all better than the average detective tales. This one is really exciting.

A Child of the Jago. By Arthur Morrison. (Chicago : Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

This realistic picture of a portion of the worst quarter of London is probably true enough to life, but is the general reader not surfeited with accounts and descriptions of the criminal classes in the daily press ? Mr. Morrison is the author of " Tales of Mean Streets " — why take us into loathsome dens and filthy corners ? Why give us 400 pages of crime and poverty ? The lesson he teaches is not wholesome, it is only saddening.

Nevertheless, the book is very well done of its disagreeable kind. It is a masterpiece in the depiction of squalor. Dicky is a genuine boy, and the old fence, Weech, is cleverly drawn. Like all of Messrs. Stone's books, it is attractively printed and bound.

The Relation of Literature to Life. By C. D. Warner. (Harper & Bros.)

Aspects of Fiction and Other Ventures in Criticism. By Brander Matthews. (Harper & Bros.)

These two books of essays by two foremost men of American letters should be read by college students at the close rather than at the beginning of their four years' course. They require cultivated minds to be appreciated. In both the thought is not especially

new or original or deep or striking, but it is what the best minds of England and America are giving us. Read especially Warner's "What is Your Culture to Me?" (p. 99), and study it carefully. Read Matthews' "On Pleasing the Taste of the Public." These essays are models of their kind.

The Carissima. By Lucas Malet. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

"A cheap, flimsy, insincere fraud" of a woman, and a dog-haunted man! Not very pleasant or profitable material for a novel, still "*The Carissima*" is one of considerable interest from the first page to the last. So full is it of wit and epigram and brilliant character sketches, with just enough of the supernatural and the gruesome to give it that proportion of psychological gloom which seems to be the requisite of the modern novel. *The Carissima*, although she describes herself as "a colorless, characterless reflection of other people's thoughts, fashions, affectations," is of so wondrous a charm and so ravishing a beauty, that we long to say to her, "Could you but with that self-same perfect brow, and more than perfect mouth, . . . have brought a mind, too"—ay, and a heart and a soul and a conscience!

She is most deftly drawn, so deftly that at times we almost see glimmerings of better things in this daughter of a "rat" and a "clock-moon," and we hope, in spite of conviction, that she will not break her faith with poor, honest, chivalrous Loversedge, notwithstanding his "harnt," his miserable little green-eyed, mangy, phantom dog.

Perry *père*, with his inexhaustible stock of quotations, Perry *mère*, with her equally inexhaustible stock of platitudes, are both perfect types. Mrs. Mertynne, the diaphanous, Percy Gerard, the odious, are both good in their way, while we are constantly meeting happy little glancing touches of wit and humor that make the charm of the book unflagging and the interest always keen. Her description of the English as being "born with their feet glued to little round green stands, like the ladies and gentlemen of Noah's Ark," and her assertion that "to see them unglued, as in foreign travel, is to see them at a disadvantage; for the stand is as necessary to their self-respect as their decent petticoats and irreproachable trousers," point resemblances, the humor of which no one could fail to see (except, of course, the English).

She is most happy in her remarks on the interesting subject of boots, as "I could write a pamphlet on the subject of boots, they are awful revelations of personal character. Vulgarities otherwise skillfully concealed come out in the shape of a heel; sloth leaves indelible tracks across upper leathers. In moments of illumination I have detected gluttony in a lace and profligacy in a button." Look to your boots, my friends. "There's a chiel amang ye takkin notes."

She has a fine touch for the emotions, too. In some of the scenes between the Carissima and Hammond she touches the heartstrings with true depth and feeling, albeit the Carissima's obvious artificiality strikes a discordant note sometimes.

But more than all is it a pleasure and a privilege in this "end of the century," when we are so surfeited with divorce novels, religious novels, political novels, novels of realism, etc., to read a book that is simply an interesting, witty, clever, *clean* story.

Leo XIII. and Modern Civilisation. By J. BLEECKER MILLER. New York: The Eekdale Press.

Mr. Miller, a well-known member of the New York bar, and late a student of Hobart College, has written a remarkably strong book.

It is the first book to treat the political, social and religious theories of the present Pontiff in the clear, cold light of modern science and learning. The Roman Catholic Church owes Mr. Miller an answer; his charges are too grave and supported by too strong proof from their own writings to be disregarded.

Of this work Bishop Potter says:

"It is a very timely and suggestive book, not merely because it traces the principles of a great ecclesiastical policy to its pagan source, but because it reveals the hostility of that policy to American ideals, whether of the State, the family, or the freedom of the individual. It is a book for statesmen, for working men, for parents, for all loyal citizens to read and ponder; and its temperate tone and wide range of authorities ought to make it a handbook for all who are concerned for the integrity of our institutions and the maintenance of our liberties."

Bishop Doane says:

"I commend to the attentive study of our citizens the startling and important facts collected in *Leo XIII. and Modern Civilization*."

Professor Body, of the General Theological Seminary, says :

" It places the reader in possession of a mass of material relative to the aims and policy of the Roman Catholic Church, selected from original sources, of great interest and information to all American citizens. The importance of the subject can hardly be overrated, and it is treated in a way intelligible to all. I was especially struck with the arguments on astrology as an original factor in Roman philosophy. This opens up an apparently new line of historical investigation well worthy of attention."

Boss, and Other Dogs. By Maria Louise Pool. (New York : Stone & Kimball.)

The one great sad thing about a dog is that its life is so short as compared with its master or mistress. The dog's devotion, love, courage, faithfulness, and heart are shown with real fidelity to nature in these delicate little sketches. They are full of genuine pathos, and are all written with a nice sense of the fitting. Who has not at one time or another lost a dear dog friend ?

But there are dogs and dogs. We have known many stupid ones, some treacherous ones, many mischievous ones. Those described by Miss Pool are all honorable dogs and true gentlemen. She dedicates her book " To the memory of Orlando, Yorkshire terrier, most gay, sagacious, most devoted of companions." We imagine that all these stories were written shortly after Orlando's death. Some are lachrymose—for, after all, a dog is only a dog ; and there is enough sorrow in the world of humans without calling upon us to weep over the woes of dogs.

Yet did not " Black Beauty," the story of a horse, do a world of good in alleviating the miseries of horses ?

The story of " After Coffee" is a little too tearful, but the others are all excellent. Reader, are you a dog owner ? Buy this book.

Urban Dialogues. By Louis Evan Shipman. (Stone & Kimball.) Most of these, if not all, have appeared in *Life*, that sparkling and daintiest of all our comic papers.

To say they are results of a careful study of the Dolly Dialogues is not entirely erroneous. They are not so clever as Anthony Hope's masterpieces, and they are more natural. The illustrations by Gibson are excellent specimens of his artistic genius. The artist of the well dressed is peerless in his class.

A Sturdy Beggar and Lady Bramber's Ghost. By Charles Charrington. (Stone & Kimball.)

These two London stories are hardly worthy of reprinting in the pretty drab binding and heavy paper in which they appear. At best they are slightly amusing, sufficient, perhaps, to pass a short ten minutes before going to sleep, but not worthy of their dress. Lady Bramber gains a literary reputation by another's work. The Sturdy Beggar is a harmless lunatic.

These books by the foreign author, cheap, poorly constructed in plot, dull, and uninteresting in detail, discourage the poor American author, or force him to go and live in England in order to get a hearing.

Mademoiselle Blanche. By John D. Barry. (Stone & Kimball.)

This novel is well written and deserves a certain success. The psychology is good, the plot ridiculous. A man who falls in love with his wife's acrobatic feat of jumping backward into a tank, and cares nothing for the woman herself, must be a precious sort of ape—and such Jules Le Baron appears to be in the 380 pages of this thoughtfully studied book.

When the world presents realities of such moment at the close of the century, why does Mr. Barry fool away his time over such a plot as this?

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

It is a little late in the day to speak of this book, but it is curious to note wherein lies its great popularity. It is this: it is the best Sunday-school book put out in twenty-five years. The Scotch dialect is easy to understand, the characters are well drawn, the tales touching and simple. The book rings genuine and true.

The Yankees of the East. Sketches of Modern Japan. By William E. Curtis. (Stone & Kimball.)

Japan is now the Mecca of tourists—as much so as Italy has been—and Mr. Curtis, with his reportorial eye for detail, gives us an interesting account of the Flowery Kingdom. It is rapidly becoming Americanized, and the picture of the “new-fashioned way of spinning—a cotton factory at Osaka”—looks like a mill at Lowell.

In a few years all costumes will disappear off the earth. Man will wear “coat, vest, and pants,” woman her imitation Paris gown. Such is rapidly growing to be the case in Japan.

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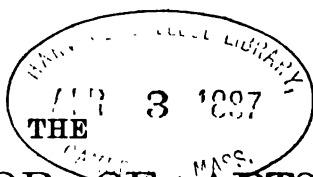
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HOBART AND RUTGERS COLLEGE.

Rutgers College has been recently brought to the attention of the public by the celebration of Charter Day, the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the college, which was born "on the banks of the old Raritan" ten years before the birth of this republic. The guest of honor at this natal day celebration was the Hon. Garrett A. Hobart, a distinguished Jerseyman and alumnus of Rutgers College, whose recent election to the Vice-Presidency of these United States has conferred upon this institution additional honor.

The halls of the Ballantine Gymnasium, where the exercises were held, were filled with former students, who had gathered to renew old associations and the old love for their Alma Mater, and to pay a tribute to her honored alumnus. Although not expecting to make a speech, the Vice-President-elect responded to the shouts of "Hobart ! Hobart !" from the students, and made some remarks, in which he said :

"I cannot forbear a word of congratulation to you and to all connected with it, that this college has stood through a period of one hundred and thirty years. Decades before my time it stood and decades after yours it will

stand. It is now fifteen years since I have been in New Brunswick at all. The work of a busy life has left me no time to return to the college commencements ; but my love for the old college has never grown cold, and when, last spring, your president informed me that I had been elected a trustee of Rutgers College, I felt, and still feel, that no greater honor has ever come to me than this election as one of your trustees. One thing the country needs, and that is Rutgers College ; and I promise that whatever strength I have shall be spent to make the one hundred and thirty-first year of its history the very best that it has ever experienced. I trust that the year of 1897 will be a red-letter year in the history of Rutgers College."

" 'Gus Hobart,' as we always called him," writes one of his classmates, "entered the Class of '63 as a Sophomore, and at once took a high stand as a scholar in mathematics especially. He pursued his course steadily, and while one of the most genial of the boys, was, so far as I know, not mixed up much with the college pranks. He was never up before the faculty to my knowledge for violation of college law. He boarded in Albany Street, at the place familiarly called 'Texas,' a house kept by Squire Nevius, and since by his daughter, Mrs. Enyard (now the Mansion House). It had a series of rooms at the back over a school, and here Hobart with a number of others worked away and had no little fun at times. Indeed, among the boys there was one 'Scotchey' Smith, now dead, and he was up to all sorts of practical jokes that sometimes took a serious turn. Hobart, who minded his business all along, was at the same time exceedingly popular. There was no

better fellow, and always ready was he to help a classmate out, as he might be able. He took third honor, Joe Dixon, of New Brunswick, was second, and Swain, of Allentown, first. When Hobart entered, Rutgers was under President Frelinghuysen, that 'grand old man.' Howard Crosby was in the chair of Greek, and Marshall Henshaw taught mathematics. Dr. Cook was in the chemistry department. These were the very best of instructors. Rutgers never had better.

"Theodore Frelinghuysen died in our Junior year, and then came William H. Campbell, D.D., LL.D., to assume control. He, too, was of the best of men, and a model teacher. Rutgers, when we graduated, was still a classical institution. 'Scientifics' were very few. They were mainly boys that had a hard time with Crosby in Greek, and fell back to another course, in which chemistry often was prominent. Hobart is an excellent sample of the mixture of Yankee and Dutch blood. His father was a New Hampshire man, who came to Jersey to teach the young idea how to shoot. His mother was a Vanderveer of old Monmouth stock, that came from Holland to New Amsterdam away back, about 1630."

The Civil War broke out while he was at college, and a number of the students enlisted as United States Volunteers. His class had originally nineteen members, and was distinguished in having ten "Reverends" in it. The tuition fee at that time was not quite \$50, but even at that low figure there were only one hundred and twenty-four scholars in the college when he entered, and but seventy-nine the year he graduated. Four of his class-

mates joined the army. Those in his class were :

*John V. D. Pumyea,
 George Linter Danforth,
 James E. H. Elmendorf,
 Thomas Livingston Janeway,
 Adrian Kriekard,
 Charles Hubbard Pool,
 John H. Smock,
 Henry Utterwick,
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 E. Christian Oggel,
 William Smith,
 George Swain,
 Joseph Mabon Vile,
 *Sebastian Duncan,
 *George A. Mills.

“Rutgers College,” said Dr. Bowser, in his address at the Charter Day celebration, “is called one of the smaller colleges. We do not measure a college by the quantity of its apparatus nor by the size of its athletic grounds, nor by the number of its buildings or of its students. The true test of a college is that kind of men which it turns out. Does the college train men who are able to meet the demand of the age, and who are fitted for the best service? That is the test by which we judge a college. We do not test a college by counting heads. We test it by the quality of its work. We weigh rather than measure. Though we do not boast of the number of our college buildings or of the number of our

* United States Volunteers.

students, yet we do point with some pride to the alumni of the college.

“ Some of them are electricians and superintendents of the great electric-lighting plants of our country. Some of them are chief engineers and general managers and superintendents of our great railroad and engineering firms. More than two score of them are professors in medical and law schools and colleges and theological seminaries and universities. The college has graduated at least two State geologists, several United States Senators, five Governors of States, twelve members of Congress, twenty-one judges of the Supreme Court, one Vice-President of the United States. One of her sons, who has been in the Nautical Almanac Office at Washington for many years, was awarded the gold medal by the Royal Astronomical Society of England for solving one of the most difficult problems in mathematics. His competitors were among the best men of Europe. Another, early in the history of the college, was the companion and friend of Washington and Jefferson as an engineer in the army. He saw the surrenders of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. Of course we cannot mention the hundreds of brilliant clergymen, and lawyers, and physicians, and engineers, and statesmen among the alumni. A college always points with pride to her eminent sons. They are her jewels.”

Some of the prominent men who were at Rutgers at the same time with Mr. Hobart were Alexander McClellan Bishop, '60, paymaster United States Navy; Edward G. Janeway, M.D., '60; David Abeel Williamson, '60, of the Seventh New Jersey Regiment, who died in 1862; Cornelius Vanderbilt,

'60 ; Judge Charles T. Cowenhoven, '62 ; the Rev. Charles H. Riggs, '62 ; the Rev. Alfred H. Stults, Jr., '60 ; John C. Smock, '62 ; Judge Andrew Kirkpatrick, '63 ; Professor F. C. Van Dyck, '65.

The college was originally founded "for the education of youth, especially in divinity, preparing them for the ministry and other good offices." During the period of the Dutch supremacy in the province of New Netherland there seemed to be a lack of clergymen, the supply of ministers called from Holland not being able to meet the demand. To overcome this difficulty, a yearly assembly, or "Coetus," was formed in New York in 1737, for the purpose of ordaining ministers. Several years later the Classis of Amsterdam, which had officially recognized this organization, became divided. An independent classis, known as the American Classis, was formed, and in 1755 Rev. Theodorus Frelinghuysen, of Albany, was commissioned "to visit Holland and solicit funds for the establishment of an academy."* He died on board ship, off Sandy Hook, while returning, and the success of the movement was never known.

A factional fight sprung up about this time among the members of the Coetus, which resulted in the formation of the "Conferentie," an opposition party, although having the same desire at heart. Several years of bitter warfare followed in which the Coetus party refused "proposals from the Episcopalians to unite with King's College (now Columbia), and from the Presbyterians to unite with the College of New Jersey (Princeton)," and

* Rutgers Sketches.

finally succeeded in the establishment of Queen's College, founded in honor of Charlotte, the royal consort, on November 10th, 1766, when "His Majesty's Letters Patent and Charter or Royal Grant, for Queen's College was secured from His Excellency William Franklin, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Province of New Jersey." A second charter, renewing certain restrictions, and under which the college now operates, was obtained on March 20th, 1770, the seal of which bore the motto, "*Sol justitiæ et occidentem illustra.*"

The college was located in New Brunswick in 1772. The land for the first site, tradition says, was given by Philip French, son of a former Mayor of New York. The lease was for seventy-five years, at a yearly rental of one peppercorn. He also contributed largely in money, and in 1882 the treasurer of Queen's College still held a bond of Philip French's for the amount of £40 bearing interest. This is thought to be a remnant of his subscriptions.

During the Revolution in 1776 the British seized New Brunswick and burned the college buildings. The teachers and students became scattered, and on account of the irregularities brought about by the soldiers quartering in the vicinity, the sessions were held at Millstone, another at North Branch. Part of its history during this period is a blank, but it is known that a commencement was held in 1788 in New Brunswick. At about this time Dr. Jacob Rutsen Hardenbergh, whose father was one of the original trustees of Queen's College, and through whose efforts chiefly the college was founded, became the first president, and held that position until 1790.

The late Professor T. S. Doolittle, in his sketch of the college, says : " The record of events during this period is of the most meager character. The country was painfully emerging from the prostration of the Revolutionary struggle. The currency was in a deplorable condition. The citizens of New Brunswick had suffered more than the rest of New Jersey. Their property had been devastated, their business broken up, their churches burned or dismantled, their securities depreciated. The insignificant funds of the college had been invested in bonds and mortgages, on which poor people could pay neither principal nor interest. It may well be conceived, therefore, that it cost the trustees a struggle to rebuild and equip their burned college."

Rev. William Linn, pastor of the Collegiate Dutch Church in New York, was president *pro tempore* from 1791 to 1794. In 1795, after one year of scholastic work, the college was again closed until 1805. At this date Rev. Dr. Ira Condict, another *pro tempore* president, succeeded in reviving the college and raising \$60,000, with which Queen's, the main college building, was erected. Rev. John H. Livingston, a graduate of Old Eli, was the second regular president. Under his presidency the college funds were increased by a lottery, duly authorized by the Legislature, the proceeds of which amounted to \$11,000. Some of these lottery tickets are still in existence. A third suspension occurred in 1816, and continued until 1825. Philip Milledoler then became president, and the name Queen's was changed to Rutgers College, " in consideration of the character and services of Colonel Henry Rutgers," a Revolutionary patriot, who contributed toward its

endowment \$5000, then a large amount. While he was president two hundred and fifty-eight students were graduated, the Class of 1836 including such men as Joseph P. Bradley, LL.D., Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court ; George W. Coakley, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in the New York University ; the late Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, United States Senator and Secretary of State, and William A. Newell, member of Congress and Governor of New Jersey, and later of Washington Territory.

Abraham B. Hasbrouck, who was president from 1840 to 1850, was succeeded by Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, one of Princeton's sons. A year before his death the Civil War broke out. With the accession of Rev. William Campbell, D.D., to the presidency in 1863, the college took a new departure in prosperity. By the payment of \$12,000 to the Synod of the Reformed Church the college regained its title to the campus and buildings, and became an independent literary institution on the condition that henceforth its president and three fourths of the trustees should be members in full communion of the Dutch Reformed Church. Dr. Campbell raised several hundred thousand dollars in endowment, the number of students was doubled, and seven new buildings were erected.

The cannon war between the students of Rutgers and Princeton, which occurred in 1877, was one of the greatest of college pranks known in the history of New Jersey's colleges. An interesting story of this frolic, which resulted in a wide advertisement among the country and city papers, and brought a large number of students to the college in the

fall of 1879 and 1880, is told by one of the participants of the Class of '77. It will be read with interest by many of the former students of the college who have recollections of the exciting time they had when the cannon reached old Rutgers.

"On April 26th, 1875," writes William M. Skillman, of '77,* "there stood buried in Princeton campus, mouth downward, so deep that only several feet of the heavy end showed above the ground, an iron cannon of about one thousand pounds weight. This gun, according to the late Governor Parker, of New Jersey, stood planted on the corner of Wither- spoon Street, in front of Duryea's store in the village of Princeton for years prior to 1859, and had originally been left in the village by the British in their retreat through the town in the Revolutionary War. The Governor stated that he and a number of other students, in 1859, moved the gun to Princeton Campus. Colonel Yerger, of Mississippi; Judge Stump, of Maryland; Bob Kilton, a famous Alabama fighter in the war, and Abe Seabrick, who was killed at the head of his New Jersey regiment, were among those who helped the late Governor in its removal. It, therefore, was already famous from the touch of these noted fighters, and it had never left Princeton up to the above date first mentioned. When Princeton woke up on the morning of April 27th, 1875, this gun had disappeared.

"For years Princeton and Rutgers had been disputing over the cannon, and it had become a source of constant taunting. It was believed by both that the cannon had been stolen by Princeton from Rutgers many

* College Targum.

years before, and no Rutgers student could go to Princeton and not hear the taunt of 'Why don't you come and get your gun?' When some of 1877's men heard the taunt thrown in their faces in the fall of 1874 they made up their minds it should be for the last time. We talked the matter over many times that winter, and finally completed our plan. Leaving New Brunswick on foot at the close of the day of April 26th, 1875, nine members of the scientific section of 1877 took their way to Milltown (a little village two miles distant), loaded down with ropes, shovels, pick-axes, a strong crowbar, and strong hickory sticks, and walked to the farm of a Mr. Vanderbilt, from whom we hired his box-wagon and a strong team of black horses. Mr. Vanderbilt also sent his hired man with us. It was as dark as Egypt, and none of us knew the road very well, but finally arrived at Princeton about one o'clock in the morning, and drove through the college campus, where we left the team and farmer. We were then about six or eight hundred feet from the gun we were after.

"The party was divided, four being put on watch and the remaining five set to work to dig up the gun. This took about an hour, as it was buried so deep, and in the mean time we all had a great scare because the owl train came in, bringing about fifty students, who made a great racket and woke up everybody. We lay flat on the ground until the noise subsided, and then started to carry the gun to the wagon. Loops were made of the rope, and the crowbar and hickory sticks were run under the gun, making four handles to carry it, but it proved more than was bargained for. Its great weight was too much

for the strength of the party, and they found it impossible to carry it for a greater distance than twenty feet at a time, when they would be forced to rest. It took two hours to get the gun this two hundred or more yards, and a number of times it seemed that physical exhaustion would cause us to give it up; but pluck and grit conquered, though it was daylight when we lifted the gun in the wagon. The farmer in turning his wagon creaked his wheels so loudly as to cause a window to be opened in the college, and several in the street were also opened, and people looked at us. We covered the gun as best we could, sitting on it, and started down the street, by which time it was broad daylight. We met a number of people, who evidently took us for Princeton boys on a lark. The load was so heavy that the horses could only walk, and we were in great trepidation of being discovered and followed by Princeton, in which case we knew that we should get rough handling; so we never stopped for breakfast or anything until we brought up on Rutgers Campus, about half-past ten in the morning, having been out all night without any sleep or anything to eat.

“A sorry lot we were, dirty and dishevelled, but we dumped the gun on the campus and turned in for our recitation with Professor Atherton on “Freeman’s Outlines of History;” but we had studied our lesson, and recited correctly, and though he called every one of us up, he must have wondered at our condition, though he said nothing. At the end of the hour there was the wildest commotion among the students. When they came out and saw the gun they picked us up on their shoulders and marched us over the

grounds and down the street, and there was no more college that day. Believing that we had simply recovered our own, immediate steps were taken to plant the gun in solid masonry on the campus ; but the disappearance of the gun had caused the greatest excitement at Princeton, and a large body of students followed in pursuit, and our escape from them had been narrow. Then came threats that they would come to New Brunswick in a body and take it back. This led to a corresponding excitement in New Brunswick. We hid the gun in a cellar down-town, and New Brunswick's fire-boys stayed up all night ready to turn in and help fight Princeton at the first tap of the college bell if it became necessary.

“ At this point the two faculties took up the matter. First came a letter from Dr. McCosh to our dearly beloved Dr. Campbell, and Dr. Campbell's diplomatic answer ; the appointment of arbitrators by both faculties ; the proof by Princeton that the gun had never been in New Brunswick, and the award of the arbitrators that the gun belonged to her and must go back, and the final taking back of the gun by New Brunswick's policemen, one sitting on the gun with a drawn revolver, facing a howling mob of New Brunswick's townsmen, who ran after them for several miles.”

Merrill E. Gates, now president of Amherst, succeeded Dr. Campbell, and in turn was succeeded by Dr. Scott, who became president on February 4th, 1891. The college has improved very much since the time Vice-President-elect Hobart attended its recitation rooms. It provides annually forty-three free scholarships, which are divided

among the counties of the State according to the population. The State College of New Jersey, "for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," was organized as a department in Rutgers College in 1865. The State laboratory of the New Jersey Experimental Station is also at the disposal of the college.

W. W. Phelps, while United States Minister to Germany, in a letter written from England to Rutgers College, said: "I think that the question which is the greatest college on the American Continent rests between Rutgers and Williams. While others have had much larger classes, where is the college that has graduated more great men in proportion to its size than Rutgers?"

"The college," in the words of one of its professors, "can look back over the whole stretch of our national life and ten years beyond. She saw the republic in its cradle. She helped to nurse it in its infancy, by sending her professors and students to fight the battles of the Revolution. She has watched the progress of the nation in its ups and downs, its times of prosperity, and its periods of adversity until now, and she has ever rejoiced in the triumphant march of the American Republic."

GEORGE COOPER INGling.

THE SISTER OF THE FLOWERS.

The summer blossoms held her dear,
And all the sweetness of the year
They sent her on the loving air ;
The frailest bloom that looks, afraid,
From nook of either sun or shade,
It longed to perish in her hair ;
For ahe it was, in days far back from ours,
Won that sweet name, the " Sister of the Flowers.

So happy on the sunny hill,
She might be there, and happy still,
But (ill befall the cruel day !)
She saw at last, 'mong mortal kind,
A shape she never thought to find ;
She looked, and gave her heart away.
The flowers tried to live ; but, one by one,
Their pretty heads drooped lifeless in the sun.

Who would believe so meek things pray
For vengeance ? Certain 'tis, one day,
The sun-god left his golden throne,
Down from the hill careering came,
A fearful shape of cloud and flame,
And took the Sister as his own.
None sees her more ; but when the winds are still
All hear her grieving on the moonlit hill.

Banished forever from the vale,
Lone on the hill-top, making wail,
Canst hear me, Sister, where thou art ?
What think you, will it come, the day
When safely may be given away
The pearl of love, the virgin heart ?
Hark ! sighs she from the mountain bowers,—
" Poor, poor, dear little Sisters of the Flowers !"

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A LITERARY WOMAN OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, CHRISTINE DE PISAN.*

It cannot have been very pleasant to be an author about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and there were, indeed, very few authors by profession. An historian would be probably a highly respectable steward who merely wrote "to avoid idleness," and who was nothing more than "a chiel taking notes;" a poet would cover his wickedness with the livery of some nobleman and be forthwith a most innocent master of ceremonies. The old romantic days of troubadours had passed away, and the age of printing had not yet come. The position of an author was anomalous. Civilization had not yet decided whether he was to belong to the great army of the unfed, or whether he was to receive board (second table, of course) and lodging in return for his doubtful services. Sometimes at the feast he heard the joyful words "Come up higher," but his work was as often rewarded by kicks as by coins.

Nevertheless there was at this time a woman in France who aspired to live by her pen, and who declared that literature was her profession, although she knew that it was "not the custom for women to attend to anything except their spinning and housekeeping." Christine de Pisan did not, however, make this shocking announcement as abruptly as it is made here. She wished to write, but she had not cast aside all respectability, and she apologized

* Christine de Pisan, or Pizan, born about 1363, is usually considered an authoress of the fifteenth century, as her principal works were written after 1400.

profusely to all the world and besought forgiveness humbly for her crime against custom. She entered the temple of literature on her knees and covered with blushes of shame. Nowadays it is proper to approach the holy precincts with head erect, but at that time Christine's uncomfortable groveling seemed both decent and graceful. She assured her readers that she was not "moved by arrogance nor foolish presumption,"* implored them not to "despise her feminine sense," and put forward ingenious pleas in extenuation of her guilt. If she was reproached for speaking on matters too high for an "ignorant woman," she gently suggested that her book be judged by its worth and not by her sex, and when she wished to treat of chivalry, she reminded her critics that Minerva, who invented armor, was, like herself, a woman, and an Italian. From her constant defense of herself it is evident that she was frequently attacked on the subject of writing, sometimes merely by sneers, sometimes by offensive gossip.

"It is not suitable for a woman to be learned, because it is not the custom," said a man, probably a haughty knight who could not write his name.

"Nor is it suitable for a man to be ignorant, because it is the custom," replied Christine sharply.

This kind of attack was not agreeable, but it was not as unpleasant as having her love poems regarded as so many expressions of personal feeling and experience. Christine became slightly aggravated at that, but she answered snavely, in a pretty ballad, that she

* *Faits d'Armes et de Chevalrie*. Les Mss. de la Bibl. du Roy. P. Paris. T. V.

only sang of love because it was the sentiment most generally interesting, and she appealed for judgment "to all good poets." Like many another author, she was pressed into the service by poverty and grief. When her dearly loved husband died, in 1389, she was left a widow with three children and an aged mother to support. Her fortune was gradually consumed by harassing law-suits, and so this young woman of twenty-five was obliged to become a bread-winner. She had written poetry before this time in the days of her happy married life and in the first grief of her widowhood, when she loved to sing all the phases of her loneliness. Her friends encouraged her, and her genius first came before the world in mourning robes singing the mystery of love and separation.*

As an author she met with great difficulties. Literature was an alarmingly precarious profession. The author did not come into contact with the public; his living depended on the favor of some great person whom war or death or politics might spirit away, leaving the poor scribbler to seek a new market for his wares. Indeed, he had to be an agent for his own works, and in a way peddle them from house to house. The whole business was harassingly retail. After a book had been written, copied, illuminated, bound in velvet, and ornamented with gold or silver clasps, it was offered to some prince or rich citizen, who paid for it as his generosity prompted. Of course the author could have the work copied and offer it to other patrons, but so could any one else. Fortunately Christine had friends at court. When a child she had come to Paris

* Cent Ballades. Œuvres Poétiques de Christine de Pisan. Roy. Soc. des. Anc. Textes, Français.

with her father, who had been invited by Charles V., and who became the king's counselor and astrologer. Thomas de Pisan retired from the position at the accession of Charles VI., but when Christine offered her works for sale, it was remembered that her father had been a servant of the royal house, and she needed no introduction to the magnificent princes of Valois.

The thought and quiet labor that were needed for the making of a book were wholly congenial to Christine, but the outside work connected with it, the rubbing against the world, was not so pleasant. In her "*Fais et Bonnes Meurs du Sage Roy Charles*"* she says that desiring certain information, she had diligently inquired of persons who were in positions to know the facts. Some responded willingly to her questions, "but others, judging perchance that it did not appertain to a simple woman devoid of all credit, to enregister the names of such high personages, did not deign to make her any answer." Poor thing! She might at least in those days of chivalry have received a polite refusal. This scornful reserve seems shocking to our wider humanity, but we had best not throw stones at that poor, misguided century, for we may find out that our own house is not rock-proof and have its sharp fabric crashing about our ears. Learned universities still refuse information to aspirants in petticoats. "We are very sorry, madame, but some man may want to marry you, and we are afraid if you know as much as he does you will not make him a good wife." Yet for this very history of Charles V. Christine had a high sanction ;

* *Le Livre des Fais et Bonnes du Sage Roy Charles V.* Michaud et Poujoulat.

and her happy little account of the affair gives a glimpse of the kind of success that rewarded an author in those days. No less a personage than the Duke of Burgundy had set her the task. On a first of January, then as now the day of presents in France, she had given to this great prince a poem she had lately written. Shortly afterward she was waited upon at her house by the duke's treasurer, who brought her word that his lord was much pleased with her poem, and wished her to undertake a work at his order. Delighted at her success, and wondering what the duke's commands would be, she summoned her people, for the proud little woman did not like to appear poor, and hastened to the Louvre. The duke received her graciously, and described the work he wished composed in honor of his brother.

With her poems and her histories in her hand, Christine went into the presence chambers of princes, and she had many a hard struggle to keep from appearing shabby in such high company. A man can wear a ragged coat with an air of bravado, especially in those dirty, picturesque centuries, and a hat that is the worse for sun and water may look quite well over a daring pair of mustachios, but a woman who looks needy loses attractiveness immediately. If she is right out-and-out poor it is different. King Cophetua fell in love with a beggar-maid, but no prince of a fairy-tale ever fell in love with a decayed gentlewoman. Christine appreciated the importance of clothes.

"Under a silk mantle lined with fur, and under a surcoat of scarlet, not often renewed but well kept, many a time I had great troubles, but it was not evident to the world

from my appearance or dress.”* The worst of it was when she was forced to borrow. “Dear Lord, how shamefacedly I blushed, no matter how intimate was the friend from whom I asked the loan !”

It would seem from these revelations that Christine was often embarrassed for money in spite of her busy pen, which ran off fifteen large works, not counting smaller poems, in the years between 1399 and 1405. Yet she managed to support her family and with a stern feminine heroism to keep up the respectability so dear to woman. She even found it in her heart to help others, and to provide for the dowry of a poor niece, as is shown by the register of the *Chambre des Comptes*.

“To Damselle Christine de Pisan, widow of Estienne de Castel, one hundred crowns in recompense of two books presented by her to my lord the Duke of Burgundy, of which one was ordered by my lord the late Duke of Burgundy, and the other, my lord desired ; the which books and others of her writings and lays my said lord finds very agreeable, and *also in compassion and in alms to employ in the marriage of a poor niece* whom she has married. By order of the said lord duke, at Paris, the 20 February, 1405.”

The record offers a fine comment on the relations of patrons and authors. The duke considered her books very agreeable, and he paid her more than he thought they were worth because she had a special use for the money. As it was not the custom for the author to demand a price, it was part of his business to arouse the patron's pity or good

* *Leben und Werke der Christine de Pisan*. Fr. Koch.

will. It is not probable that the Duke of Burgundy would have known about the poor niece if Christine had not represented the case to him ; in other words, requested assistance—plain English, begged. In its modern sense the word is too hard on the little authoress. No doubt she found this union of business and charity very galling, but *que faire ?* The world was composed of lords and retainers, perquisites and gifts stood in place of wages. If a duke went on a journey he asked the king to help him with his traveling expenses ; if a knight's lady expected a son, the interesting occasion was made the subject of a petition to a count. Life was intimate ; there was a give and take in men's relations with each other ; a youthful feeling abroad of ask for what you want ; every one was somebody's retainer, dependent, pensioner.

The making of a book was an expensive matter, and especially if it were intended for a noble lord, it must be handsomely gotten up. The money expended on its decoration seems out of all proportion to what was given for its composition, and the author shared his modest profits with a host of parchment workers, clerks, illuminators, binders, embroiderers, and goldsmiths. Men needed to be tempted by gold clasps to open a book, and to have their eyes amused by bright pictures and wonderful capitals to keep them awake while reading. Christine employed the best copyists and illuminators, and her manuscripts are among the richest and most artistic that are known to-day. A magnificent volume that she presented to the Duke of Berry, whom Dibdin calls a "tremendous bibliomaniac," contained one hundred and twenty-five miniatures, and was a kind of *édition de luxe* of

her collected poetical works, some of which the duke already owned. For this costly volume she received two hundred crowns. Another beautiful manuscript was prepared by her with great care and presented to Queen Isabella. On the second leaf is an illumination representing the authoress kneeling with her book before the queen. The details of the picture are pretty and interesting. The queen and her ladies, who are seated, wear the curious horned head-dress of the day, and Christine wears a simple, low-necked gown with hanging sleeves, and what appears to be a muslin veil draped high on her head. In another volume she is on her knees in a garden, offering a book to the Duke of Orleans, and again she is represented writing at an uncomfortable sloping desk, too small to support the elbows.

People did not rush so recklessly into authorship then as now ; some special preparation was considered necessary beside the formulation of a few doubts and the purchase of a bottle of ink. Christine had received an education far superior to what was usually given to either men or women, and she had all her life known books and loved them. It is probable that her father had a library, or, perhaps, as she was brought up at court, she made the acquaintance of her dear Latin authors in that beautiful Gothic room, paneled with carved cedar, where Charles V. kept his precious books, and where the light filtered through gorgeous-painted windows by day, and streamed by night from a silver lamp and thirty small chandeliers. She felt, however, that her education had not been sufficiently thorough, and went bravely through an appalling course of universal history, science, and literature before she considered herself fit

to undertake any serious work. Whether her method was judicious or not is doubtful. The Latin authors, having been invited into her mind, took possession of it ; the sage old Romans taught the sociable little widow to moralize and philosophize, and drew blue stockings on to her pretty, round ankles. Christine did not wear " her weight of learning lightly like a flower," she was oppressed by it, and the intricate Latin periods ringing in her ears spoiled her pretty French, with its naïve, clumsy attractiveness of youth. The beginning of the fifteenth century was any way a great time for pedantry, and that dreary, black King of Bores almost succeeded in choking all beauty out of literature. Christine's style is verbose, but it becomes agreeable when she forgets her dignity as an author, and appears as her natural self—bright, imaginative, and amiable. Her history lags when she " ransacks the ages and spoils the climes" for heroes with whom to compare Charles V. That good but not great king is shown to resemble the Emperor Trajan, to be strikingly like Scipio, to have inherited a virtue or two from Olovis, to rival the Saxon Alfred, and so on, until one feels that *le sage monarque* was but a poor borrower of other men's properties, with nothing original in him, a meaningless compound boasting " the pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the Victory, genius of Bismarck devising a plan," a kind of shapeless human being like Hamlet's cloud, " backed like a porpoise" and " very like a whale." But when she describes the pious king's death Christine becomes natural and touching. She had the account from a member of the royal household, and it had deeply impressed her simple religious heart.

The king sent for that holy relic which Frenchmen still revere, the Crown of Thorns of our Lord, and also for the coronation crown of France. The first he had placed before him, the latter beneath his feet. To the Crown of Thorns he prayed :

“ Oh precious Crown, diadem of our salvation, how sweet is the comfort thou givest by the mystery of our redemption, in which thou hadst a part ; may He by whose blood thou wast wet be gracious unto me, even as my spirit rejoices in thy holy presence !”

And afterward he turned his words to the crown of coronation :

“ Oh Crown of France, how precious art thou and yet how vile ; precious considering the mystery of justice contained in thee, but viler than all things considering the burden, labor, anguish, pain of heart and body, and peril of soul that thou givest to those who wear thee ; and who should well consider these things, would the rather leave thee lying in the mud than lift thee up to place thee on his head !”

It is, however, in her less serious works that Christine's style is best. She is happy when singing the pains and pleasures of love, the joyfulness of spring, the diversions of courtiers or of shepherds. She shows the genteel world of her day amusing itself. Social life was easy and unembarrassed, if a bit too impetuous and thoughtless ; entertainments were charmingly merry and informal. It was a gay, gallant society, and the main-spring of all its motion was love.

A happy party of young people started one spring morning on an expedition to Poissy.*

* *Le Livre du dît de Poissy. Œuvres Poétiques. Vol. II.*

As they rode along by the shining Seine their mantles were lifted by a "soft wind that opens buds," and they "*talked of the battles which often happen in love.*" The sun shone on the April flowers, the ground was "illuminated" with dew, making the green grass sparkle "to the delight of all hearts." Everything was so beautiful "*as to encourage lovers, and make them bold to love well.*" They saw shepherds twining wreaths and heard, as they passed through a forest, the nightingales singing, "*Kill, kill, the jealous one, for him there is no mercy within these glades,*" and they "never ceased to laugh and sing and jest and *talk of love.*" In the inn garden, where they had supper, they danced and sang and told stories of *faithful squires and false ladies*, or *vice versâ*. Nothing could be more blithely amorous, in spite of the long sufferings and the heartrending torments which the knights and ladies profess to have undergone from contrary fate or from the hardness of the loved ones.

It was a terrible passion, this love of the Middle Ages. The lovers tremble, change color, pine, and agonize while their cruel dames torture them, simply to test them, seven years of unrewarded devotion being not an uncommon demand. These Mediæval Werthers "pined and sighed and ogled" ever so much more vociferously than their descendants, and their passions "boiled and bubbled" with a wonderful sentimental sputtering, but they do not seem to have come to tragic ends, and a sarcastic bourgeois remarks in one of Christine's poems,* "that she has never yet heard where the cemetery is in which they are buried who die for love."

* Le Débat de deux Amants. Œuvres Poétiques. II.

The lovers kneel before their ladies and swear burning oaths ; they walk about the great dimly lit churches waiting for a veiled glance from Beauty's eye or a whiff of her favorite perfume ; they ride about the streets in cloaks gayly embroidered with romantic devices ; they inquire diligently where entertainments are to be held in hope of meeting their hearts' chosen queens.

One of the amusements of society was to discuss a delicate question of love, some such problem as De Musset poses in his highly polished comedies or Balzac dissects in "*La Duchesse de Langeais*." A congenial and intimate company is assembled, they have sung and danced and feasted, some one suggests a subject for conversation. "What is love ? Does honor come from it or shame ? Let every one tell what he knows. Is it an illness or perfect health ?"

Close the doors, come nearer together while the important theme is being discussed. The question is a tremendous one, modern society blushes at anything so personal. But the cavaliers and dames loved to argue these nice points, and they were most generous in adding to the common stock of facts from their own experience, not waiting to have the secrets of their hearts given to the world by a best friend.

Love played a great part in education. No one could be a perfect knight without being a lover.

"Know," said the Seigneur de Lalaing to his son Jacques, whom he was about to send out into the world, "that few noble men have attained the high virtue of prowess that have not been in love."

This was one of Christine's favorite doc-

trines. Love was the fountain of all manly virtues, and the source also of worldly honor. Love would make a youth bold, generous, and gay. He would be courteous to ladies, like the young Boucicaut who "served all, honored all, for love of one."

Holding this high opinion of love, it was natural that Christine should disapprove the most popular book of her day, the "*Roman de la Rose*," which degrades the sacred passion and brutally slanders women. She entered upon a crusade against this work, and denounced it boldly as "an exhortation of very abominable morals." Her attack started a perfect whirlwind of controversy, in which her opponents did not refrain from scandalously assailing her character. Among other things she was reproached for reading what she considered so vile, to which she replied with prim dignity, that she had passed very lightly over certain passages. She might have said, as did the people who went to the improper play, that it was only "to see if it really was." Christine had strong allies. The great Chancellor of the University, Gerson, declared that if he owned the only copy of the "*Roman de la Rose*" in existence, and that copy worth thousands, he would burn it up rather than give it again to the world; and like any advanced, nineteenth-century clergyman, he made the poem the subject of a sermon. In comparing Christine's works with those of her contemporaries, the purity and delicacy of her mind are conspicuous, and although her love poems and her relations with the Earl of Salisbury have been woven into a romance, there is nothing more distinct in her character than her rigid, admirable, and somewhat prudish virtue. The good creature was

so minutely careful of her reputation, that even at an imaginary interview with a knight in a poem she recorded that she had a chaperon, and in the position she assumed as a champion of her sex and a reformer of morals this flaunting personal correctness was no doubt necessary. There is something amusingly modern about Christine's character. Her patriotic fervor and her voluble sympathy for the oppressed remind one of Mrs. Browning, and her pedantry would have made a friend or a rival of Madame de Genlis. Christine led the attack against a popular romance, she vindicated the rights of her sex. If she were living to-day she would assist Dr. Parkhurst and Anthony Comstock, and be president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. But historical personages must not be removed from their surroundings. Human beings are kept by the muse in certain pens, and in thinking of Christine it must be remembered. She wore a queer head-dress, she went to tournaments, she lived in big houses with hardly any furniture, she knelt before a great many persons. She laid some letters she had written and received in the dispute about the "Roman" before Queen Isabella, begging her to pronounce in the matter, but unfortunately it is not recorded whether that shining exemplar of feminine virtue lent her prestige to the cause of morality or not. Probably she did, and the Duke of Orleans, too, and any one else to whom lip-respectability was especially necessary.

In her "Life of Charles V." Christine gives a golden description of his royal descendants, saving herself from the charge of flattery by explaining that the object of her book was to praise virtue and not to point

out or reprove vice. She was a stern upholder of authority, and did not consider it lawful to reprimand princes in public ; and so she did not mention that these noble branches of the fleur-de-lis, these gracious patrons of the arts and letters, were murderous, avaricious, sensual, treacherous, and revengeful. Her history, however, was written before the discords of the royal dukes had fostered and made conspicuous all their worst passions. The great quarrel of Orleans and Burgundy had not yet flared into open enmity. When the trouble came no one was more distressed than Christine. She had ever a noble soul above bread and cheese, and the woes of her adopted country afflicted her deeply. "Above every other grief we should bewail that of the Kingdom of France," she wrote, and she rushed into the arena to try if a woman's voice and tears could help to separate the passionate combatants. She wrote in turn to the Queen, to the Duke of Orleans, to the Duke of Berry, and to the Dauphin, beseeching them to take pity on the miseries of the country, to conciliate, to harden not their hearts, to give up dear revenge, to strive for peace.* It has been maintained that her ardent words had real effect, and there is a correspondence between the dates of her appeals and the dates of several patched-up reconciliations ; but at best her influence was only temporary, the two parties were never truly brought nearer together. It would have been hard for even a far stronger voice than her plaintive soprano to have made itself heard above the storm.

In spite of her historical studies Christine had a beautiful confidence in words. She be-

* *Essai sur les Écrits Politiques de Christine de Pisan.* R. Thomassy.

lieved that they could convert a sinner from the error of his ways, and for many years she preached hopefully her simple gospel of morality, industry, of Christian forbearance and philosophic resignation. In the Duke of Berry's library was a poem of Christine's in which there is a sharp bit of satire against the worship of riches.* No doubt the noble duke read and admired the clever lines, but not for them did he press out one drop of the blood the less from his poor subjects of Languedoc. Perhaps Christine gradually realized that matters were past her mending, for when the troubles of France became thickest, she stopped writing and retired to a convent to mourn. At last a great happiness came to her, as it did to her country, and before she died she beheld the new era and sang a joyous ode in honor of the virgin deliverer of France.

Christine's poetry is pretty, but other prettier poetry has been written since her day, and hers is to be prized chiefly because it is a quaint picture of life when the world was younger. Some things we love for the sake of "auld langsyne." But if not as an author, as a woman Christine was an innovator, and better than any one else does she show what a literary woman could do and be in the fifteenth century, for she was the first of her sex who in modern Europe dared to live by writing books. She did not claim any high rank as an author, but modestly and gracefully compared herself to "a little bell which rings with a clear voice," presuming even "to wake the wise and summon them to work."

EMILY B. STONE.

* *Le Chemin de Long Estude.* Pueschel.

THEOCRITUS.

Master of subtle measures, who hast wrought
Upon thy airy loom from Nature's skein
A fabric so exquisite, all ordain
Thee prince of country bards, divinely taught.

Through wood and field and vineyard thou hast sought
The fox and bird and bee, young Eros' bane,
The hearth, the pasture, market, bosky lane
Of Sicily are mirrored in thy thought.

Thy skies are ever radiant, and the breeze
Sweet-laden with a summer scent for thee.
Thy time not rugged, nor thy birth ill-starred,
Companion of the flowers, fields, and trees.
He trespassed not upon her mystery,
But painted Nature, sweet Sicilian bard !

BURTON M. BALCH.

THE END OF A BRIGAND.

The snows were melting on the uplands of the *Giul Dagh*, as was evidenced by the swollen streams that ran turbidly through the outskirts of the dirty townlet of *Kurk Pounar* (Forty Fountains)—a locality for which a better name, indeed, might have been *Kurk Khursus* (Forty Thieves). The buds were beginning to swell on the mulberry-trees, and on every side were tokens of returning life in field and vineyard, marking the advent of the gladder season of the Eastern year.

One man, however, in *Kurk Pounar* that beautiful spring morning was in decidedly ill humor, and that was "Baron" Avedis, the prosperous Armenian merchant, the richest trader in the bazaars, a leader in Gregorian ecclesiastical circles, and the owner of a silk mill situated in a hamlet over the mountains, but on whose heart that morning lay a cloud dark as the mists that still clung about the sharp summit of the *Giul Dagh*.

Baron Avedis's dejection arose from the fact that his Moslem "friend," Mehmet Bey, who was already indebted to him for a hundred *liras* worth of silks that had gone to adorn the persons of the Bey's feminine relatives, and also for sundry monetary accommodations of one kind or another not to be mentioned (to Mehmet Bey at least), had recently signified indirectly his desire to become further indebted to the merchant by the reception of the hand of the latter's fair daughter Aroosiag in marriage. Such an idea, however, could not be entertained by Baron Avedis for an instant, for the handsome Aroosiag was a Christian (a far better one, by the way, than her money-loving father) and

Mehmet was the worst kind of a Moslem, whose ancestral faith had not only approved of his putting out of the way various Christian dogs, but had also failed in a number of instances to exercise over the Bey a deterrent influence sufficiently strong to prevent his sending a few faithful followers of Islam the quicker to "Paradise." Moreover, had not the family of one of Avedis's brother merchants long ago sought to contract a matrimonial alliance with the rich trader's people, and was not young Baron Herant, a successful importer of Manchester, now on his way from England to claim his intended bride?

Yet that rascal Mehmet Bey had it in his power (by reason of official alliances) to make it very disagreeable for Avedis. The Armenian merchant had already enjoyed the privilege of boarding himself three months in prison because of a slight misunderstanding with Mehmet, whose right hand always lay close to the *Caimacam's* left (or rather to that of the middle man who received the Mayor's "presents" for him)—the said unpleasantness having arisen from the circumstance that Avedis had once very imprudently dunned Mehmet for these one hundred *liras*. And so the merchant entertained a feeling of wholesome respect for the sinewy Mehmet, who, while the winter snows were falling deep on the *Giul Dag*h, spent the short days and the long nights in town in the rôle of a plausible and much-salaaming Turkish gentleman of considerable leisure and somewhat expensive tastes; but who, when the roads became again fit for travel and adventure, became metamorphosed into a mountaineer of bold spirit, traditional depravity, and (in summer) always uncertain whereabouts.

These facts were well understood in the town of *Kurk Pounar*, although it is needless to say that, owing to the peculiar social conditions that obtain in Turkey, they were hardly open subjects for conversation in the bazaars and coffee-houses, since it would not have been at all conducive to the popular health to have enlarged upon them.

The impudence of that fellow Mehmet, indeed, knew no bounds—no, not even those of the local prison-pen itself, into which he had (for form's sake) once or twice been thrown, but where he never remained longer than a few weeks, inasmuch as the *Caimacam* and the Pasha of the district (with higher creditors at Stamboul pressing the latter) could not afford to have such an enterprising, well-paying brigand as Mehmet Bey waste too much of his valuable time in jail—unless it were possibly in the winter months, when Mehmet had not at a sufficiently lively rate “borrowed” bakhshish for the benefit of his hungry superiors.

Now, what made Baron Avedis so unhappy that particular spring morning was the fact that, after much mutual palavering, Mehmet Bey had but the night before, through a trusty Circassian (more trusted by Mehmet than by any one else), sent the merchant a peremptory message that if the flower-like Aroosiag were not permitted to wed him at once he would, “by the beard of the Prophet,” “the peaceful bosom of Abraham,” “the saintly endeavors of the *Becktashi* dervishes,” “the holy mantle of Muhammed treasured at Stamboul,” and other sanctities and relics celestial and terrestrial, see to it that before the approaching *Ramazan* the wooded slopes on the other side of the *Giul Dag* would be lighted

with the blazing of Avedis's silk mill—to say nothing just then of that old political account with the Government which Avedis had run up because the son of his aunt's third cousin had some time ago been discovered reading an English paper which the local censor at once condemned as being thoroughly unfit for pious Moslems or impious Armenians to peruse. The Circassian messenger added, on behalf of Mehmet, that the latter had "*bir kach sheyler*" ("a few things") to attend to out on the plain to the northward at *Ak Shehir* (White City); but that on his return to town shortly he would require the desired prize, or the Armenian dog must take the consequences. This reported itinerary, however, involved a slight inaccuracy of statement—as Mehmet, as a matter of fact, took up his journey soon after directly to the south, to the mountains, and not in the direction of White City.

Because of these perplexing circumstances it was that Baron Avedis was out of humor that April morning with Mehmet Bey, the *Caimacam* and the Pasha, his countrymen, himself, and even with poor Aroosiag, whose only fault was that she was beautiful—and lived in Turkey.

But Providence suddenly extricated Baron Avedis out of his difficulty. The ample *bakhshish* which Mehmet (just before his departure for the mountains) had dispatched to the fat old Pasha at White City had hardly reached that impecunious official when the Pasha himself was suddenly relieved by orders from Constantinople. A few extra men-of-war (and among them an American gunboat or two) had recently turned in past "Gib," or "the Rock," and had even dared to imperti-

nently cruise about in the north *Ægean*, synchronously with which event the various embassies had again urged their long-standing complaints against the fat old Pasha aforesaid, who was accordingly disciplined by the Porte by that popular Turkish method of removing him to a still more important post elsewhere. The old Pasha, however, did not at all trouble to send word of his departure to the Mehmet who had so assiduously helped to line his pockets, and the brigand was accordingly left to take his chances as best he might with that unknown quantity, the new Pasha.

Meanwhile Baron Avedis was trembling in his boots—or rather in his slippers. What could he do? Certainly not surrender his daughter to the villainous Mehmet. Yet he could not afford to lose his silk mill. And if he could but manage to reach the village in which the mill was situated possibly he might arrange with the “head man” of the place (who, though a Moslem, was a personal enemy of Mehmet’s) to protect his property.

But Avedis was no such fool as to seek to reach the mountain hamlet by the direct route through the hills; and so with Oriental cunning he took occasion to hint to a Turkish neighbor that he would on such and such a day and by a particular road proceed to the vicinity of the silk mill, enjoining upon the Turk to maintain entire secrecy as to the project, well knowing all the while that the fellow would speedily make an opportunity to forward the news to the brigand in the mountains. But when Avedis actually set out he took a road which led in exactly the opposite direction, and only after a long detour reached his mill.

Meanwhile the new Pasha, an energetic

young fellow fresh from the schools of Europe, with certain clearly defined views as to governmental policy, had established himself in White City—the capital of the province—and organized a small force of trusty agents of different nationalities who could be depended upon to supplement the brains and brawn of the soldiery and police and report confidentially any of their failures to do the things that the Pasha wanted done. Among these secret service men was a wily Greek, Kyrie Stephanos, who, in the interests of the Government (or at least of the new Pasha), soon found himself frequenting the coffee-rooms of *Kurk Pounar*. And so it came about quite incidentally that Kyrie Stephanos became possessed of the piece of information communicated by Baron Avedis to his tricky Turkish neighbor, suspected a hair in that dish of *pilaf*, and resolved that he himself (with a few gendarmes following at a distance) would sally forth along that road that day, on the well-known Turkish principle “*Bakallum !* Let us see !”

Over the bold uplands of the *Giul Dagh* the sun had risen high on the day on which Baron Avedis had said that he would ride over the mountains, when a couple of horsemen rapidly approached the foot-hills of the range, in a narrow defile of which, crouching in the bushes bordering the rough road, a dozen gaudily attired Turks of hangdog visage were established, waiting for something to transpire. Their conversation turned on the relative merits and original sources of the guns they held in their hands.

“By what *satanluk* was your rifle brought into being ?” asked the leader of the gang, readily recognizable as the notorious Mehmet,

of a younger Turk who toyed with a fine Martini.

"From a Frenchman on a *chiftlik* the shining jewel I bought!" replied the man addressed, in the curious inverted style of the Turkish.

"And where did *your* foreign-made beauty come from?" was then asked of the first speaker.

"Oh, an Englishman had no more use for it, and—and—it came to me!" replied the murderous villain, whom six embassies had again and again urged the Porte to apprehend.

"And as *kuomet* was, my Winchester I found at—" began a third speaker, when suddenly all relapsed into silence at a quick sign from the leader, whom they followed into the middle of the road, down which a dozen rifles were soon looking. Presently two travelers leisurely rode into view. "*Teslim ol!*" ("Submit!") cried Mehmet, while a warning wayward shot from his rifle accentuated his brisk demand. And surrender the travelers very speedily did.

But while the other highwaymen were well satisfied with their prizes, Mehmet, the leader, frowned. Neither of the captives was Baron Avedis. Mehmet, however, attempted to be philosophical, observing nonchalantly: "*Bir shey deyil!*" (It is nothing!) A rose is as fair as a lily. Two sheep are worth a calf. The game we have snared is as good as the game we were after!"

But Mehmet Bey was on this occasion more philosophical than exact. The rose Kyrie Stephanos was not as fair as the lily Avedis. And the rose proved to have thorns, which cut to the quick him who seized them. But for

a season Mehmet exulted in the beauty of the rose. The Greek was carefully secured, while his companion was sent off immediately in the direction of *Kurk Pounar* to procure the three thousand *liras* demanded as a ransom for the captive. The brigands themselves then made their way (taking the Greek with them) to the fastnesses of the upper hills.

But for once *kismet* failed Mehmet Bey. The brigands were speedily overtaken by a band of *zaptiehs*, led by a gray-headed old Turk who had dared almost a whole Russian regiment at Plevna, and after a brisk little scrimmage were all either killed or captured. As for Mehmet, he had stubbornly stood his ground, loading and firing his rifle until his right arm was shattered, and he himself thereupon was easily overpowered and handcuffed. Then he was roped to the saddle of one of the *zaptiehs* and hustled off, wounded and weak from loss of blood, down in the direction of White City on the seaboard, urged on meanwhile to more vigorous pedestrian exertions by frequent proddings from the sabre point of the *zaptieh* riding just behind.

"Take care of that devil Mehmet!" were the laconic orders of the new Pasha at White City, when the result of the raid after the brigandish crew was announced to that official, as he sipped his coffee in the ramshackle old government *konak*.

Out over the moonlit waters of a gulf which deeply indentates the shores of the fair *Ægean* an Austrian Lloydier was gliding seaward late of a night not long after the occurrence of the events leading up to the capture of Mehmet. The after promenade-deck of the graceful steamer was deserted by all passengers save

two, whose peculiar dark-hued physiognomy would have clearly marked them anywhere as Armenians. The man, who was evidently quite accustomed to routes and voyagings, was pointing out to his girlish companion, whom he called his "honey-sweet wife" Aroosiag, the dimly discernible historic features of the hill-girt harbor. The two stopped in their promenade to admire the brilliance of the moonlight weirdly silvering the distant sunmits of the *Giul Dagh*, when suddenly, just astern of them, out into the bright path of the waters behind, there shot a launch, which for a moment or two tossed on the billows of the wake as the Austrian Lloyder slowed up to allow a Levantine sailing-craft ahead to cross its bows. Something in the actions of the crew of the launch made the Armenians strangely curious.

"Look ! look !" cried Herant excitedly. "*Chok shey !* What are they doing ?"

Over the waters there came a muffled cry, and a dark object, which looked at that distance like a bale of goods, was thrown into the sea.

The next instant the big screw of the Austrian steamship began doggedly churning the waters again, and the launch was soon lost to view.

Startled, almost overcome by the suddenness and horrid suggestion of the vision, the young Armenians turned away. They well enough understood that a tragedy had been enacted of which no Eastern journals would ever tell ; but they did not know that the burden kicked into the sea was the breathing body of the brigand—Mehmet.

CHARLES D. DEVON.

A DAY IN THE DARDANELLES—THE MOST FAMOUS SWIMMING POINT IN THE WORLD.

It was early in the morning, on a still, quiet Sunday at the end of April, that our ship, crossing the *Ægean* Sea, entered that famous stream of water known as the Dardanelles. As we entered between high banks, on both sides bristling with modern forts, and picturesque with the disused old stone castle-forts of the past, the speed of our boat was slackened, and we steamed gently against the swift current during its whole length of forty-seven miles.

In some places the hills on the shores were so far away across the water as to be almost out of sight in the dim haze of half-clouded sunshine, at other points they closed in upon us suddenly, in the narrowest part not being one mile apart.

If we had not known this was the far-famed strait of Oriental history, uniting the two seas of *Ægean* and *Marmora*, we might have believed ourselves steaming up some well-fortified river, widening and bending and curving between its high banks. We stood on deck in the balmy air and gazed with intense interest at the warlike landscape bordering the stream.

The hills, bare of foliage, were clothed in rosy haze, which in the hollows took on deep bluish tints. Out of these shone the mellow tints of old stone fortress walls, picturesque battlements, and great towers of defense.

The mellow old forts of ancient times seemed mostly to cluster close to the water's edge, while the less picturesque modern forts are

built behind them on the hills above. To our untutored eyes the great guns of the old defenses were much more formidable in appearance than those of the modern forts, and it was something of a shock to be told that in a war of to-day these huge bronze guns with their great stone shot would be almost useless.

The constant sound of bugle calls came to us musically over the water. From battlement and tower waved the gay flags of Turkey, and strutting along the ramparts were trim little Turkish soldiers. These signals of war gave some of the timid ones a feeling of alarm lest the papers permitting our vessel to pass had not been properly made out.

"There is no doubt about your flag, is there, captain?" asked one of these. "I feel as if the muzzles of those guns are searching my very soul. No sooner are we out of range of one row than we are passing another. Are we never to get out of sight of them?"

"Never fear, madame," answered the captain; "my passports are all right, and I shall get you safely through before the sunset gun fires."

"Before the sunset gun fires! What will the sunset gun do to us?"

"Do? It will keep us in the Dardanelles all night," laughed the captain. "No vessel passes the sharp Turkish vision after sunset. I remember once," he added retrospectively, "I was just upon the line passing into Marmora when the sunset signal came booming over the water. I considered I had a right to keep on, being so near, you see—anxious to get to Constantinople the next morning, you know; so we put on all steam and prepared to cross the line. The Turks are dirty creatures. They like to show authority.

They fired upon me. Of course I stopped then. There was no harm done. It was only to warn me."

"Oh, captain, you will not try that to-day!" said the frightened lady.

"No, indeed, madam; I'll never do that again. Trust me," and he walked away laughing.

At the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, off the town of that name called by the Turks Charnek-Kelesi, our ship stopped for several hours, and descending into small boats, we went ashore.

What thoughts crowded upon our memories here! We were in the Hellespont of history. We were gliding over the same path that Leander swam to meet his love. We were crossing the same track where Xerxes once laid his bridge of boats. We were passing over the same water route taken by Alexander the Great. We were crossing the waves at the point where Lord Byron had swam.

I raised my eyes, and there on the shore was a sign in large letters, "Hotel Hellespont." That prosaic signboard with its magic letters did more than all else in making me realize that we were here upon the true historic spot.

Unlike Leander, no beautiful maiden met us on the shore, but instead a swarm of swarthy red-fezzed Greeks gathered around us. They held out great pottery jars and vases for us to buy. These were glazed with dark paint and daubed with bright, coarse flowers, the whole glossed over with a high degree of polish. The manufacture of these pottery vessels is one of the industries of the place.

Charnek-Kelesi, or Dardanelles, is famous

also for its delicious curds. Men crowded about offering us this delicacy in little pottery bowls. It is made of curded ewe's milk, and proved to be of the excellent flavor claimed for it.

The town itself is not different from most of the towns along the coast of Asia Minor. It is to the great fortresses near it that it owes its name and fame. These two are the most important of all the forts in the Dardanelles. Charnek-Kelesi, the old castle of Anatolia, is on the Asian side, and opposite is Kilid-Balir, the old castle of Roumelia.

This point is the real key to the Hellespont, erroneously called the Dardanelles. The name Dardanelles belongs only to the fortifications above, and was bestowed upon these far back in the misty past, in honor of Dardanus, who settled here and founded a little fortified kingdom of his own.

Leander was not the first to swim across this most dangerous and celebrated "swimming point" in all the world. Dardanus was before him. Long before Troy was founded young Dardanus left his little island home near the entrance of the Hellespont, in the Ægean Sea, and swam on an inflated skin to this point in the Narrows. At that time and for long after the strait was known only by the name of the mythological maiden, "Helle." But in these modern times, for no reason that I could learn, the name of Dardanus clings to it.

Dardanus brought the religion of Samothrace, his island home, with him, and where we were now standing the spot once echoed to the mysterious orgies of the Cabiri worship.

Later in the day we steamed slowly past

the sites of Sestos and Abydos, the ancient towns, so associated with Hero and Leander. They lie opposite each other, a little north of the town of Dardanelles.

How that little love-story has appealed to lovers for all time ! That "all the world loves a lover" was fully proven in our party by the straining glances cast from the ship's deck in the direction of these romantic shores. It was to the site of Sestos where Hero lived that we looked with most interest, for it is here that the real action of the story takes place.

"And that was Sestos, where she lived," said one. "And over here, opposite, was Abydos, where he lived, poor chap !" said another. And then the men gave calculating glances at the flood beneath, and measured the distance across with their eyes, and the women gazed toward the shores and sighed, as if the tale had been but yesterday.

Back rushed upon us our dull historical studies at school. The handsome youth of Abydos going nonchalantly over to Sestos to a festival one day to meet his fate ! The girl he saw there was beautiful, and he loved her at first sight. He declared his love, and found that she returned it, but at the same moment came a horrible discovery. She was a priestess, given over to guard the Temple of Venus, and she could never marry.

She could not marry, she told him, but she could give him clandestine meetings. That no one should ever know, these meetings must be after the darkness of night had set in. But how, then, would he cross over the Hellespont ? Even his boat might be discovered. We can imagine the young fellow scorning the mention of a boat, and declaring that it would be nothing to swim over.

Thus it was arranged, and every night the girl on the shore here at Sestos placed a lighted lamp in the tower of her dwelling, by which to light her lover over the swift waves. And every night he emerged dripping from the water and held her in his arms.

One night a high wind rushed down through the Hellespont, and the current ran at four and a half miles an hour. Hero, straining her eyes toward the water, did not perceive that the light in the tower had been blown out by the gale of wind. All night she waited for him, but her lover did not emerge from the waves. When morning broke a terrible object was washed in at her feet. It was the drowned body of Leander.

A modern maiden might have wept bitterly for a few weeks, and then have dried her eyes and forgotten. Not so this high-strung girl of ancient times. She uttered one piercing scream, and without hesitation threw herself into the flood to perish in the same manner as had her lover.

So we gazed and gazed at this tragic spot in the Hellespont until the hazy light closed it in, and our ship's progress shut it out forevermore.

Let us look now at the difficulty of Leander's swimming feat, which has made this spot the envy and desire of bold swimmers the world over. A skilful swimmer might consider as nothing a swim across a river of less than a mile in width, even against a tolerably strong current. And this Hellespont crossing looks not more than this ; one can see plainly from shore to shore.

But it must be remembered that this apparently easy stream is not a river, but a rushing flood of from 180 to 300 feet deep, which

carries the waters of one sea down into another. Above the Sea of Marmora, which flows into the Hellespont on the north, is the Black Sea, with its immense drainage area of Russia and the Danube countries. In the winter, when these streams of the north are frozen in, the current of the Hellespont runs not more than from one to two miles an hour ; but in the spring and early summer much of the enormous body of water from the melting snows of the north comes rushing down through the Sea of Marmora, and is squeezed through the comparatively narrow passage of the Hellespont.

Thus, always a dangerous body of water over which to swim, the Hellespont becomes more so at these seasons. It is this ever-present peril of the undertaking which prompted that earliest swimmer, Dardanus, to aid his passage by the inflated skin of an animal. It is this which has made Leander's story remembered, not only for its romance of love, but for its bravery of deed. It is this which made the dashing young Lord Byron try his skill in swimming over the same spot. And it is this which makes every college athletic youth who passes through the Dardanelles look down from his ship's deck at the swift waves, and wonder whether he, too, could swim across them.

ELEANOR HODGENS.

INSTEAD . OF CLUBS—AT A NEW
ENGLAND COLLEGE.*

"Hallo, boys!" calls a breezy voice at the doorway.

"Well, I swear, Harry, where on earth did you drop from?" and the dignified senior at the head of the long dining-table lets fall his knife and fork, makes a dive for the hall, catches the visitor's hand in both his own with a hearty grip, and brings him in amid a chorus of welcomes, which does not subside until he has shaken hands with every one in the room, from the dignified senior and his dignified fellow-seniors down to the rosy-cheeked little freshman initiated last week. Then the place of honor is set for the newcomer, and he sits down to a bountiful meal with the rest, talking between bites of all that has happened to him since his last visit, and wanting to know "how things are at the house," and in college in general.

"Is your bag down-stairs, Harry? I'll tell one of the freshmen to carry it into my room; you're going to sleep there. Come on down and have a smoke, and we'll talk things over. You haven't been up here for an age."

And so Mr. Harry Adams, '92, saunters down the wide staircase with his arm over the senior's shoulder, stretches himself at ease on the window-seat of the sunny study, and puffs at a pipe as he watches a half dozen of the boys tossing a football on the lawn outside.

* See the article "Instead of Fraternities at Princeton," by J. L. Williams, of Princeton, in the January BACHELOR OF ARTS, 1896.

It is home again, and this particular young man would work all summer in the hot city to get a few days of vacation after college opens in the autumn, when the woods are just beginning to show signs of their dying splendor and the crisp air is like wine. Know the fellows? Why, he has been out of college only a little over three years, and hasn't he been back every Commencement since, and in the fall, too? And he loves to surprise his friends in just this way when he can.

Fraternities, or societies, as they are more often called in this locality, are an established feature of the academic life in this New England town, and are nearly as old as the college itself. When the grandfathers of the present generation of college students were undergraduates, the first secret society made its appearance here, and was soon followed by others. The early members were men of high scholarship and standing, and chose their associates with care.

The somewhat exclusive character of the societies, however, and the secrecy of their proceedings—meetings being held when and where none but the initiated knew—was a new thing, and naturally aroused some opposition on the part of both faculty and students. For some years the rivalry was strong, but gradually the humanizing influence of the societies made itself felt, the increasing number of chapters brought to a larger proportion of the students the opportunity of membership, and to-day they form the principal factor in the social life of the college community.

The passing of the years gave to the societies not only added prestige in the student world, but a growing list of alumni, whose love for their chapters was evidenced in mate-

rial ways. The solemn meetings and delicious midnight revelries that at first took place in garrets or in the rooms of members were transferred to more abiding homes. Houses were hired where some of the society men—properly upper classmen—had their rooms; in time these homes were bought outright; and then came the era of lodge-building, which has graced the wide, elm-shadowed street during the last twenty years with substantial and elegant mansions, each one the home of a genial spirit of brotherhood, the college quarters of a half-dozen favored students, and the common center for a score or so in all.

The societies are doing away, year by year, with the feeling of class distinction. To be sure, this is against the traditions of college life, and grates hard on the dignity of the recent graduates, but the older heads do not mind it, and see in it only a larger opportunity for pleasant comradeship, and it often happens that a man finds his dearest friends in other classes than his own. And it is in his society, in almost every case, that he finds the intimates of his college life, and of his after life as well. All conditions favor this result. Introduced as a brother, thrown into close contact every day with men who have chosen him to be one of their number because he is congenial to them, four years in college seem to him four years of life *in his society*. He looks back not so much at the classes that have come and gone, as at the men from each class whom he has known more intimately than any on earth—the men of his own society. True, some will say, but is not this narrowing? Is a man to ignore all the rest of the men in college but those of his own particular circle? By no means. The strong

man in the society is the strong man in the college as well, but the society connection is much nearer and dearer than the class or college tie. A student has his life in the college to live ; he is thrown—in a small community like the one here described—with almost every man in college, at one time or another, works for his class and for his college, and carries with him a lasting regard to both, but neither can give him that “warming of the cockles of the heart,” or the welcome home that his society holds for him whenever his steps turn back from the busy world to the scenes of his happiest days.

And as to the life they lead in these homes. Well, every society man will tell of it for himself, according to conditions. In the first place, there is constant and close association. Most of the older societies have meals served in their own houses, and this brings the chapter together three times a day in the big dining-room. Breakfast is usually a disorderly affair, for where is the college whose students rise at a regular hour and eat their breakfast with decorum ? There are always one or two habitual late-comers, who arrive panting for breath, struggle for a minute or two with a plate of oatmeal and a cup of coffee, and are off for chapel, while the “twos” are ringing. Toward one o’clock the men come sauntering in from recitations for the midday meal, and again at night the society is at home, and the cosy rooms are full of smoke and laughter, until the underclassmen go back to their rooms for study, and the occupants of the lodge settle down to work, too.

If it be summer, the chapter congregates on the veranda after supper, and before long will be heard the notes of one of its familiar songs.

The singing is one of the most delightful features of fraternity life, and a fraternity college is bound to be a singing college as well. Every fraternity has a host of songs, written at various times within the last half century, set to the simplest and dearest airs, and expressive of the deep affection of their authors.

“ Banish earthly cares and pleasures,
Friendship's full, harmonious measures
Sound forever sweet and strong.”

Saturday nights are “ off nights ” for work, and there is generally something going on at the house in the way of a “ spread ” or a “ sing. ” On Sundays an air of quiet reigns. After a morning half spent in bed, the studious patronize window-seats and easy-chairs and bury themselves in books, while the more active go out for a five-mile walk over the hills until time for evening chapel.

Then there is the secret side of it. There is literary work, and good work at that, brought about by the societies. It was not so many years ago that a student told his professor that his society had done more for him than his college course in literary training ; and there are mysteries, dread and real, which are called nonsense by the uninitiated, but which, nevertheless, seem to have a charm that brings many a wise man many a mile to be within its reach. But we tread upon dangerous ground.

It is not all plain sailing for these happy-go-lucky collegians. There are various responsibilities. There is the housekeeping to look after, servants to superintend, grounds to be kept in order, and, perhaps the hardest work of all, new men to be secured from each incoming class. This last task engrosses more

or less time and thought all the year round, but reaches its crisis at the closing and re-opening of college, in June and September, when the sub-freshmen come up for examinations, and the societies are alive with excitement. Of course many men come to college with their minds already disposed to some fraternity connection, through relationship or strong influence, and it only remains for such to prove themselves worthy of an election to the society of their choice to settle the question at once. Others are unprejudiced, or strive to think themselves so, and find their fate only after a long struggle, in which the elements are the eligibility of the man, the preferences of the societies, and the diplomatic skill and energy of several experienced "rushers." The problem usually works itself out in the satisfactory disposing of the men who care to join a society in the places where they are most delighted to be. Commencement "rushing" is soon over, but it is hot while it lasts. The fall campaign, however, holds on for weeks, and not until well on into October does the smoke of conflict clear away. It is, after all, a good-natured rivalry, in which courtesy is the rule, and, to tell the truth, an able and successful "rusher" is no mean man, but one who will be likely to bring men to his way of thinking in the world with as much success as he has shown in the smaller sphere of college life. As an alumnus was once heard to say, in substance, "We are 'rushing' men in one way or another, all our lives."

Commencement is the gala season for the societies. A day or two before the round of gayeties begins the town is filled with guests. On the porch of every lodge may be seen

groups of alumni smoking and gossiping in easy-chairs ; while now and then the sacred precincts are invaded by a troop of laughing girls, who have come over with their mothers to go through the house with a senior, sedate in cap and gown. Every house is in the best of order, floors polished, papers shoved out of sight, and text-books arranged in impressive rows. Afternoon tea-cups clink in the studies, and, perhaps, on one night, a general reception is given, for which the house is thrown open to its fullest extent, platforms are built over the lawn and enclosed with tenting, and the music plays enticingly until three or four in the morning. Last of all in Commencement week come the reunions of the different societies, where twenty, or forty, or fifty hilarious alumni and undergraduates meet in grand good fellowship, and part not till the day is wide awake, when the sleepy belles across the street are wakened by the strains of a serenade under their windows. Oh, happy time of boyish enthusiasm, when the gray-headed graduate of '45 walks arm-in-arm with the junior, and cares not whether his bed-hour be nine o'clock at night or in the morning !

And so it goes with the undergraduates. For four years at least they should be happy. But the best of the college society is that its life is not confined within the narrow precincts of the college halls. Every man takes with him his fraternity spirit and fraternity love as it abode in him at his departure. In the world he finds many a brother who has gone before him, from his own Alma Mater and other Alma Maters, too, where chapters of his order have been founded. In the large cities he may find a fraternity club waiting to

welcome him, while all the time affection tugs at his heart-strings, and he wishes himself back in the dear old house again with the boys whom he knew so well. What wonder that the alumni care for the interests of their societies? or that men of three-score years and ten carry their badges as they did when they were two-and-twenty? What wonder that there is always a seat at the table for the unexpected guest, who wanders into town in a day of leisure, and finds his way without loss of time to the old home? And that almost every year the gates of a society swing open to receive a nephew, cousin, son, or perhaps a grandson of an earlier member, who comes up, you may be sure, to witness the induction of his successor?

True, this is fraternity life at its best. Like other elements of human society, it does not always reach the limits of its possibilities. The prosperity of the Greek letter societies in a college is in some measure dependent upon the prosperity of the college itself. If it flourishes and attracts numbers of students, the societies are quickened throughout in spirit and numbers. If it falls off, the societies suffer accordingly. If vice enter into the college life, it enters the societies at the same time, and so it is with any power for good.

In another way, however, the societies make or unmake themselves. Each has a distinctive character of its own, outlined, it may be, in its articles of organization, handed down and observed from generation to generation, and this ideal character must stimulate endeavor toward living up to it. Hence in the dark days of the history of a society there will always be found some strong spirits to stand up for the right, alumni rally to the

support of the traditions of their order, enthusiasm is quickened, and the danger is averted. There is a fine loyalty in these societies, a regard for manliness and virtue, a general bond of fellowship that is one of the best things in the world. And, take them all in all, old and young, large and small, North, South, East, and West, they make toward betterment in morals and manners, broadening of tastes and sympathies, education of the mind, and, above all, of the heart. Long life to them, and may each remember the purpose of its founders and make its friendships strong and true !

“ Well, boys, one more good old song, and I guess I’ll turn in, if it *is* Saturday night. I tell you this will last me a year. Strike up, choragus !”

The song is sung, the crowd has broken up with a merry, “ See you in the morning, Harry ; good-night !” and the alumnus of ’92 sinks into bed, with a bit of Shakespeare running in his head, which he has in his room at home pasted under a picture of the boys :

“ I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb’ring my good friends.”

TALCOTT MINER BANKS.

IN SPRING.

I.

When through green lanes I go
In meditation still,
When the May-blossoms blow
Like wind-bedriven snow
Upon the pastured hill,
So many thousand things
Come whirling in my brain—
Some that the fragrance brings
Are half-forgotten things,
That violet and clover, and all the new-born train
Bring back to life again.

II.

But more are only dreams,
White-mantled shapes that come
Only half-visible
From their sleep-entered home.
That pass, I know not how,
And on my brow
Press their warm fingers,
And with wavering gleams
Troop by into the past,
Nor prayer nor vow
Maketh them more than dreams.

ROBERT L. MUNGER.

THE TRIALS OF ENGLISH MORALISTS.

It is extraordinary with what avidity the people of this country read the philosophical and semi-philosophical books of Englishmen, and how little of this sort of work is done here.

Why is it that we afford so good a market for the ethical theories of a Spencer or a Huxley, or those of the Mallocks, Kidds, Stephens, Drummonds, Balfours, and Dukes of Argyll?

The reason, I think, is because while we have a very good practical theory of our own, our general ideas of life are so inconsistent with each other that we can make nothing out of them ourselves; but we are full of hopes that we may find some one who has hit upon something that will satisfy us. If I speak of the American people, it is not because they are in any different case from the people of the rest of the world except in this, that the bulk of the people of other countries do not read any books of this kind, while our people read them to a surprising extent; or, if they do not always read the books themselves, they get criticisms and discussions of the subject-matter in all their family papers, and they think about these questions. We are invariably disappointed. Reconciliation after reconciliation is turned out, and we listen to them with patience and outward respect, and keep on conducting our own affairs in our own way.

The time has not yet come for the American student of humanity to put into words the actual practical working morality of our people with any hope of approval. His statements would be challenged right and left on

the ground that they were neither true in themselves nor generally accepted ; so this part of the subject must be left to the future. We can, however, give some reasons why the teachings we get from abroad do not suit us.

Till within a few years we were assured that right and wrong had nothing to do with the result of actions, but, as at least one modern moralist still insists, were right and wrong by divine or spiritual enactment outside of and independent of any other cause whatever.

Most of our teachers have now, for one reason or another, come to recognize, what men whose business it was to act rather than to think have always assumed, that conduct is ultimately to be judged by its effect—on somebody ; and one of their great advances is that they have cast about to find out who that somebody shall be. As a matter of fact, they have hit upon "the human race," and they are now telling us how we ought to conduct ourselves in order to bring about the good of that body. Their unanimity in the choice of this criterion is surprising. There is not a man among them who is not satisfied with this comprehensive and dignified phrase.

It seems to them to fill all the requirements of a solid basis for a rational system of ethics. It is not local nor low minded ; on the contrary, it is broad, elevated, disinterested, and apparently practical. An outsider may also add that it has an unlimited capacity for accommodating all comers, whatever their theories may be.

They have taken their suggestions from the modern theories of organic evolution, and have applied them to the human species. They have re-examined biology and history in the light of these theories, and they are now

giving us their results. They find that the human race progresses and evolves according to laws, and on their understanding of what these laws have been they offer us a number of suggestions as to what our behavior ought to be.

In one respect they are for the most part agreed, in that they have dropped certain notions that played a great part in the teachings of the Church, notably that a man should devote himself to the good of his neighbor ; and for this also they have substituted the idea that every one should act for the good of the human race.

It appears, accordingly, that neither my neighbor nor I are of much account except as " factors " in the social evolution that is going on, and that what we have to do is to put ourselves in line with this evolution and help it forward.

Up to this point all is well ; but just here all unanimity of opinion comes to an abrupt end.

For, according to some, the struggle for existence is still going on in civilized society, while, according to others, its place has been taken by a struggle for more favorable existence, which is a very different thing. According to some, again, we shall assist matters by falling in with the so-called " cosmic process ; " according to others, that process should be opposed. One tells us that the world is a garden in which horticultural methods should be employed. Society is a patch of cultivated ground in the jungle of nature. We must tend the flowers and useful plants, but the weeds and the trespassers must be kept out. One counsels late and prudent marriages and deprecates early and improvident matings.

He is answered by still another, who suggests that if the prudent refrain while the imprudent do not, the thriftless will out-populate the thrifty ; while a third puts in a word to plead that, prudent or imprudent, the more the merrier ; for numbers, says he, create struggle, and the fiercer the struggle the more thoroughly will the weak be sifted out and the finer will the intelligence and efficiency of humanity become, until presumably only a Rhodes can make a living and only a Thackeray get into print.

Certainly there is here no lack of choice, and we may well be thought fastidious if we cannot find anything to suit us ; yet such is the case, since we must decline to accept the main proposition. For we deny that we owe any duty to the human race or to posterity, and we declare that we care nothing about the good of it ; moreover, we are fully satisfied that in spite of all they may say to the contrary, these professional moralists are in precisely the same case.

In the first place, it seems to us, upon consideration, that the standard of good behavior which they have selected to replace the will of God is quite as arbitrary as that which it has superseded. We are convinced not only that it is merely a selected standard, not a real one, but, what is worse, that it has been taken without regard to certain obvious facts which show it to be not only fictitious and arbitrary, but absurd. We are of opinion that it is nothing more than a well-sounding but meaningless phrase pitched upon because it was obvious ; because it came conveniently to hand, and because it offered an opportunity for the preservation of a multitude of altruistic and sacrificial notions which had got so firm a hold

on the tradition of academic ethics that they could not be shaken off.

Let us look at the proposition without sentimentality. We are told, in one way or another, that we must endeavor to preserve the forces that compel men to sacrifice themselves to the good of the race, under an order of social progress which, it is said, is operating largely in the interests of future generations. Very good ; but suppose the intended sacrificial victim adopts a line of argument to this effect :

It is true that by living in this society, or in any society, I may not do all the things that I can do ; but I can nevertheless do many things in peace and comfort, which, without it, I should be able to do only in fear and trembling if I did them at all. Whether I am here by evolution or by contract, when I look about and compare myself with a terrified nomad like Abraham, I conclude that society is, on the whole, a benefit to me in almost every respect. I expect and intend to get a *quid pro quo* for any liberty I may resign, and I keep a sharp lookout upon my contemporaries, lest the *quid* which I give should remain or become larger than the *quid* that I receive. I am continually finding inequalities and having them rectified. I did this in the matter of status, and I am thinking seriously of taking up the inequalities that arise out of contract. I am always glad to be told when and how I fail to get my fair share.

If, now, you tell me that in all or any of this I am subordinating myself to a process of social order in which, since it is to be for the good of future generations, I have no personal stake, I reply that if there be such an order, and if this be really my relation to it,

I am only too glad to be of use, incidentally, to something I know nothing about. What I do, I do for a society of which I know something, and I get the benefit of my contributions. Whatever I may do for this unknown social order must be purely incidental, just as my assistance to the shoe trade is incidental when I buy a pair of shoes. About the shoe trade I care nothing whatever personally, but I do not question the authority which compels me to assist it. That authority is walking friction, and my assistance is my wish to be shod.

But if any one tells me that it is my duty to assist commerce by buying something I do not want, I reply that there is no such duty, since commerce is merely the result of an endeavor to supply individual wants ; and if any one tells me that it is my duty to assist a social process, I say also that there is no such duty, since any such process can be nothing more than the result of an endeavor on the part of human beings to live their individual lives.

In the second place, the victim may continue. Why be unjust enough to subordinate one generation to another ? Is not this generation after all a generation of men, and is it not entitled to get its full percentage of good out of its stay on the earth if it can ? Why is an unborn generation more valuable than this one ? How do you know there will be any future generations ? Again, you cannot answer me the simplest concrete question without bringing in the needs and interests of my own family or of the generation that now is. On that basis you may be able to tell whether I shall do well to have two or three children whom I can support and educate, or ten whom

I cannot, yet which of the two plans would be good for the race and why—you cannot tell. The best you can do is to lose yourself in doubtful applications of half-developed biological theories.

As for molding my actions, therefore, on the supposed good of generations yet unborn, I should consider it the height of folly, not to say impudence on my part, seeing that I do not know their conditions nor what will help them and what hinder.

But apart from this, the future of the race may lie in the hands of the Romans, and I am a Greek. It may lie in the hands of the barbarians, but I am a Roman. It may lie in the hands of the Mongolians, but I prefer to uphold the supremacy of the white race in spite of destiny. It may lie in the hands of the socialists, but I propose to battle for individual freedom in the teeth of fate. Not only shall I refuse, on the grounds that I know nothing about them to consider the good of the human race, but I shall insist that I am myself an influence upon what they are going to get, and I intend to impose my own desires and my own individuality on the incidental structure of which I form a part, and future generations will have to take the world as I leave it for them and make the best of it.

Does not each generation, as a matter of fact, suit its own convenience? Do we not annihilate the most effective selective agencies, the zymotic diseases, and protect ourselves against the microbe, and so, on one theory, perpetuate the weak, who would otherwise be cut off? And do we not, on the other hand, resolutely oppose the abolition of liquor, and so permit another most effective

destroyer of weakness to continue its work of decimating the population ?

These are but two cases, yet they show clearly that, on the whole, each generation suits itself. We do not like to die of small-pox, and we do like to drink ; so we vaccinate and distil without taking future generations into any kind of account.

If this answer were not enough, the intended victim might take a firm stand on the ground that no one of these race lovers has shown him a theory that in any way really applies to the whole human race ; but that just as he loves his own family or his own countrymen, so these moralists have taken up some particular fraction of humanity which they call the race and ask us to assist.

Nitti says there are two philosophies, the one for the rich and the other for the poor. This is true ; but there are also a dozen others, in each of which that is to be considered good conduct which furthers the interests of its particular object. These objects, besides the rich and the poor, are Western civilization and more particularly the miscalled Anglo-Saxon part of it, championed by not a few ; the “ intelligent and industrious,” Huxley’s *protégées* ; the “ especially high,” Mr. Spencer’s wards ; “ the virtuous,” children of the Church ; the haters of competition, under the guardianship of Carl Marx, and to make an end “ the generations yet unborn”—heirs of the ages, to be sure, but homeless orphans now, huddled together in fear of us under the far-extending wings of Benjamin Kidd’s imaginative affection. It may flatter these gentlemen to think that their respective objects of regard constitute the human race, but they do not. It may flatter them, too, to think that

they can predict their good, but we know better. All they are doing is to create an imaginary future for some small portion of the human family, and make wild guesses as to the effect any action of theirs or mine may have.

If this be philosophy, it is not of the kind to satisfy us.

Another very distressing feature of most English moralists is that they confuse two things that are in reality entirely separate—that is to say, rational ethics and pedagogic instruction. The first of these answers the question, what are the principles of good behavior; and the second, what shall we teach people, in order that they may behave well.

I shall not go into any argument as to whether the answers to these questions are or can be the same. It may possibly be true that one cannot get a hundred per cent. of practice out of any given precept. It may be with men, as it is with children, that, to make them bearable, you must try to make them angelic; but that is no reason why what professes to be an intellectual discussion of morals should be vitiated through the fear of the writer that he will say something shocking or something that will bring down criticism upon him. Yet it is not difficult to see that this is one of the great difficulties of the English moralist. Sometimes you can read their struggles between the lines, and sometimes they deliberately back out of their conclusions on account of what seems a dangerous look about them.

The old system of traditional ethics still exists very strongly even among these professionals. They cannot get rid of them, so they try to weave them in. If they start out on any new line, they very soon get to a point where they foresee the answer to their prob-

lem. They believe it is right, but they feel that it must be wrong. They are like the young mathematician who, when it came to the point, could not swallow the rule that "no times one is naught." "It must be something," said he; "call it a half." This is the reason why so many treatises end in chapters called "Reconciliation," chapters for which "Recantation" would be a better name. For they say in effect, "We have reduced the old theory to nothing; but no times such an important theory must be something; call it a half truth."

No one ought to undertake to frame theories of rational ethics unless he is willing to abandon preconceived ideas and intends to set down the unvarnished results of his thinking. To the old moral precepts the ideas of right and wrong have become firmly attached. In many cases the reason of the rule has been forgotten, and the moral sense alone remains. Any man who was brought up all his youth to think it wrong to play games on Sunday is apt to feel an organic qualm when he picks up a billiard cue or a pack of cards on Sunday morning; and the English rational moralist would probably do his best to show that his theory did not sanction any such behavior even on the part of an unbeliever.

The conclusions of reason come with no moral sanction. To only a few of them has the moral sense had time to attach itself in opposition to the morality of ecclesiasticism. They come clothed simply with the force of argument, and are open to counter-argument. They awaken no moral response. It is much easier to twist intellectual deductions than it is to convince ourselves that our moral sense has been at fault. We cannot believe

that what we have always been in the habit of writing down as good, is really evil, and we sometimes hesitate to teach those things which by our mental algebra we can demonstrate to be correct. This, however, is no state of mind for the scientific student of conduct.

The most important of that class of ideas to which I refer is the theory of self-sacrifice; and I have no doubt but that we in this country object to it as a fundamental principle of behavior much more than would English readers. As a device of pedagogic instruction, and to produce subordination of spirit and resignation to one's lot, the doctrine of sacrifice has no doubt met with considerable success, particularly in feudal or semi-feudal societies. In the nursery, too, which is a feudal domain, it is still useful, as any one who has tried to tame those little barbarians that are born into civilized households, has reason to know. But as a principle of conduct, to be literally applied to the living of life by grown men, it has never met with any success at all. In those rare instances where it has been literally adopted it has resulted in evil. For the most part it has been no hindrance to a vigorous egotism. I should say that the prominence given to the idea of sacrifice in the works of some English moralists, and the hesitation shown by others to deposing it from its position as one of the basic principles of conduct, must make it impossible for us, in this country, to become their disciples.

We have not here any upper classes who inherit a duty to lower classes, as is the case in England. The theory of our society is that every man takes care of himself, and this theory extends to rich and poor alike. In old times it was the duty of the vassal to subordi-

nate himself to his lord, and it was the lord's duty to protect his vassals. The one paid and the other fought ; and in an hereditary nobility something of this mutual duty still survives. *Noblesse oblige* has still a real ethical meaning. But in this country one can look in vain for what may be called obligatory self-sacrifice.

In our manners and customs we repudiate it. We do not wish any one really to sacrifice themselves for us, nor do we expect them to wish us to sacrifice ourselves for them. In our business methods there are no traces of it, nor can any recognition of it be found in our law, which professes, at all events, to progress in the direction of preventing the sacrifice of one interest to another.

Whatever we may be willing, out of habit, to set down on paper, the fact remains that our practical morality revolts at the proposal that the sacrifice of one individual to another should ever be required. We have words and phrases which seem to indicate that such sacrifices are part of our system ; but these phrases are in reality survivals or importations from our didactical jargon.

With the behavior between individuals who have for each other a strong personal affection morality has nothing to do, and sacrifices, if they exist, have no moral significance. It is only where people who are indifferent to each other are concerned that sacrifice becomes a matter of conscience. No man in this country considers it any other man's duty to go into politics, for example ; and this strikes Englishmen as very strange, if not immoral. As a matter of fact, it will be a good thing in the long run. No rich man in this country is held in duty bound to pay out any money for

the public beyond the taxes which he pays like any one else.

There is, it is true, another feeling which begins where duty ends. In England, the great landed proprietor is held not to have done his duty unless he contributes to the public good ; but here the great capitalist who behaves in the same way is not held to be delinquent, but simply mean. Moreover, the reason why we think him mean is not because we think he shirks his duty, but because we think he overestimates himself. The man who pockets all his winnings is mean because he ignores the element of luck there was in his success.

"I think," says Machiavelli, "that Fortune is the mistress of one half our actions, and yet leaves the control of the other half, or a little less, to ourselves." We like to see a man recognize this "half or a little less," which, whatever he has become, he does not owe to himself. For whatever he may think of himself, we know that we have seen many another man as good as he balked by that Fortune which has favored him, and fail, because a war broke out, because a ship went down, or because some conscientious scruple sprang up and choked him.

If this be a fair distinction between the English and the American view of these matters, it puts all of us in this country on a par, for among the really poor, a great deal of generosity exists, and they help one another in times of trouble. Not with any hope of a return, but because they know the world and life. They help those next to them, and may in turn get help from others at another time and in a different place. Thus they make a clearing-house of their good offices, and often have in it a balance to the credit of human nature.

I am not sure that we are not in a better position than any other people to get at the real truth of such a matter as this. There is no reason why we should any longer try to disguise our actions under false names. There was every reason for such disguises when men had to be induced to do things in which they saw no possible advantage to themselves, and things in which very often there really was no advantage to them, but only to their kings and rulers. Half of history is the record of the sacrifice of men to the whims, passions, and personal ambitions of princes. But now, when we fight for our country—at all events we of America—we fight for ourselves. If to risk death for one's country is not properly to be called a sacrifice, where shall we look for any action that can properly be considered sacrificial? Yet even volunteers in a forlorn hope are not asked to make a sacrifice, they are asked to take a great risk for a stake in which they themselves and all their people have a great interest. They are asked to take a chance, but they are allowed to fight. Whether their chance be one in ten or one in ten thousand does not alter the character of the demand, it is but a measure of their straits; they enter upon a contest, and a contest is not a sacrifice.

Compare the battle of Bull Run with the shameful tribute, the cargo of youths and maidens, sent yearly by the Athenians to Crete and the Minotaur. That was a sacrifice, and no civilized people would for a moment countenance such a bargain. Why, then, keep on calling actions by names which do not apply?

The converse of sacrifice is egotism, and the English moralist fights as hard to keep this out as he does to keep sacrifice in. He can-

not bring himself freely to accord it the place which any candid person sees it does hold and must hold in the world. We do not appreciate his old-time timidity in this respect. Egotism has a bad name, Egoism has a bad name, Selfishness has a bad name ; but what they all stand for is a good thing, and if any one is afraid to recognize it and give it its place it is because tradition is too strong for his courage. So, too, the word Utilitarian has a bad name, and even to-day there are to be found English moralists who hold this doctrine to be " profoundly immoral."

Lastly, there are forever going on disputes over names and labels, which seem most unnecessary and wasteful. Why label one's self ? Even Huxley felt that he must have a label, and he invented the word " Agnostic," a bad word, indicative of a well-nigh impossible state of mind. But this fashion has brought about a vast amount of apologetic writing. Each new man, instead of being able to devote himself wholly to the facts of the question in hand, finds himself obliged to spend half his time in explaining why none of the old and dirty labels should be stuck on his back.

Some sixty years ago De Tocqueville wrote of this country : "*Je pense qu'il n'y a pas dans le monde civilisé, de pays où l'on s'occupe moins de philosophie qu'aux États-Unis,*" and Mr. Bryce, two years ago, in summing up the good work of America, has no entries to make under this head. This seems a little unfair to John Fiske, possibly also to Cope, Le Conte, and Shaler, who have occasionally turned aside from science to say a word as to their theories of the universe ; short contributions, to be sure, but very good thinking for all that.

Yet though America has not added much to the literature of philosophy, the fact remains that the chief contribution of America to the enlightenment of humanity lies in the destruction of useless superstitions and traditions, the clearing up of confused ideas, the re-establishment of values, and the inculcation of sound views of life. This work is going on among the many, not among a few select minds. It is going on by a natural process, not by the study of books. Just what the conclusions of this hitherto unwritten philosophy will be one cannot at the moment predict, but one can very clearly grasp the spirit of it. It assumes that men could never have got so far as they have to-day had their conduct been to any very great extent at variance with the requirements of the world in which they live. In some way or other they have hit upon a method of continuing their existence. The present inhabitants of the world are those who, in spite of all obstacles that have ever been interposed to the continuance of the human species, have managed to win out ; at all events, they are still in the race. Measured by the vast numbers of tribes that have made a fruitless bid for dominion, the supreme races of the earth to-day are a mere remnant of the host. We who are here have done something that no one else was able to do. For having accomplished this feat we are entitled to respect, and our methods are deserving of study. Instead, therefore, of theorizing, the moral philosopher will investigate and discover.

We want no more *a priori* mixtures of science and pedagogy. If we can get a clear notion of what the proper methods have been, we shall put more faith in it than in all the arbitrarily constructed theories of the most

moral and the most philosophical of moral philosophers. If we can satisfy ourselves as to the secret of the success of the successful, then if we like it we can follow it, and if we do not like it we can modify it in our own case or throw it aside altogether. We shall, at all events, know our point of departure from the line of practical success. We shall see what favors and what militates against it, and we shall be able to determine whether there may not be other things that we value more.

But whatever we do we shall do it with our eyes open, and the future moralist will probably be more careful in advising people to abandon the ways of ordinary human gratifications, and take his word for it that they will find greater happiness in other lines.

We are no longer children, and we do not want any more childish reconciliations between what we see and what we think we had better say. A little touch of the spirit of Machiavelli, who did nothing more than write down in a scientific way what conduct brought success to princes and what failure, would do wonders for English thought ; but so long as there remains a devil and a bush about which to beat him, the work of reconciling what is with what is not will probably continue.

HENRY G. CHAPMAN.

ETIQUETTE AND ETHICS OF STUDENT LIFE AT YALE, BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

It is no easy task for the uninitiated to follow the windings of the maze of Yale etiquette, by which term we mean here something more than the observance of mere conventional decorum between individuals. For the Freshman it is formidable. Let us take the neophyte as he steps off the train at the New Haven station, wearing a brave front, but inwardly so timorous that he almost quakes at the fierce solicitations of the hackmen, though their offers to convey him and his trunk up to the college, for fifty cents, cover the flattering suggestion that he is recognized as a university man. As he leans back in the gloomy hack, thrown from side to side as it swings around corners or jerks over car-tracks in the driver's haste to deposit him and return for another fare, the Freshman tries hard to formulate his impressions of the place and of himself. From the jumble of his brain he can disentangle only his father's last injunction to him, to be manly, dignified, and economical ; that he remembers his mother cried when she told him to write home once a week, and to be sure to wear his overcoat ; that his younger brother looked at him enviously ; that he has in his pocket a larger roll of greenbacks than was ever entrusted to him before. Somehow or other, as he draws near his lodgings, the family voices sound farther, much farther away, and his heart is thumping louder and louder. If he is, as we shall take him to be, a youth from the country, without acquaint-

ance at Yale, or influence previously gained by friends from the large schools that yearly replenish the ranks of our universities, he is apt to take his first meals alone, and at a restaurant. For this, there is only meager and brief consolation in the pride of ordering things to eat both unwonted and indigestible—things never served at home, that have to be paid for on the spot. His first night in his new study is almost sure to be one of adventure, long anticipated and perhaps a little coveted as a pinch of experience, which if to be done, it were well to be done with quickly. In his attempt at reading he is presently interrupted by a noise of shuffling feet on the sidewalk beneath his window. A hoarse cry reaches his ears, "Oh ! Fresh ! Put out that light !" As he obeys, a small voice says within him, "It has come." Then the shuffling feet are heard upon his stairway. His door bursts open. He is surrounded, invited, nay urged, to come below and see the town and have a little fun with his visitors. In the street, outside, he espies several agitated figures wearing their coats turned inside out, who, he is told, are some of his future classmates, victims like himself. He and they then devote the evening to providing amusement for the Sophomores, by such methods as walking through the streets of New Haven in procession, ringing cow-bells, saluting ladies whom they do not know, and grinding hand-organs to the profit and entertainment of their rightful owners.

This preliminary over, our Freshman settles down to the regular round of college life, recitations, eating clubs, friendships, amusements, and repeated invitations to subscribe to athletics, newspapers, and the Y. M. C. A.—

all that makes the outward and visible part of a young man's first year at the university. Beneath this customary routine lies a compelling force that is to regulate his conduct, a power difficult to define, of time-honored date, light as a cobweb yet strong as an iron bar. This it is that, for want of a better phrase, we have called the etiquette of student life. It controls with more or less of stringency the four phases of the collegiate course ; in Freshman year its influence is irresistible. Its unwritten laws govern their subjects more potently than those laid down and enforced by the Faculty. These laws, as far as they affect the Freshman, emanate from the class ahead of his, and are part of the traditions few are willing to attempt to challenge, none to defy. They are perceptible in what might elsewhere be considered petty things and inconsequential, as well as in concerns any one can see to be of importance. One of the seeming small details is that a Freshman may not smoke a pipe in public ; to do so would imply undue familiarity with his surroundings. Nor may he sit upon a certain fence extending across the campus under the windows of Durfee Hall—a privilege jealously kept for themselves by the three other classes. When the "Yale Fence," the predecessor of what at present serves the purpose, was removed a few years ago from its position fronting Chapel Street, to make way for Osborn Hall, its posts and rails were eagerly seized upon, sawed in short lengths, and distributed as souvenirs among students and alumni. Many of these fragments are now in places of honor and adoration in the sanctums of grave and reverend seigniors throughout the country, where they are fragrant with the incense of sweet memo-

ries of young life and good fellowship long ago.

Another luxury forbidden to Freshmen, until Washington's Birthday, is an indulgence in a walking-stick. The field covered by this edict extends to any spot where the offender may come under observation of a member of another class—a Sophomore being the traditional watchdog most likely to spy him out and run him down. A Sophomore walking recently in Fifth Avenue, New York, saw on the opposite side of the way a Freshman equipped in fashionable garb, and sporting "the last new thing in a London stick," who, in a vain effort to avoid detection by his superior, first thrust his stick up the back of his coat and then fled into a side street, his back exposed to a full and near view of the enemy—a manoeuvre quite as successful as the cleverness of the ostrich who drives his small head into the sand of the desert to hide his great body from the hunter.

The rule about high hats is equally rigid and more extended. Until February 22d even a Yale Sophomore may not appear in public wearing a hat of the "stove-pipe" variety—a prerogative of the two upper classes. When Washington's Birthday removes this embargo from the underlings, the campus blossoms out with a masquerading host in ancient black tiles, collected from all quarters, and soon to be battered out of their original semblance by sticks carried by the patrol for the purpose, in a scene of Punch and Judy warfare.

Again, the Freshman understands that he is not expected to be seen at the better restaurants in New Haven, frequented by the upper classmen, but must be content with small and

obscure establishments not patronized or approved by the makers of college fashions.

Socially, he must keep himself in check. It never occurs to him, no matter what have been their previous relations or the friendships of their families, to call upon—he rarely presumes even to return a benevolent call made on him by—an upper classman. Between two brothers attending college in different classes there is a perceptible barrier—the Freshman not often venturing to go abroad with the other, or even to visit his rooms, for fear of touching and offending the dignity of his brother's friends. The great social function of the year, at Yale, is the Junior Promenade, known as the "Prom." This is a ball given during the month of January, in which all the university is welcome to participate on an equal footing, excepting the Freshman. He, poor fellow, may buy a ticket to look on—but no farther may go. And, in most cases, to be only a spectator at such a gay affair, without liberty to dance or to join in conversation with the fair ones who there congregate from all parts of the country, is worse than staying away altogether.

The Freshman, if he is wise, will be modest and polite always—will put on airs, never. No one can present the right front to the college world when his inner self is arrayed in affectation of any kind. An assumption of indifference or of too great animation, self-consciousness in any phase, is equally fatal to the beginner, though it is no easy thing for a callow youngster to show at his best when undergoing scrutiny by a party of Sophomores, on the lookout to note his slightest departure from the deference expected of him.

At Yale, a chap is soon found out, and is ordinarily judged for what he is, which is not always what he would seem to be. It is impossible to be long here and not to feel that every respectable member of the university indulges in a certain sense of dignity and proper self-assertion. No one is looked down upon or despised, here, because of adversity in circumstance. Birth, and social station elsewhere, have not much, and wealth in worldly gear has absolutely nothing, to do with one's rating here in the esteem of his fellows. Ours is the ideal democratic-conservative community. One's character and true worth are the object of everybody else's search ; and his best work is to better them. With this point kept in view with due observance, a prosperous career at college is apt to be assured. What may seem at the moment a trifling event occurring in the first year of a student's life at college may reveal the stuff he is made of, and sometimes determines the rating he will have in general regard throughout the whole four years ; it seems to influence the Faculty, as it certainly does the minor but more dreaded authorities of the other classes. It therefore behooves the Freshman to bring with him into college a stout determination to take heed unto his ways. This, as has been said, is particularly the case in his contact with the Sophomores, to whom he must look for the greater measure of his success in many things. They are the arbiters of his fate in the important matter of elections to coveted secret societies. How powerful is the influence of these latter long-standing organizations no outsider to Yale can be expected to understand. During the whole four years they are, in one shape or another, continually in the student's mind, gov-

erning his ambitions, and serving as a wholesome check upon his actions.

Opportunities are open to the Freshman, not only in scholarship but otherwise, to try at once to make his mark in college. He can strive for a position on the editorial staff of some one of the university publications, or begin to prove his possibilities in any branch of athletics. Effort in the latter direction is substantially useful, since it brings him into friendly touch with men of all the classes. If he is to be a star performer in any kind of athletics, he is quickly enough found out, and success ensures popularity. This, in fact, may be called the key-note at Yale. A man who is good for anything is always soon "found out."

The first term of Freshman year is apt to be depressing. Few strong friendships have been made, no one is sure of his neighbor; some who have appeared at first to be prominent already show symptoms of decline in greatness; others appear to be slowly forging to the front. A young man feels that he is part of a struggle in which each is trying to make a place for himself; it is borne in upon him that at Yale a man must do something or be something; that no one sets his mark on the university until after he has put his individuality into some effort of a worthy character, no matter in what field. He sees, too, that there is no room for the loafer; that such an one is, at least, never considered in the division by his fellows of college honors at their disposal. When the Freshman who perceives these things comes home at Christmas time he has already ceased to be a boy; but there is still something boyish in his feeling that the Christmas holidays are a balm to cer-

tain emotions he has had of loneliness and lack of sympathy. It is nice to feel himself regarded, respected, looked up to, even though he must soon return to the levelling atmosphere of Yale. His few little stories of college life are told to such interested ears! The college heroes he describes rise into such importance in the eyes of the family! This makes him feel that it will be an even nicer thing should he, some day, be the hero of Freshman stories told in the Christmas holidays!

The second term brings to him friendships and a longing shared by many another to be part and parcel of the great body of Sophomores. This seems to him the best of the four classes. If Freshman year has made a man of him, Sophomore year will broaden and develop that man. With these yearnings in mind, he works up to the June examinations. His halting year is over, his ordeal nearly at an end. A little while, and he may hold his head erect with the best of his immediate predecessors. But when, his last paper finished and handed in, he hurries from Alumni Hall, where the examination has had him in its fetters, he is often less concerned about his success in scholarship than about his immediate right to smoke a pipe upon the campus unchallenged by the world. For our Freshman is, at last, a freedman; a Sophomore, with all the privileges the proud title entails. And these, he finds, are increased in proportion to the time he has put in, like Brer Rabbit, in "layin' low."

This strict adherence to tradition constitutes, as in any old college community, one of the principal factors of education at Yale. It fosters in the collegian an *esprit de corps*,

which endures in the alumnus. A new college, without traditions, has nothing to offer as a substitute as a guiding force in training youth for the conventionalities of society. Yale has more of this than any other college in the country, and, though often irksome to a new-comer, a man soon becomes convinced that the atmosphere it creates is both stimulating and sustaining.

ARCHIBALD CARY HARRISON.

SAND.

Sterile sister though I be,
Twin born to the barren Sea,
Yet of all things fruitful we
Wait the end ; and, presently,
Lo, they are not ! Then to me
(Children to the nurse's knee)
Come the billows fresh and free,
Breathing Immortality.

JOHN B. TABB.

A RECENT CRITIQUE ON HOWELLS.

New York City has been recently described by Mr. Harry Peck in the *Bookman* as really, after all, *American*. "It is the only city that has assimilated and moulded into a whole all the attributes of our people, blending them so perfectly as to yield for a result not a Northern, or a Southern, or an Eastern, or a Western product, but one that is simply and typically American. And in doing this it has happily eliminated one quality that is elsewhere the bane of the American temperament—the quality of self-consciousness. . . . But New York, whose quality is greatness rather than mere bigness, takes no account of the individual, and the individual knows it. The giant forces that are here at play are too vast for any one to control . . . no single influence can affect it. No great university can leaven it as Harvard has leavened Boston ; no great literary movement can ever make any impression on it. . . . Men of commanding influence and national reputation come to New York and take their places meekly far down the line ; an invading army would be run in by the police."

"A Bostonian . . . plumped down in the middle of New York . . . feels that he has somehow got out of his own snug little corner into a great whirl that bewilders him and makes him dizzy ; . . . he has been dwarfed to a merry human atom, his complacency vanishes, he knows that his importance has shrunk into nothingness, and he doesn't like it."

Mr. Peck accounts for Mr. Howells' literary "deterioration" since coming to this city from Boston by his misunderstood environment.

Mr. Peck's essay on Howells is a brilliant, striking critique. He has fired many happy truths out of his critical air-gun; but to account for Mr. Howells' latter-day writings by the influences of his new environment is somewhat far-fetched.

Undoubtedly Howells has been more affected by Tolstoi and the Russian school than by New York.

Only a little while ago he gave us "The Day of their Wedding," quite in the line of "The Lady of the Aroostook," which Mr. Peck lauds so highly. A beautiful, poetic, and distinctly American idyll. Apparently Mr. Peck has not read this.

New York has affected Howells, but has not injured him or obscured him—he is the greater by coming here.

Mr. Peck's brilliant fireworks do not show Howells' many sides fairly; they give but a lurid flash-light picture of the man as he is.

It is quite unfair to say he "thinks the times are out of joint, . . . but he is not going to set them right by publishing vague pictures of Altruria and asperging all of us with his diluted slops of socialism."

What New York has done for Howells is, among other things, to widen his survey of mankind.

The "Hazard of New Fortunes" is a far greater novel in scope than "A Modern Instance."

We believe that Howells' New York series of novels has only just begun. His "obvious *tendenz*" of socialism is the best sign of his genius. He is studying the future of our race. He feels, in New York, our grand destiny.

As Tolstoi feels the world throbs in his

great heart, so Howells feels that social wave beating against the crumbling sands of our prejudices and superstitions. His mind dwells on the future.

The vast city, made up of every nation on the globe, lies outstretched before him ; he can no longer tell us of narrow Boston provincialism. He has outgrown it.

We look now to him to give us a really great novel of life. We ask him to write a series of great books, to cease his critical efforts, to cease his pot-boilers—his daily or weekly scribbling—and devote his whole time to the characterization of our epoch.

Ars longa tempus brevis est. Mr. Howells is now at his full maturity of power. He is nearing sixty years. The younger generation look to him to give them a novel of New York which will silence his undiscerning critics. Let it embody our time, its unrest, its vast monetary and physical operations, its breadth of view, its whole field—the earth.

As Kipling's genius marks the earth citizen, so let Howells prove himself to be the true citizen of the world in a series of new novels with the scenes laid in this new world city.

It is doubtless true that his old contemporary, Henry James, has been absorbed by London ; and his later work only shows fineness and polish, not ideas, because he has felt only the influence of refined society in England's metropolis.

Howells feels the deeper influences of New York. He listens to the grander diapason of the world notes. He goes little into society ; he cares more for the soul of things, not the externals.

At present he is in transition state ; he is studying the city. His recent work as a whole

is not so far wholly undeserving of Mr. Peck's criticism. His "Traveller from Altruria" is a rather chaotic, misty affair, the gropings of a sensitive genius, not its best fruit. It shows his inchoate condition. He beholds Tolstoi's lamp. Shall he lay aside socialism? Nay, rather let him portray its truths personified. The future is only to be read by its light.

New York in fifty years will be the scene of a socialistic war, or of arbitration—New York, with its architectural monstrosities, its gigantic buildings, its enormous business "plants," its tremendous wealth, its millions of men who have but a few dollars ahead between them and starvation—New York, the fighting ground of the new liberty of man, the new mercy of God, the new religion of humanity.

All this Howells sees and feels. His soul is stirred by it, he stands like Moses on Pisgah's height. Will he not lead us into the Promised Land?

We mean no disparagement of Mr. Peck's unusually brilliant essay. We consider him one of the foremost critics of the day. His thought comes to us in forceful, tempestuous, eloquent words; but he is (in this instance) misled, we believe, by his own cleverness.

He deploras Boston provincialism, and yet is inclined to ask Howells to return to it. He intimates that Howells cannot grasp New York; yet it appears that Howells has a greater appreciation and understanding of the great city than his critic.

It is not always the province of a novelist to create characters that live. Trollope's people lived, so much so that Hawthorne said that his books were square sections of England taken up bodily with the people living in

them, yet all Trollope could be exchanged for one "Middlemarch" or "Vanity Fair."

The fact is that New York is not adapted to the drama ; it is too big, too universal. It may be described, not peopled.

Dickens described his London, and in twenty books gave us twelve hundred characters ; yet did he give us all of London ? Did he people all London ? Not a thousandth part.

Howells lives a student life ; he retreats within walls ; he cares nothing for characters, for society. He is not the quick sketch artist Dickens was ; he goes deeper into *causas rerum*. Surfaces are not for him. His next New York novels we predict will be masterly studies (*pace*, Mr. Peck !) and will astonish his critics by their splendid breadth of design.

J. S. WOOD.

REFLECTION.

Stars that with a softer glow
Waken in the wave below,
All the stars above you grow
Wiser for the beams ye throw—
Lights whereby alone they know
Why we mortals love them so.

JOHN B. TABB.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Science.—POWER FROM NIAGARA FALLS.—

At midnight on November 15th the Niagara Falls electric power was first flashed over the wires to Buffalo, N. Y. A current of 1000 horse-power was transmitted by the Niagara Falls Power Company to the power house of the Buffalo Railway Company. Street cars have since been successfully operated in Buffalo by means of the new power ; and the incident is, no doubt, only the beginning of a more extensive transmission of the vast energy centered at the falls to other industrial points along the river and inland. The history of the enterprise is very briefly outlined as follows :

The first use of Niagara's power was made in 1725, a primitive sawmill being operated. Nothing more was done in this line until 1842, when Augustus Porter conceived the plan of hydraulic canals, and in 1861 one was completed. The Niagara Falls Power Company was incorporated March 31st, 1886. The Cataract Construction Company, from whose plant power has just been delivered in Buffalo, was incorporated in 1889, and work was begun on October 4th, 1890. It took three years to build the tunnel, the surface canal, and the first wheel-pits. The canal, 250 feet wide, with an average depth of 12 feet, draws off sufficient water from the Niagara River, a mile and a quarter above the falls, to serve for the development of 100,000 horse-power. The walls of the canal are pierced at intervals with ten inlets for the delivery of water to the wheel-pit in the power house, which stands at the side of the canal. The pit is 178 feet deep, and connects by a lateral tunnel with the main tunnel, which acts as a tail race

and delivers the water back to the river below the falls. The tunnel, which has a maximum height of 21 feet and width of 18 feet 10 inches, was a large undertaking, involving the labor for over three years of 1000 men, the excavation of over 300,000 tons of rock, and the use of 16,000,000 bricks for lining. The turbines were built after designs by Faesch and Piccard, of Geneva, Switzerland. They work under a head of 140 feet, and each develops 5000 horse-power.

The first distribution of power was made to the works of the Pittsburg Reduction Company, adjacent to the canal, in August, 1895. Other and later users of the power have been the Carborundum Company, the Calcium Company, the Buffalo & Niagara Railway Company, and the Niagara Falls Electric Lighting Company.

In December, 1895, the city of Buffalo granted a franchise to the company to supply power to that city under the terms of which it had to be prepared to furnish 10,000 horse-power to consumers by June 1st, 1896, and 10,000 additional horse-power in each successive year. The first customer under this arrangement was the Buffalo Railway Company, which arranged to take 1000 horse-power, at a rate of \$36 per horse-power per year. The current is transmitted by a pole line, consisting of three continuous cables of uninsulated copper, the total length of which is 78 miles.

* * *

A RECENT ARTICLE in *Harper's Magazine* (March number) gives the latest news of the stars. It is a marvellous fact that we are now beholding light from stars which started to us before Christ. A story is founded on this fact of a man who lived to be ninety years,

then died, and was sent to live on a star which was so distant from the earth that the earth's light was ninety years behind time. He accordingly had the pleasure of observing his boyhood and life over again. New facts in astronomy are playing havoc with old theories. The true theory of the moon is that it was thrown off from the earth when the latter was in a liquid state. It has ascended in a spiral to its present position, and will descend again as the earth cools, and be a force to break up the earth into fragments, which will ultimately be disseminated into space as star-dust. The query arises, Will man's brain be so developed by that time that it will be able to cope with the cooling of the planet? A great contest will probably ensue a million or so years from now, and man will doubtless prolong, if not overcome the earth's cooling by ingenious devices. He may even be able to devise a means of quitting the inhospitable planet, and soaring off to some better world *à la* Jules Verne. The earth is slowly stopping its axis rotation also, a fact which makes us incline to the belief that Mercury and Venus are not inhabited. They are too old—they show one face to the sun.

Early in October the observers at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz., announced that they had discovered that the planets Mercury and Venus rotate only once on their axes during each revolution around the sun. One face of the planet, therefore, is always turned toward the sun and heated to a very high degree, while the other is always shrouded in darkness.

It has also been found that Mercury has an appreciable atmosphere, while Venus is enveloped in a thick atmosphere; but, for some reason, Venus has only a few clouds.

An instance of the strange phenomenon of meteors being seen in broad daylight was recorded at Indianapolis, Ind., at a little before noon on November 14th.

* * *

IT SEEMS to us that if we were now just graduating from college, and had the love of mathematics and the means, we should endeavor to become astronomers. Great discoveries are imminent in astronomy.

* * *

THE NAME "lucium" has been given to a substance (probably a new chemical element) discovered by M. P. Barrière in the course of researches on monazite sand. It is intended to use the new substance for the production of an incandescent gaslight in opposition to that of Auer von Welsbach. The properties of the new element are described as follows in the *Chemical News* :

"The salts of cerium, lanthanum, and didymium form with sodium sulphate insoluble double salts ; lucium does not. Thorium and zirconium form insoluble double salts with potassium sulphate ; this is not the case with lucium. Yttrium, ytterbium, and erbium are not precipitable by sodium thiosulphate, while lucium chloride is precipitable. From glucinium lucium differs, as its salts are precipitable by oxalic acid.

"According to the results obtained by Professor Schutzenberger, confirmed by those of Cleve, Fresenius, and Lecoq de Boisbaudran, lucium dissolves in sulphuric, nitric, or acetic acid, forming salts either white or slightly tinted with rose color. All its salts are soluble in water, forming limpid, colorless solutions.

"The spectral rays of lucium are special,

and only approximate slightly to those of erbium. Erbium oxide, on ignition, appears of a very pure rose color, and its nitrate is red. On the contrary, lucium oxide is white, slightly grayish, and its nitrate is white. The aqueous solutions of the erbium salts are red or rose color; those of lucium, even if containing 15 or 20 per cent of the salt, are almost colorless.

“The atomic weight of lucium is calculated as 104, which would seem to indicate that it is a distinct element.”

* * *

PROFESSOR LIPPMANN, of Paris, whose researches in the way of the direct photographic reproduction of natural colors have attracted attention for several years (*BACHELOR OF ARTS*, Vol. III., p. 843), continues to prosecute his experiments with growing prospects of success.

Before the Royal Society in London, Eng., in August, he exhibited specimens of colored photographs obtained by a single exposure, the image being permanent, and the color due to a physical texture produced in the photographic film by the light, and not to any deposited pigment.

The picture is obtained by having a metallic mirror in contact with the photographic film during the exposure of the plate, the glass side of the plate being turned toward the object photographed. The mirror is readily formed in contact with the film by allowing mercury to flow from a small reservoir into the space between the film and back of the holder. After the exposure the reservoir is lowered and the mercury allowed to run out. The plate is then developed and fixed in the usual way, and when examined by reflected light the picture shows the nat-

ural colors of the object. The film may be either albumen, collodion, or gelatine, sensitized by the chloride, bromide, or iodide of silver ; the developer may be acid or alkaline ; and the fixation may be by potassium bromide or cyanide.

The chemical action of the light upon the agents is the same as in ordinary photography ; the different effects are due to a physical result brought about by the presence of the mirror. This result consists of colorless, brownish-black deposits of reduced silver spread in a series of thin strata through the film and parallel to the surface of the plate.

* * *

Current History, from Vol. VI., No. 4, of which the foregoing was taken, is a necessary adjunct to every newspaper and periodical office. Ancient history is sometimes of readier access to us than that of five or ten years ago. *Current History* is an extremely valuable quarterly.

* * *

THE GREATEST legislative jackass must be, at present, Representative Walters (Pop.), of Kansas. He has actually introduced a bill to enact the Ten Commandments into law. Each commandment is a section of the bill, and the demand for such enactment is recited as follows :

“ *Whereas*, The men of the present generation have become scoffers ; and

“ *Whereas*, They have strayed from the religion of the fathers ; and

“ *Whereas*, They no longer live in the fear of God ; and

“ *Whereas*, Having no fear of punishment beyond the grave, they wantonly violate the law given to the world from Mount Sinai,” etc.

"Women," the author of the resolution says, "live in the fear of God, but men must be curbed, hence the provisions only apply to the latter." Then follows this list of punishments :

For "having any other god," \$1000.

For "worshipping a graven image," \$1000 and one year in the penitentiary.

For "taking the name of the Lord in vain," \$500.

For "not keeping the Sabbath day," \$500.

For refusing to "honor thy father and thy mother," \$500 and six months in prison.

For "committing murder," hanging.

For "adultery," imprisonment for life.

For violating the commandments which say, "thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not bear false witness," "thou shalt not covet," fine or imprisonment, at the discretion of the court.

* * *

A WARNING has been voiced by one of the leading English medical journals in regard to the too frequent use of the Röntgen ray apparatus.

It is interesting, no doubt, to obtain a series of photographs of one's own skeleton, but if this is to be at the expense of such trifles as one's hair and one's finger nails, it seems hardly worth the cost. One electrical engineer, who has often demonstrated the beauty of his own finger bones by placing one of his hands within the radius of the searching rays, has lost all the nails from the fingers of that hand, while Mr. Sidney Rowland, who is one of the leading experimenters in this direction, mentions several cases of similar character in the structural changes that occur in the hair, and so forth, of those who have been frequently shadowgraphed by this method.

Thus, in the case of patients whose heads have been subjected to the influence of the rays, the hair has either turned white or has fallen out entirely. It is suggested that these results are due to the electrical potency of what are called the ultra violet rays of the spectrum, though their precise action is at present by no means thoroughly understood.

One curious suggestion has already been made. It is a well-known superstition, and one which has existed for generations, that people who sleep in the direct rays of the moon have their reason more or less seriously affected. Now, it is said that these ultra violet rays exist in the moonlight, and hence a popular superstition may be founded upon scientific fact.

Athletics.—Mr. Caspar Whitney seems to take a more hopeful view of the Western colleges and universities than before his recent marriage.

“There is such good news,” he says, “of athletic reform coming out of the middle West that we very sincerely regret sufficient space is not at command in this issue to give it detailed publication. But we shall give enough to show that, having become convinced of the righteousness of the crusade, a majority of the colleges of the middle West are now earnestly working for its success.

“At a faculty conference held a year ago last December, in Chicago, the situation was frankly discussed, and a code of rules suggested which appeared to correct most of the athletic ills. Several of the colleges adopted these rules *in toto*, and several amended them so that the very evils which it was devoutly hoped would be destroyed were permitted to

flourish without hindrance. One of the universities which adopted the original draft of rules subsequently repudiated a part of them for the depraved purpose of strengthening its football eleven.

“ Nevertheless, the effort for improvement was, on the whole, successful, and the athletic situation of 1896 infinitely healthier than it had been the previous year.”

* * *

TO MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY credit is due for its support of the following general rules :

No one who has played on any other college team will be allowed to play on the 'varsity teams until he shall have been in regular attendance one year.

No person who has ever received any remuneration for his athletic services will be allowed to participate in any contest.

No student can play more than four years as an undergraduate, and only two years as a graduate.

No instructor of the university shall be allowed to play on any team.

No student shall be allowed to play under an assumed name.

No student delinquent in his studies will be permitted to enter any contest.

All intercollegiate contests shall be played under student management.

Managers and captains of teams in each college must be approved by its committee on athletics.

College football teams shall play only with teams representing educational institutions.

Before every intercollegiate contest a certified list of the eligible players to participate in such contest must be exchanged.

Each candidate for a university team must

subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the rules adopted.

Northwestern University holds out against them. Chicago and Minnesota acquiesce in them. These rules are practically what have been in force in the East for several years.

It is needless to say that Mr. Whitney's Western crusade has borne considerable fruit.

* * *

MR. LEHMANN has been interviewed in England, and says :

"The young men in the Harvard boat are splendid fellows, and they respond in the most marvelous way to every suggestion that is made. In this respect they are almost unique, and that is one of the reasons why I am so hopeful of their success. But they are not yet far enough advanced for me to state that the English style of rowing will be so fully mastered by them as to leave no question of the issue. I shall certainly do everything I can to make them perfect, and if they come up to my expectations they will do what is required of them—namely, win the race with Cornell."

I suggested Yale as well.

"Ah, yes," replied Mr. Lehmann, "they are trying to arrange a race with Yale, and I can see no objection to it, only it seems to me that if it came off it would have to be a triangular race, which would give all an equal chance and prove the survival of the fittest."

The oarsman's eyes twinkled when the name of Davies, the boatbuilder, was mentioned in connection with various cablegrams that have appeared in print here and in England stating that Davies was ready to make up an American crew to row the American style against Mr. Lehmann's pupils.

"You see," said Mr. Lehmann, "it is easy for men to throw out these challenges to me, but really it has nothing to do with me. I went to America specially for one purpose, to coach Harvard for its race against Cornell. After Harvard has raced Cornell, it is obviously none of my business what they do, whether it be racing on my lines or not. It is a matter for Harvard to settle. Besides, as Cornell will represent the American school, I do not see what necessity there is for a scratch crew."

"Mr. Lehmann did not say so, but the manner in which he received the suggestion that he should take up the gauntlet thrown down by Davies gave me the idea that he does not propose to assist people in advertising themselves.

"I have received two communications," said Mr. Lehmann, "with regard to the establishment in the United States of annual events on the lines of Henley, one from New London, Conn., and the other from Philadelphia. I am very much interested in these suggestions, and on my return to America I shall exert every influence toward the organization of an 'American Henley.' It should be a national institution as it is here. There are so many fine rowing clubs and such a large number of excellent oarsmen in the United States, that I wonder they have not done this before, though I presume that the great distances have had much to do with its non-establishment heretofore.

"Just think of the immense crowds of people that go to Henley every year, and the vast amount of sport and amusement that is had. I am certain that similar if not greater crowds would go to New London or Philadelphia every year, and that in a short time

the ' American Henley ' would be as popular as that of England."

Mr. Lehmann would like to have an English crew go to America to race his Harvard crew. The suggestion has been made to him, but he fears that it cannot be done because of the difficulty in getting the men together after Henley. " All the good men," he stated, " are up for Henley, and to take them across the water after their hard training in midsummer would prove disastrous. They could not be properly whipped into shape again, and so, I am rather sorry to say, it will be necessary to consider the suggestion in the light of a pleasure to be realized in the future."

* * *

MR. LEHMANN'S advocating the American Henley idea is a great feather in our cap. The BACHELOR first suggested an American Henley at New London, and the New London Board of Trade have, urged by us, taken the matter up. It is certain to our mind, however, that no regatta of any importance can be rowed at New London this June. Harvard and Yale would be willing to row their four-mile race there, but Cornell naturally prefers Poughkeepsie, and the great trio will race here June 25th. The Columbia-Penn-Cornell race will take place seven days later.

* * *

HARVARD MEN naturally will regret that the great race will take place the same day as their Class Day.

But if the faculty have abolished " scrummaging," why stay and see a merely tame series of " tea fights" ?

* * *

COLUMBIA HAS gone right to work, and we hope no further monetary discouragements

will befall her. The crew have taken the decision of last February's conference in good spirit, and show every confidence in the ability of their new coach, Mr. Justus A. R. Cowles. He is teaching them a very long body swing accomplished with a straight back, and a recovery that is equal in speed at both ends. He has laid special stress upon a very hard "catch," done by means of a pronounced lift at the back. As yet the men have not done any work with their slides, nor have they used their arms, all the exercise on the rowing machines being confined to the cultivation of a firm, easy swing fore and aft.

It is expected that the crews will go upon the water in about a month's time. The Nonpareil Boat Club has again placed their boathouse on the Harlem at the disposal of the crews for two or three weeks at a time, when the Hudson is too rough for shell work. During the practice on the Harlem the men will be coached by twos and fours from a naphtha launch.

In order to overcome the difficulty of launching the shells, when it is time to move over to the Hudson, it is probable that a float will be built and anchored near the west shore, under the lee of the Palisades. By this arrangement the men can embark in their launch and tow the boats across the river into comparatively smooth water, where the practising can be done under more favorable conditions.

The *Spectator* says that Coach Cowles and Captain Pressprich are both desirous of entering the crews in the Harlem regatta, but nothing definite has yet been settled.

During the past ten days the men have been rowing somewhat as follows :

R. W. Pressprich, bow ; No. 2, A. W.

Putnam ; No. 3, C. H. Elmer ; No. 4, G. Cochran or C. McLewis ; No. 5, J. H. Prentice ; No. 6, J. L. Thompson ; No. 7, O. Longacre or B. B. Tilt ; stroke, H. E. Pierrepont, Jr., or B. B. Tilt. The other candidates are : T. C. Collins, L. D. Einstein, C. H. Machin, A. S. Morrow, H. H. Oddie, Grant Shepherd, E. P. Shattuck, and J. S. Barclay.

Mr. Cowles has also taken charge of the Freshmen, and they are now swinging fairly well together. The crew has been rowing as follows :

W. Baumgarten or H. H. Boyesen, bow ; No. 2, P. Gardner or F. V. Jones ; No. 3, M. Rionda or C. Brown ; No. 4, G. W. Mackay ; No. 5, L. Mortimer ; No. 6, O. W. Erdal ; No. 7, L. McLentock ; stroke, H. A. Edson. Among the other candidates who are likely to be put in the boat at any time are : J. Kellogg, J. W. Southack, R. Pitt, E. Weton, E. T. Walter, J. Finnigan, H. Katka, D. Miner, M. France, F. A. Nelson, and J. A. Reilly.

* * *

MR. GIANNINI, the excellent coach of the New York Athletic Club, said recently :

"I shall stick to the old Yale stroke this year, perhaps lengthening it out a little. We have won too many races with it to discard it just because Yale was beaten at Henley by the best amateur crew England could produce. No, the Bob Cook stroke is all right, and the colleges who go too far in this English business will discover it later. My oar blades this year will be narrower than before, and perhaps stiffer."

* * *

BOB COOK will not spend three months in New Haven this spring coaching the Yale

crew, as stated by a reporter of the "new journalism" species. Mr. Cook is a man of business, and attends to it. He is expected, however, to superintend the crew as usual this year, the material of which is very good. The *Yale Alumni Weekly* says :

"On Saturday, February 27th, the university crew ran onto a rock while rowing up the Quinipiac River at comparatively low water, and damaged the new barge, which had only been used a few times. The boat hung for a few moments on the rock, while the men were taken off in boats, but was immediately towed back to the boathouse by the second crew, and was again ready for use inside of an hour. The damage was only temporary, and the barge is now considered as good as new.

"The crew has been rowing in about the same order as last week, the last four positions of the boat being occupied by the same men each day, while the others are continually changed. The training table was commenced yesterday, with the following men : Simpson, '97 ; Langford, '97, stroke ; Whitney, '98 ; Bailey, '97, captain ; Marsh, '98 ; Campbell, '97 ; Parkhurst, '99 ; Mills, '97, stroke ; D. F. Rogers, '98, and Patterson, '97. In addition to these men the members of the second crew will be taken to the training table every night for dinner.

"The training of the Freshmen crew has been carried on mostly in the tank, until recently, when some of the men have showed sufficient proficiency to be coached in the pair-oar and have then been taken to the harbor."

* * *

GOVERNOR D. H. CHAMBERLAIN writes a letter about Mr. Lampson to a Yale paper, in which he says :

“ One reflection which comes to me in recalling my classmate is the tremendous hold which Yale has upon her sons ! Wherever the scenes of their lives may fall, how widely soever they may stray in place, or habit, or thought, the heart, untraveled, fondly turns at last to the old home of so many influences and friendships.

“ And another reflection—and one it may be well to state—is, What a responsibility rests on those now at Yale who thus enter into the reward of their predecessors ! To really deserve all this devotion, to keep full high advanced the great standard of power and influence which have prevailed there in the older days, is a duty not to be met by numbers only, nor by outward appliances chiefly, as too often seems to be thought, nor by achievements in directions opposite to the old ones, but only by steadfast fidelity to those lofty ideals of scholarship and character which gave Yale all her power over William Lampson.”

We believe that the students at Yale appreciate the new buildings, and still more appreciate old South Middle and the Lyceum, which a ruthless faculty are bent on destroying.

* * *

THE HARVARD committee might have chosen the 24th instead of the 25th of June for the great Yale-Cornell-Harvard boat race ; and considering that the 25th is Class Day, we think they made a mistake. What is one day of training more or less ?

* * *

CORNELL, give us your hand ; you're a thoroughbred ! The quiet way you won last summer in 19 minutes 29 seconds, and the way you agreed to Harvard's proposition, and the

way you'll very likely win in June, entitles you to row in 1898 at New London with Harvard and Yale, or at least in the new Henley regatta to be held then with them.

* * *

It is quite true that the conditions here are not the same here with regard to our two leading universities as in England with Oxford and Cambridge.

Here the American public want to see a college crew, even of the smallest college in the country, if it has risen to the top rank in rowing, compete with a standard crew such as Yale has pretty uniformly produced.

It is proper and right for Cornell to have the privilege of rowing Yale and Harvard at least once in every two or three years, if not oftener—our rivers are wide enough, heaven knows. The best interests of college sport demand it. Quite true, Yale ought not to be expected to row any Eastern college at any time; but she ought to have the pluck and desire to row the best of them at any time.

Now it happens Cornell is the best of them.

* * *

THE ERA of good feeling and friendliness has at last set in among American colleges, and the BACHELOR credits itself as being an instrument for the furtherance of the feeling that hostilities must cease. Little up-country freshwater colleges must not steal students, professors, or Bibles from each other's pulpits; and the big colleges must cease growling about each other's outrageous methods. Let peace reign. Colleges are all parts of one great whole, members of one great family (they fight like it), each teaching character and ideas; individually, how perfect each is, how inspiring, yet how they have loved to

fight ! But they will fight no more. *Pax vobiscum.*

* * *

BUT HERE is President Stryker, of Hamilton, pitching into Cornell because the latter has decided to give the degree of B.A. to any one who studies four years, whether he takes agriculture, mechanical engineering, or law. President Schurman strikes back, and says this is a rank delusion. The teachers of Rochester, before whom Hamilton and Cornell sparred, reserved their decision. It seems to us that Cornell was "pretty much" right. President Schurman said :

"Cornell University consists of a graduate department, which gives the degrees of Master and Doctor ; of an academic department, or as some of you might perhaps call it, a collegiate department, which gives the B.A. degree ; and, thirdly, of a number of professional colleges, law, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, architecture, and veterinary science, every one of which has its own professional degree. A man, for example, who studies four years in architecture gets the degree of Bachelor of Architecture, and the man who studies four years in mechanical engineering gets the degree of M.E. The course in each of these professional colleges is prescribed, and any one can tell exactly what the degree means. In this discussion we are dealing solely with what we call the Academic Department or the Department of Arts and Sciences—that division of the university which corresponds to what has been called here the old-fashioned college. The question before us is this, Whether in the Academic Department or the Department of Arts and Sciences, we should have one degree or more ? Now

Cornell has declared that there should be but one degree, and that it should be B.A.

“ We are told by President Stryker, and by other speakers here, that this is a counterfeit of the trade-mark, a degradation of the standard, a kind of 53-cent dollar. Gentlemen, I took some part in the recent campaign, and I know something of what can be said for and against the 53-cent dollar ; but I say most deliberately, and with an intensity of conviction, that any one who describes what we have done at Cornell University by these terms is, of course, unwittingly, but all the same preposterously and egregiously, misleading the public and deceiving himself. On the contrary, the change which we have made at Cornell University grows out of the fact that we have been raising the standards for some years past. Formerly, students could enter the Academic Department of Cornell University in the B.L., S.S., or Ph.B. courses with one or two or three years of preparatory study in the high school, and then after four years of work receive their degree. But we have now raised all the entrance requirements to the level of those for the B.A. course. Every student who enters our Academic Department must be at least a graduate of the high school, and consequently there is here no debasement of standards. There is no counterfeiting of the trade-mark ; we have raised instead of lowered our standards.

“ Then we are told that the degree has a traditional, or, as some one has said, an historic meaning, and we at Cornell, in the arrogance and presumption of youth, have undertaken to change that meaning and attach to the degree an arbitrary connotation of our own.

“What simplicity! The times have changed. Will the gentleman who has taken his seat recall what he and I studied when we went to the old-fashioned college a generation ago? For myself, I had a four-year course in Greek and Latin and mathematics. A generation ago, or two generations ago, the degree of B.A. did mean something definite. It meant four years of Greek and Latin and mathematics, following upon a thorough preparatory course in the classical academy; but to-day there is no college which maintains such a curriculum. The oldest college in the country, Harvard, gives the degree of B.A. on four years of elective work (without either Latin or Greek) and then for entrance, Greek is not preferred. Williams College, which has just celebrated its centennial, requires only one ancient language for the B.A. degree; and in this State the same is true of Columbia.

“I myself graduated at British universities, having my Bachelor’s and Master’s degree from one and my Doctor’s from another. When I was a student there, Latin and Greek were prescribed. To-day in one of the great English universities, and all four of the Scottish universities, only one ancient language is prescribed. And the oldest university in the English-speaking world, that venerable institution in the city of groves and towers and minarets, that *fons et origo* of classical culture—Oxford University, I say, grants the degree of B.A. on requirement of which, as one of your own members has said in an article he has just now handed me which he contributed to the December, 1892, number of the *Educational Review*: ‘No one can form the slightest *a priori* idea of what a young man

actually studied for an Oxford B.A. degree. It was, perhaps, law, or theology, or Sanskrit, or mathematics, or morphology.'

"Where does your historic and traditional trade-mark exist, sir? Only in your imagination! The *Zeitgeist* is stirring with new life. We recognize this movement at Cornell, and have placed ourselves deliberately, and after a most careful investigation of the practice of the universities in this country and other countries, at its head and front. The stream of tendency is behind us though, and others are following in our wake. Indeed, it may be said that we have only gone one step farther than the oldest and most venerable institution—I mean Harvard. If you ask me why we have taken that step, I will answer that we have taken it deliberately in the interests, first of all, of secondary education. Over 80 per cent of the students who enter Cornell University come from the public high schools. In those institutions the course is shaped, as I explained in the public address I had the honor of giving last night, in accordance with the needs of the community and the ideals of their educators."

Perhaps President Stryker will answer this in an article in these columns.

* * *

SHALL "dear old Yale" be taxed? No! no! The pennywise politicians of New Haven ought to be ashamed to make a distinction between dormitories on and off the campus. If a building used by Yale was located in Hartford or Springfield, it would not be taxed, and perhaps presently the college will elect to shake off the dust of petty New Haven and go out of the State *in toto*.

Does any State care particularly for the splendid old College? Now is the chance of some enterprising Western territory! Connecticut Yankees (said to be quite on a par with certain Chatham Street nabobs) are trying to drive Yale out of the State. Come, California or Utah, what will ye bid for Yale?

* * *

YALE HAS her solid value. The *Hartford Courant* (Hartford has a historical hatred for New Haven) says:

"Think what Yale does for New Haven financially. Twenty-five hundred students must spend there a good deal more than a million and a half of dollars. Then there are the faculty and all dependent on them, living in New Haven because the university is there, and disbursing in the aggregate a large sum; and there is all the money spent by visitors, by returning graduates, and by others who go there because of Yale. It is moderate to estimate the total amount of money that Yale brings to New Haven annually at \$2,000,000 to \$2,500,000. At a 5 per cent interest rate that represents the income of \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000. The city is by so much richer than if the University was not there."

College Notes.—The alumnæ of Cornell met at a luncheon at the St. Denis Hotel in the afternoon of February 27th. The principal speaker was President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, who is the first woman Trustee of Cornell. She paid a glowing tribute to the Hon. Henry W. Sage, whose gift made possible co-education at Cornell; stated that the great educational opportunities now offered to girls were due to the generosity of men, rather than to the overwhelming de-

mand of women themselves ; and declared that the fact that more of them did not avail themselves of these advantages was due to the paucity of opportunities women have to use their academic training in the struggle for life. Miss Thomas ended by saying that, though she was the president of a woman's college, she still believed in co-education. The other speakers were President Schurman, of Cornell ; Professor Emily L. Gregory, of Barnard College ; President Julia J. Irvine, of Wellesley ; Professor Goldwin Smith, and Miss Ruth Putnam. The alumnae hold that, as men and women can study together, so they should dine together. But hitherto the alumni have taken no steps in that direction.

The latter held their annual dinner in the evening of the same day, at the Waldorf, over two hundred alumni being present. The speech that created most enthusiasm was that by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who has long been the representative of the Faculty in the athletic council, and represented the University at the negotiations for the rowing races to be held at Poughkeepsie next summer. Professor Wheeler started with a description of the games at Olympia, which he witnessed last year, and so appealed to his hearers that they subscribed immediately \$1200 for two new racing boats, and nearly all of the \$1600 required for a training-table. Earlier in the evening President Schurman and Professor Goldwin Smith made addresses. Ex-President Andrew D. White sent a letter ; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was to have spoken on the " Uses and Misuses of Wealth," was prevented by illness from being present.

* * *

THE ALUMNI of Dickinson College living in

and near New York dined together last week, for the first time since 1872. General Horatio C. Kuil, of Brooklyn, presided, and the Rev. George E. Reed spoke of "Old Dickinson : Her History and Her Outlook." Responding to the toast, "The New Patriotism," Mr. R. W. Gilder advocated the cultivation of peace with all nations, remarking that "the Senate will go to war at five minutes' notice, but refuses to go to peace even for the brief space of five years." The other speakers were Archdeacon Tiffany and the Rev. John Y. Dobbins.

* * *

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE celebrated on February 28th the centennial of the birth of Mary Lyon, its founder, and for twelve years its president. An address was delivered by the president of the college; and the Rev. Dr. Arthur Little, of Dorchester, Mass., preached the centennial sermon. Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given \$40,000 to Mount Holyoke for the building of a new cottage, and its furnishing as a dormitory.

* * *

YALE HAS received another million-dollar legacy from William Lampson, a graduate of '62, who afterward went through the Columbia College Law School, and who lived in Le Roy, N. Y. Columbia needs money. Harvard would like a dozen millions, according to President Eliot, and Yale says she needs all she's got and more too.

The provisions of Mr. Lampson's will allow the Yale corporation great latitude in the appropriation of the bequest. It is rumored that the fund will be applied to a new alumni hall, Gothic in design, lofty and magnificent in size, and capable of holding nearly all of the alumni of Yale.

Such a building is much needed at Yale.

* * *

GREEK will not be required hereafter for admission to Columbia. We are strongly inclined to agree with the *Sun*, which, in commenting on this change, says that the degree of Bachelor of Arts should not be given to men who have no knowledge of the Hellenic language and literature. Give them some other degree.

* * *

A NUMBER of Yale boys have sent on a blue flag to Corbett, with the request that he place it in his corner in the fight with Fitzsimmons. It is easy to see that this was done for the purpose of elevating the prize fight into a mere athletic contest, at which Yale would be very glad to have the gentlemanly "Pompadour Jim" win. Looking back to the Olympian Games in Greece, these two exponents of the manly art are worthy enough to become the popular student favorites—as worthy as horses or gladiators. Has not the Kipling Club something to do with this effort to aid and abet the prize fighting hero? Kipling, with his strange heroes, has turned the heads of our Yale boys. They admire the strong man too much, the intellectual or moral hero too little. Nevertheless, the offense was not very rank. The Yale boys could not have expected the pompadour gentleman to have given them away as he did.

* * *

THE GREEK students of the University of Athens send the following address to American students :

" To the Students of the University of Washington and America.

" DEAR COMRADES : The Greek students of

the University of Athens, saluting in fraternal spirit the noble-minded youth of the universities of the Old and New World, invite their moral support and assistance in behalf of the struggle which, we believe, has already won their warm interest and heartfelt sympathy.

“ The struggle of Crete assuredly transcends more than the narrow limits of Hellenic interests, although this alone were perhaps sufficient to render it most sacred and worthy of the warmest sympathy. Beneath the fortifications of Canea, of Herakleion and of Retimo, and along the coasts of the Queen of the Mediterranean, are being decided and adjudicated not merely the fortunes of the much-suffering islanders, nor yet the future of the Greek race only, but the age itself in which we live is being judged, and the character of contemporary civilization submitted to a decisive and vital test.

“ Not Greek egotism, but historic justice, compels us to recognize that if there exist anywhere enslaved people worthy of liberty, the Cretans rank first among the first ; and if there exist tyrannies unworthy even of an instant’s toleration, such certainly is the Ottoman tyranny in Crete.

“ If foreign rule is sometimes justified because when, though it violates the right of national liberty, it nevertheless ensures public order and furthers common welfare and justice, the Turkish sovereignty can offer no such excuse. It not only strangles national liberty, but is also fanatically hostile to all common liberty, and justice, and order, and prosperity.

“ As representatives and champions no longer of Greece only, but of civilized mankind, basely insulted in its noblest feelings by

'the powerful ones of the world, we shall fight for the most precious blessings of civilization—for freedom, for justice, for order, for equality, for rights, and for humanity. If diplomacy does not consent to the union of Crete with Greece, it will not be able to prevent the free Greeks and freedom-seeking Cretans from uniting their blood in a common and grand sacrifice.

"We confidently invoke your aid and assistance in behalf of our struggle, and beseech you that by every means you join in arousing and strengthening public opinion against a policy which oppugns the enlightened consciousness of justice-loving people."

* * *

THOMAS THACHER, President of the Yale Alumni Association, made some very happy and pointed remarks at the Yale dinner concerning Harvard and Yale's athletic relations. He emphatically urged a renewal of the old time-honored relations.

The alumni of both institutions, as far as we know, heartily wish that the diplomatic relations might cease and cordial relations begin. The *New Haven Journal and Courier* says:

"Next to the negotiations for an arbitration treaty between England and the United States no public matter is more important and interesting just now than the proposed athletic treaty between Yale and Harvard. The course of the negotiations concerning this treaty has been as careful and impressive as could be desired. There has been a very proper number of 'moves,' 'come-ons,' 'break-offs,' 'renewals,' 'intimations,' and 'propositions.' And after them all it is sadly and cautiously reported that it is not im-

possible that Yale will make athletic arrangements without regard to Harvard. But while it is so reported it is to be hoped that the resources of university diplomacy are not exhausted. Indeed, we hear, by private and secret message, that they are not, that things are not wholly what they seem, and that it is not impossible that negotiations between the two great athletic powers may soon be in full blast again. They ought to be amicably concluded sometime. There is no real reason why Yale athletes and Harvard athletes should not play with each other in each other's yard. It will be pleasing and encouraging to soon read about some more negotiations to this end."

Surely the fault lies in the powers that be, the sticklers for etiquette on both sides; the students want to contest, the body of the alumni are eager, but the powers are not satisfied, hence no race.

* * *

AT PRINCETON the honor system of examinations has prevailed for some time, and been found a success. The *Daily Princetonian* recently preached a little sermon on the subject:

"In view of the approaching examinations, we have deemed it timely to call attention again to the honor system in conducting them, which had its organization at Princeton, and has proven so successful in its practical workings. We assume that all men who have been at Princeton for some time understand the spirit and workings of the system, and therefore it is to those who take these examinations here for the first time, that these remarks are applicable. Several years ago the Princeton undergraduates, assembled in mass

meeting, decided to place the college examinations on a much higher plane than that on which they had formerly rested, and to this end they declare that henceforth every undergraduate should be put upon his honor, and at the close of each examination should pledge his honor as a gentleman that he had neither given nor received assistance of any sort. Furthermore it was declared to be the duty of any student who should be the witness of any cheating to report the same to the Undergraduate Committee. This committee was commissioned to act upon such cases presented to it and report their action to the faculty for confirmation. The system has been given a thorough trial, and has not been found wanting. We wish all new men to understand that this is the position Princeton has taken on this important matter ; that the rules laid down for conducting examinations are fully in force, and are backed by the united sentiment of the undergraduate body. The position of Princeton is the same to-day as it was when this step was taken, and in no respect do we propose to retreat from the stand taken then. Sometimes there have been one or two men whose sense of honor has been so low that they have cheated. Though no one is in the least expected to act as a spy or monitor over his fellow-students, yet if any case should come to his notice, it is his duty, without any personal consideration whatsoever, to report the matter to the Student Committee."

Music and Drama.—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in which Tess becomes a red-haired, hard-featured New England schoolma'am, and is entirely wanting in the Tess temperament,

is not a fortunate production. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske is in *Mrs. Ebbennith* a refined, calm, quiet actress of great merit; in *Tess* she lacks fire, temperament, and sensuousness. Miss Irish as *Maid Marian* is perfect. So is John Jack's *Durbeyfield*. Coghlan's *Alec D'Urberville* is a trifle too slow.

Mrs. Maddern Fiske is incapable of ever playing *Tess*, but she's a very capable actress nevertheless. Let us consider her method of killing Alec, for example. Alec quarrels with Tess after coming home drunk, early in the morning. It is the crowning insult to Tess. His words are cruel and bitter, and he goes off to bed while Tess sits at the breakfast-table and plays with a carving-knife. She takes it up, then drops it nervously. She rises nervously, and totters into Alec's bedroom. No sound is heard. Three minutes elapse of awful silence, and a shudder goes through the house as Tess reappears, holding a bloody knife between thumb and finger. In this scene Tess is not Tess, but she is a woman wedded to a man whose love is dead, and she has her surfeit of scorn and hate, and kills him. There is every shade of feeling of the *married* in this scene. Mrs. Maddern Fiske lacks the sensuous nature of Tess—the real Tess—and this climax of the play loses in point by her didactic “abused woman” air.

The play by Mr. L. Stoddard is uneven and jerky. People go and come too often. They say too little. Situations jump too fast. The scene where Angel leaves Tess is much too hurried. He goes off “to Brazil,” as if he was going across the street.

Marian was the best done part. Miss Irish looked her part—a voluptuous, sensual, hearty, English country girl. Her “screech” in the

scene when Tess looks at her with a stony stare was effective, but too loud. Mr. Stoddard, faulty in his lines in every act, is most faulty here. Marian is voluble by nature, and should be intensely so when Tess discovers her perfidy; but she merely throws up her hands and rushes out. Poor Tess, "a pure" woman, according to Hardy. "Pure," even though, without love, she yielded to Alec's first overtures, certainly she was the victim of a cruel fate, and if we could have been charmed in this part by Olga Nethersole, for example, we would have enjoyed the play better. The play is much inferior to the book, and should be revised on the lines pointed out. The characters seem to say too little and do too much.

* * *

AT DALY'S Miss Rehan has been appearing in "The Magistrate," with the "Geisha" on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Miss Rehan this winter has added great refinement to her characterizations, showing study and careful work.

* * *

WE ENJOYED Mrs. Caroline Miskel Hoyt in "A Contented Woman," a play which gives her great opportunity, and her acting of the pretty, half-spoiled, yet warm-hearted wife was exceedingly clever. The play itself was very amusing and worth seeing.

* * *

THE ST. NICHOLAS SKATING RINK, presided over by the champion fancy skater of America, Mr. G. D. Phillips, is the center of athletic fun this spring. It is rumored that next summer it will be made into a concert hall, cooled by the artificial process to a temperature of 75°, and the music to be furnished by the

Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. We trust this will be the case. New York needs a good summer concert garden, and this, located near the Boulevard on Sixty-sixth Street is easily reached. A fancy dress ice carnival was given March 11th, which rivalled any we have ever seen in Canada.

* * *

JULIA MARLOWE and Robert Taber, in "Bonnie Prince Charlie," have given the lovers of romantic plays an enjoyable treat. The play, however, is rather ordinary, and it is unrelieved by humor.

* * *

THE KIND of American play that succeeds, such as "Blue Jeans," for example, is full of plain people, who love, hate, or show their various rudimentary passions in good country style. It is rural people, though dressed in city style, who catch the audience—simple-hearted folk, who easily resolve themselves into quartettes or octettes, and sing "Auld Lang Syne." "That's what the people want." Farmers' boys can throw a paying play together—an ox-team, "father" in a long beard, "mawther" in gingham apron, some high-flown sentiment—and the dollars flow in. Mr. Howells with all his art can't do it. It takes a farm hand, a past master in hay rakes, a country yokel to write these American plays.

* * *

SARDOU'S "SPIRITISME," like everything of the great Frenchman's, is worth seeing once. His trouble lies in his lack of heart. His people are too apt to be puppets.

* * *

As a 'cello player Van Biene, at Olympia, is making the success which he did not make when by himself.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Story of My Life. By Augustus J. C. Hare.
(Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.)

This is one of the most entertaining, gossipy, amusing, and yet edifying autobiographies we have enjoyed reading for many years. It is not our purpose here to allude to the many amusing pictures of modern English life here shown, but to speak briefly of a small part of Hare's life, that at Oxford, which was begun in March, 1858, and lasted till June, 1857.

In February, 1858, he writes in his diary: "Aunt Kitty (Mrs. Stanley) has done a most kind act in securing Mr. Jowett's protection for me at Oxford. I have had a kind note from him in which his using my Christian name is at once very reassuring, though the fact that the seventeenth word he ever addressed to me is a Latin one looks rather formidable for future conversations."

Hare caught a violent cold while learning to skate, and his "matriculation" was in consequence somewhat delayed. Jowett, then a Fellow of Balliol, was as good as his word, and welcomed the charming young man of nineteen, with a fatherly and brotherly kindness. "I can see myself now," writes Hare in 1870, "very shy and shrinking, arriving at Oxford in a rough 'bear greatcoat,' with a broad stripe down my trousers, such as was worn then, and can hear the shrill high tones in which I spoke." The day he arrives he writes to his mother: "I went in (Mr. Jowett's) empty rooms, and found my mother's letter on the table. . . . So she was the first to welcome me to Oxford. . . . We had dinner in his rooms and a pleasant evening."

The next day he passed his entrance examinations. "Don't lose your presence of mind—it will be not only weak, but wrong," said Mr. Jowett, and Hare obeyed. Dean Hedley takes him into a long hall "with long rows of men writing at a long table. At the end of which I was set down with pens, ink, and paper. Greek translation, Latin composition, and papers of arithmetic and Euclid were given me to do, and we were all locked in. I knew my work, and had done when we were let out at half-past one, for twenty minutes. At the end of this time Mr. Hedley took me to the master (Dr. Plumptre). The old man sat in his study, very cold, very stern, and very tall. I thought

the examination was over. Not a bit of it. The master asked what books I had ever done, and took down the names on paper. Then he chose Herodotus. I knew with that old man a mistake would be fatal, and I did not make it. Then he asked me a number of odd questions—all the principal rivers in France and Spain, the towns they passed through, and the points where they enter the sea; all the prophecies of the Old Testament in their order relating to the coming of Christ; all the relationships of Abraham and all the places he lived in. These things I fortunately *happened* to know. Then the master arose and solemnly made me a little speech:" and the Freshman was allowed to matriculate. He swears to abjure the Pope and to be devoted to the Queen, and kisses a Testament upon it. Then the vice-chancellor makes a little Latin speech, and he pays £3 10s., and is free. He is given a set of rooms looking out on a vegetable garden, and is compelled to purchase for £32 16s. 6d. "curtains which drip with dirt, a bed with a ragged counterpane, a bleared mirror in a gilt frame, and some ugly mahogany chairs and tables." He spends a solitary week, and no one talks to him. At last a visitor calls, and this was the conversation:

"I suppose you are fond of boating? We must have you down to the river and see what you are made of."

"But I don't boat; you would find me utterly inefficient."

"Then you ride?"

"No."

"Do you sing, then?"

"No, not at all."

"Do you play rackets?"

"No, I neither boat, nor ride, nor sing, nor play rackets; so you will never have been to call on a more hopelessly stupid Freshman."

His principal lectures are with a tutor who sits on a table in the middle of the room, and who "dawdles and twaddles so much over details that we have done very little when the hour ends." He is amused by the high Romanistic club whose members pass their time in passing ridiculous censures on different individuals. At Merton they met to pass a vote of censure on St. Augustine, and the "whole time of their sitting in solemn conclave red pepper was burned through the keyhole." Slates were placed over the chimneys, and they were made to feel like actual martyrs. When they went out they were soused with water.

What a beautiful thing it must have been on Magdalen Tower, high up above the world, to hear the choristers sing the old Latin hymn on May-day morning, and as the voices ceased all the bells of Oxford began ringing—these old mediæval customs of Oxford make the place so sacred and so beautiful !

Mr. Jowett could hardly have proved a genial companion. " Sometimes he never spoke at all, and would only walk around the room looking at me with unperceiving, absent eyes, as I ate my bread and butter, in a way that for a nervous boy was utterly terrific." Jowett must have been a curious, satirical, yet amusing scholar in those days. When the council, met in solemn conclave, asked him, " Now, Mr. Jowett, answer the truth—*can* you sign the Thirty-nine Articles ?" He dumbfounded them with, " If you have a little ink."

Professor Jowett was disappointed in Hare, it seems, as the latter did not follow out his ideas. " He dropped me after I left Oxford," says Hare, in one of his amusing foot-notes.

We may not in this article give an account of all the amusing episodes of Hare's career at Oxford, but we heartily recommend the book to students. His filial love, his high moral sense, his sense of duty, and yet his human frailties make him a most lovable student. On p. 856 Dr. Routh stated as a fact that there was such a thing as a " Gownsmen's Gallows in Holywell," where two undergraduates were once hanged for highway robbery.

This ancient Don—Dr. Routh—never appeared except in his canonicals. Some students went under his window at midnight and shouted, " Fire !" He appeared *immediately*, and in a most terrific state of alarm, but in full canonicals !

Mrs. Warburton's platonic intimacy with Hare and his set was, it seems to us, a most unique affair. " Scarcely a morning passed without her coming into our rooms, scarcely an afternoon without our walking with her or going on the river. It was a friendship of the very best kind, with a constant interchange of the highest thoughts."

Plenty of fun they had ! " When the college gates were closed at night I often used to rush down into Quad and act ' Hare ' all over the queer passages and dark corners of the college, pursued by a pack of hounds who were more in unison with the general idea of Harrow than of Oxford." He ran pell mell into a

professor, and narrowly escaped a serious scrape. He has many amusing adventures in college, and the picture of the rich, deep Oxford life reminds one very much of Charles Ravenshoe. The refined, sweet churchly life and the outbreaks of boyishness are very much the same. The cultured English boy of twenty is a very delightful and imaginative creature.

The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. (D. Appleton & Co.)

There must be two Kiplings. One we have chatted with—he, well tanned, in a slouch hat and old suit of farm clothes, a short cutty pipe in his mouth—at Brattleboro; the other Kipling is he of whom all the world seems to be talking at once—the man of genius.

These poems may be rough-hewn, maybe—not true poetry at all—but they are—Kipling—different from all the rest, full of a strange, ringing power, as of a man who had encompassed the earth and sounded all nations thereon.

“ E’s the livin’, breathin’ image of an organ-grinder’s
monkey
With a pound of grease in ’is ’air—
Gawd bless ’im !”

This is hardly poetry, but it is—Kipling !

How different, yet how much more graceful the poems of H. C. Bunner (Scribners, 1896).

“ When he is old and past all singing,
Grant, kindly Time, that he may hear
The rhythm through joyous nature ringing,
Uncaught by any duller ear.”

Bunner we knew, too—a charming personality, always bright and gay and amusing. He, perhaps, impressed us more than Kipling—as a *littérateur*. But how wide the difference between their minds ! We must grant to the former poet the strange fire touch of genius. The refinements are lacking in the one, but there is “ a touch of a vanished hand,” which, we believe, is genius itself.

College Year-Book, 1896-97. By Edwin Emerson, Jr. (Stone & Kimball.)

This United States college year-book will prove an annual of great use and interest as the years go on. At present it is not quite complete enough in some particulars, but a new edition next year will complete the necessary omissions of the first number. We would

suggest for a reference book of this sort a different style of paper and cut edges. The paper is too easily torn.

Great credit is due Mr. Emerson for his careful selection of what are and are not really colleges. He has mainly followed the line of the Commissioner of Education at Washington. The book is a valuable one for reference for all college men.

Miss Ayr of Virginia, and Other Stories. By Julia Magruder. (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

["Why shouldn't I raise my parasol if the sun is out?" inquires Miss Ayr, of Virginia, on the top of a coach on their way to the races—presumably Morris Park.

"It isn't done," was the answer, given curtly and coldly by the New York chaperon; and Miss Ayr's cold, ugly, but well-dressed cousins try to stare her out of countenance.

Whereupon Miss Ayr, of Virginia, is made hurt and sore, and wishes she were back in Ole Virginny.

An ox lies in the roadway, and the coach is brought to a halt. Miss Ayr stops its nostrils with mud, and up it gets snorting, and is led away.

The "men" now "rally around" Miss Ayr, of Virginia, although "it was not altogether her victoriousness in her recent undertaking that had made them rally round her so."

Jim Stafford "rallies around" to such an extent that he falls head over heels in love, poor fellow, with the pretty Virginian. Alas! it is of no use—his millions, his horses, his many courtesies—she says, "I'm engaged to a man in Virginia, whom I love with all my heart, and so that settles it;" and it did.

His Heart's Desire is a better tale, better told, better planned in this series of rather prosaic stories, and with a deeper meaning.

Have we not often been regaled with the woes of the wife—her trials, her troubles, her quiet endurance of the brute her husband? But here, at last, written by a woman, too, the boot is on the other leg! Hugh Eastin marries a rich, strong-willed, business like, commonplace woman, who cares nothing for "soulful souls" or for music.

Four sturdy children she bears him in regular order, all of whom are insensible to the "fairly music touch." At last comes Rose-Jewel, who sings opera airs in her

cradle and dances to her papa's fiddle in the small hours of the night.

Enter mamma, stern, unyielding, relentless. Poor papa (is it a picture of life in 2097 ?) hurriedly grasps his music child to his heart and flies out into the cold, cruel night winds.

Driven from home—not by force, but by the unkind and bitter words of mamma ! This severely practical woman had warned him that Rose-Jewel should be reared musicless, and he was heartbroken.

Out into the night he fled with his child in his arms, and in attempting to cross a stream, as it seems—for “there was a sudden rush of something cold and strange—a swish of sound—a lurch—a fall—and then” their spirits fled upward.

Downtrodden, music-loving men, read this story of your woes ! Husbands with *penchants* for piano-playing or flute-jamming, fathers who love the squeaking 'cello, give ear (and give o'er !).

Here in solemn seriousness your woes are depicted. Julia Magruder has felt for you, O ye downtrodden ones ! With a keen feminine insight she has read the callous souls of your commonplace helpmeets, the women who wear thick flannel underclothing and stout boots, coarse percales with a will of iron, and a knowledge of how to make it infernally disagreeable for a man and husband.

The other stories in the book are—well, they are not so bad.

The Herb Moon. A Fantasia By John Oliver Hobbes.
(F. A. Stokes Company.)

Here a woman with a brain, and a knowledge of how to use it, writes a fascinating little book. Condensation is an art Mrs. Craigie possesses to a degree. Her prose is terse, pointed, witty. Who has not enjoyed “Some Emotions and a Moral,” “A Study in Temptations,” “The Sinner's Comedy,” and “A Bundle of Life” ? Exceeding hard names to remember, somehow, when you want to talk about them. *The Herb Moon* is well worth the reading.

The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le Gallienne.
(The Bodley Head : John Lane.)

This is Richard Le Gallienne's best so far. We recommend the book to students of easy style. The matter is not much, often silly, but the style is delightful.

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No. 4

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THE

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

VOL. IV.

May, 1897.

No. 4.

EARLY COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

The season of college commencements is upon us. It is a delightful season to contemplate, bringing up, as it does, vividly in the memory of every graduate innumerable scenes of pleasant college days. Many changes have taken place in the methods of conducting these graduating exercises with advancing years. The old-time characteristics which gave the day almost the appearance of a holiday are gradually fading away. In the early days everybody in a college town went to the commencement. It was one of the events that no respectable citizen thought of missing. Judging from the accounts of the throngs that filled the college hall, one is naturally led to believe that some peculiar charm lay in the Greek, Latin, and English orations. Perhaps this charm, however, may have been in the young men themselves; but, however this may be, it should be remembered that amusements did not come so frequently then as now, and a college commencement furnished attractions which have since become dimmed in the glamour of more active festivities.

The growth of the college into the wider field of the university has also introduced its changes. It is not many years ago that the

graduates of Columbia were wont to deliver masterly efforts in the dead languages, exciting the wonder of their hearers by the easy flow of words, and evoking their heartfelt thanks when the laudatory attempt was finished. This practice ceased at Columbia in 1889, and since that time all the different departments meet together in one commencement, and student oratory is a thing of the past.

It is interesting as well as instructive to look back upon some of the early commencements in our country. There was a certain dignity and solemnity about them which seemed to stamp their importance upon the graduate, making him realize that the occasion meant more than simply the finishing touch of his college career. There were the time-honored Greek and Latin orations supplemented by a considerable number in the English language, processions of students and Faculty in academic gowns, besides many other interesting features. It is a pleasure, moreover, to notice that after the degrees were conferred, there was a happy relaxation from the former solemnity, when trustees and Faculty often dined with the young alumni, closing the day in an enjoyable, if not hilariously festive manner.

Princeton was far from being the grand university she is to-day, when, on November 9th, 1748, the first commencement was held in Newark, N. J., and degrees of Bachelor of Arts were conferred upon six graduates. The occasion is particularly noteworthy because the Rev. Aaron Burr, father of the Aaron Burr better known to American history, was elected President of the college on that day. He was the second to occupy the

position, the first President, Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, having died five months after the opening of the college. It is interesting to take a glimpse of student life one hundred and fifty years ago, and in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of December 13th, 1748, a copy of which is in the Lenox Library, we find a very accurate description of this first Princeton commencement. Regarding the election of the new President, the *Pennsylvania Gazette* says :

“ On Wednesday was held at Newark the first Commencement of the College of New Jersey, at which was present his Excellency, Jonathan Belcher, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the said province and President of the Trustees, and sixteen gentlemen, being other Trustees named in the royal charter ; who, after they had all taken and subscribed the oaths to the government and made and signed the declarations which are appointed by divers statutes of Great Britain, and had taken the particular oath for the faithful performance of their trust, all which were required by the said charter, they proceeded to the election of a President of the said college ; whereupon the Rev. Mr. Aaron Burr was unanimously chosen. Which being done, his Excellency was preceded from his lodgings at the President's house, first by the candidates walking in couples uncovered ; next, followed by Trustees, two by two, being covered, and, last of all, his Excellency the Governor, with the President at his left hand.

“ At the door of the place appointed for the publick acts, the procession (amidst a great number of spectators there gathered) was inverted, the candidates parting to the right and left hand, and the Trustees in like manner.

His Excellency first entered with the President, the Trustees next followed in the order in which they were ranged in the charter, and last of all the candidates. Upon the bell ceasing and the assembly being composed, the President began the publick acts by solemn prayer to God in the English tongue, for a blessing upon the publick transactions of the day ; upon his Majesty, King George the Second, and the royal family ; upon the British nation and dominion ; upon the Governor and Government of New Jersey ; upon all seminaries of true religion and good literature, and particularly upon the infant College of New Jersey."

The foregoing exercises occurred in the morning, and there was then an intermission until afternoon, when President Burr opened the regular graduating exercises, we are told, "by an elegant oration in the Latin tongue, delivered *memoriter*, modestly declaring his unworthiness of and unfitness for so weighty a trust as had been reposed in him ; apologizing for the defects that would unavoidably appear in his part of the present service, and displaying the manifold advantages of the liberal arts and sciences in exalting and dignifying human nature." After this address, which occupied three quarters of an hour, the six candidates debated in Latin upon six questions of philosophy and theology, and having acquitted themselves with favor to the Trustees, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon them. Then an important ceremony occurred, the granting of the Master of Arts degree to Governor Belcher, the first Master's degree to be given by Princeton College. The corporation seal of the college was agreed upon during the same day in the

President's house, and everything passed off in a most satisfactory manner. The newspaper account, in closing, says: "Thus the first appearance of a college in New Jersey, having given universal satisfaction, even the unlearned being pleased with the external solemnity and decorum which they saw, 'tis hoped that this infant college will meet with due encouragement from all publick-spirited, generous minds, and that the lovers of mankind will wish its prosperity and contribute to its support." And in the Princeton of the present day are seen unmistakable proofs that the prayers and wishes of one hundred and fifty years ago have been amply fulfilled.

The early commencements of Columbia University, known as King's College previous to the Revolution, are full of interesting incidents, while among the graduates one notices from time to time names which afterward figured prominently in the history of our country. The outbreak of the Revolution was disastrous to the college from an educational standpoint, and for several years it was closed, the old building being used by the British as a military hospital during their occupation of the city. One of the last commencements before the war was in 1773, and this event is rendered important because among the graduates were Frederick Philipse and Beverly Robinson. The former was the last lord of the extensive Philipse manor, and was a grandson of the first Frederick Philipse, who acquired his vast property in Westchester County and built the fine old manor house now used as the town hall of Yonkers. This last Frederick Philipse was not permitted to enjoy his princely estate many years after graduating, for early in the Revolution he

was accused of sympathizing with the Tories, and this led to his prompt banishment and confiscation of his lands. The British Government, after the war, granted him an indemnity of \$300,000. From our knowledge of him, he was fond of gayety and display while a young man. He lived in a style rivaling that of the English nobility, while his wife was famous for miles around by the skilful manner in which she handled her team of four black horses.

The name of Beverly Robinson recalls the treason of Arnold and the capture of André. It was the father of the young man who was graduated in 1773, in whose house many of the meetings were held between Arnold and the unfortunate British officer. Beverly Robinson, Senior, was an ardent loyalist, and at the outbreak of the Revolution he raised the Loyal American Regiment in New York City, becoming its colonel and his son lieutenant-colonel. When the city was evacuated, both the Robinsons, following the example of many other loyalists, retired to Nova Scotia. In connection with these two names it may be interesting to mention that the elder Robinson married a sister of the Frederick Philipse who was his son's classmate. The commencement exercises in which these young men took an active part are described very entertainingly in Rivington's *New York Gazetteer* of May 20th, 1773 :

"Tuesday, May 18th, being the day appointed for the annual commencement of the graduates of King's College, in this city, a very numerous and splendid audience assembled at Trinity Church. After prayers and a Latin speech by the President, an elegant salutatory oration was delivered with great

propriety of pronunciation and gracefulness of action by Mr. Frederic Philipse. The audience was then entertained with a discourse on the happiness of a connubial life by Mr. Beverly Robinson, whose just observations on this subject did him much honor. The kind and measure of diversions which may be with innocence enjoyed were stated in a very accurate and agreeable manner by Mr. Shreve, in an elegant oration which he delivered with much propriety. An entertaining discourse on the pleasures of refined conversation was then pronounced by Mr. Bogert. Mr. Nathaniel Philipse next delivered an accurate and animated Latin oration on the fatal effects of licentiousness. Mr. Lush then entertained the audience with an elegant discourse on taste, which was received with much applause. Then follow the names of the graduates, and after the degrees were conferred came the valedictory on ambition, by Mr. James Creighton. In closing, Mr. Rivington's paper adds: "In short, it could not but have been delightful to every lover of his country to see the fair signs of future excellence which were given by the young gentlemen in general on this occasion."

The President of King's College in 1773 was the Rev. Myles Cooper, but in less than two years he found it convenient to leave the city in a somewhat hurried manner, rendered necessary to escape the application of a coat of tar and feathers, which a mob of angry citizens were anxious to give him as a punishment for his Tory utterances. On that occasion Alexander Hamilton, who had entered the college in 1774, brought himself prominently before the people by his earnest address upon law and order, which was so dis-

tasteful to many in his audience that he himself did not wholly escape the deluge of flying brickbats. The reverend President of the college spent the night walking up and down the banks of the Hudson River, and the next day found a more comfortable asylum on a British gunboat, which eventually carried him to England, where he chose ever after to remain.

The year 1789 was an important one, not only for New York City, but for the entire country. This city, as the capital of the new republic, was the home of the President and other public officials. The grand celebrations in honor of Washington's inauguration had hardly finished when Columbia held its commencement, on May 6th, in St. Paul's Chapel. This day should be remembered as one of the most celebrated in the history of Columbia, for the graduates had the honor of receiving their diplomas in the presence of the beloved Washington himself. It is reasonable to assume that the President employed the occasion to set an example of economy and patriotism to the young men by wearing his suit of American homespun, which had been made especially for him to wear on his inaugural day. *The Gazette* of the United States of May 9th makes this reference to the event: "The President, his Excellency the Vice-President, the Senate, and House of Representatives of the United States, the Governor and principal officers of this Republic honored by their presence this highly useful and important literary institution. The late public Commencement in this city affords a conspicuous specimen of the progress of science and fine arts, as well as of moral and political researches," etc.

There were ten graduates that year, and each had an oration. James Duane delivered the salutatory, and John Mason the valedictory. Matthew Mesier spoke on "Passions;" Peter Mesier on the "Rising Glory of America;" John Bainbridge, "Happiness;" William Lupton, "The Art of Printing;" John Van Ness, "Civilization;" Henry Izard, "Eloquence;" John Remsen, "The Progress of Government," and William Hurst, on "History." The occasion was also rendered memorable by conferring honorary degrees upon persons of considerable prominence. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was given to Rev. Abraham Beach, Rev. Benjamin Moore, Rev. William Lynn, and Rev. John D. Gross, all of New York City; Rev. Jeremiah Leaming, of Connecticut; and Rev. Jacob R. Hardenburgh, of New Brunswick, N. J. The latter was at that time President of Rutgers College. During the Revolution he made himself so conspicuous in the cause of independence that the British tried in vain to capture him, even offering a reward of £100 to the one who would make him prisoner. Mr. Hardenburgh was pastor during part of the war of a small church at Raritan, and instilled great enthusiasm into the soldiers by his talks to them in their winter encampments. He was also a welcome guest at Washington's headquarters. In 1779 his enemies succeeded in burning his church, and so numerous were the attempts to capture him, that the worthy divine, it is said, kept a loaded shotgun by his bed every night. The Rev. Benjamin Moore became Columbia's President twelve years later, and held the office until he died, in 1811. For many years he was rector of Trinity Church. John

Mitchell Mason, the valedictorian, became the leading pulpit orator of his time. He went to Scotland immediately after graduating to study theology, but the sudden death of his father, in 1791, hastened his return, and he was immediately installed pastor of his father's church, the Associate Reformed. His name is closely connected with the Union Theological Seminary, which he was instrumental in organizing, and was its first professor, in 1804. Dr. Mason died in 1829.

The Commencement of 1788 was decidedly patriotic in nature. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Alexander Hamilton, who became Secretary of the Treasury the following year. De Witt Clinton was one of the graduates, and later he became one of the most active New York politicians and Governor of the State. The Commencement exercises this year were held in the college hall, and some of the orations were upon the following subjects: "The Death of General Warren," "The Death of General Montgomery," "The Heroes who Fell in the Cause of their Country during the Late War," and "Liberty, Government, Education, and Manners." The President, Dr. Samuel Johnson, son of Columbia's first President, addressed the graduates. In an amusing account published in the *New York Journal and Weekly Register* of April 10th, 1788, we learn that "he pointed out in a most pathetic and elegant manner their respective duties to God, their neighbors, and themselves, and particularly exhorted them to love their country, to study and make themselves perfectly acquainted with its true interests, and to be firm and unmovable in supporting them. The solemnity was conducted orderly and satisfactorily.

The orations were spoken with propriety and eloquence, and reflected the greatest credit on their instructors for the care taken to accomplish them in this important attainment."

Going back a little earlier in the history of Columbia College, the *New York Gazette* of May 26th, 1766, tells us how the Commencement was celebrated under royal patronage. The exercises in that year were held in Trinity Church, and the newspaper description states that "General Gage, General Burton, his Majesty's Council, the clergy of the city, and a numerous and splendid audience honored the solemnity with their presence. The procession was from the college hall to the church, where the company upon their entrance were saluted with a grand piece on the organ by Mr. Rice. The honors of the day were begun with solemn prayers suitable to the occasion, and an elegant Latin oration, followed by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, A.M., President of the college. The salutatory Latin oration was delivered by Mr. Watts, whose graceful action, correct pronunciation, and elegant composition were justly admired by every gentleman of education present." The other orations are also mentioned, among them being one by Henry Rutgers, on the subject "*De Præcelsentia Numerorum*," "wherein were admirably displayed to the satisfaction of all present both the scholar and orator."

This Henry Rutgers was the last of the famous Rutgers family that owned vast estates on the east side of the city, just beyond Chatham Square. The Rutgers mansion was one of the finest residences of old New York, and during the Revolution it was used as a hospital by the British. Henry Rutgers was true to the cause of independence, although

running the risk of losing his fortune, and he took an active part in the battle of Long Island. The late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was his adopted son and heir. At the close of the Commencement we are told that "the governors of the college, with many of the gentlemen of the city and the country, returned to the college hall, where they dined and spent the afternoon in an agreeable manner."

Although many more interesting incidents might be mentioned of early commencements, the following extract will be given in closing, which is found in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, August 14th, 1735, under the head of news from Boston, July 7th : "At the Commencement at Cambridge on Friday last, 59 young men received their degrees, viz.: 38 Bachelors and 21 Masters, on which occasion a vast number of people assembled here, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken to keep it private. 'Tis said the meeting-house was so prodigiously crowded that the galleries were in danger of falling, and several persons were so apprehensive of their danger that they jumped out at the windows, and others with great difficulty got out thro' the doors. And tho' no mischief ensued, yet there will doubtless be some caution taken for the better securing the House for the future, if there should be another Private Commencement."

F. W. CRANE.

THE SONG OF SONGS, WHICH IS NOGACHI'S.

Adieu, Sons and Daughters of the first pair of mortals !
Adieu, City—you know not of celestial joy rippling in
tune with nature !

Adieu, Fame—a sunbeam following the darkness of
night !

Adieu, Gold—glittering dust of the earth, valueless in
the land of heaven !

Adieu, Mansions—you wall the sky, hide the moon and
the stars !

I love the unbroken peace of the country uniting the
purple heaven with the green-carpeted earth
below—

I love the saintly chant of the winds touching their
odorous fingers to the harp of the angel
Spring—

I love the undiscording sound of thousands of birds
whose concord of song echoes on the rivulet
afar—

I muse on the solemn mountain which waits in sound
content for the time when the Lord calls forth—

I roam with the wings of high-raised fantasy in the
pure universe—

Oh, I chant of the garden of Adam and Eve !

Behold ! The night's shadow girding round our half
sphere, the world goes into reverie—

Yea, my spirit in a dream rises afar to steal the match-
less pearls of eternal stars !

Hark, the far-off fowl sings of the divine morn of
light ! I hail the glorious sun's ascent—

I chant again of the complete order of the universe
with the earth, with the heaven above !

YONE NOGACHI.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE : A COMPARISON.

Perhaps the most striking feature about English institutions—social, political, or educational—is their strong individuality. Whether good or bad, they are at least unlike anything else under the sun. And this is true not merely of the institutions of any given class as compared with institutions of the same class elsewhere, but it is also true, though not, of course, in the same degree, of the institutions of a class as compared with each other. For example, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester are the three “crack public schools” of England, and are not only utterly unlike the schools in other parts of the world, but they even differ much from each other. They bear no sort of likeness or similitude to what are called “public schools” in Australia or the United States. In the same way, while the two great British universities, Oxford and Cambridge, have many points of resemblance with each other, and many points of common difference from other universities, yet, when compared closely with each other, they manifest many important and highly interesting distinctions.

These distinctions are, naturally, entirely unknown to that large body of people in England who not only cannot recollect of what particular college of the two universities an acquaintance is a member, but cannot for their life remember whether he is an Oxford or a Cambridge man. Several times has a perplexed mother of the middle class in England, on hearing that a visitor was a Christ Church or Baliol man, been heard to ex-

claim : " Ah ! yes ; our Cousin Harry is at Cambridge too." " No, mother," corrects one of the daughters, " Harry went to Oxford College." Then ensues a discussion as to which university the young man really did go to, and no certain conclusion is arrived at.

In the higher classes of English society some general knowledge of the difference between a college and a university, and of the names of the leading colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, is widely spread ; but the average person, even of the upper class, knows little of the real distinctions between the two universities, and still less of the differences between the various colleges of the same university. Yet each college has an individuality and characteristics which mark it off from other colleges. Having had considerable opportunities of familiarity with both universities, I have always been much interested in considering their points of likeness and unlikeness. Hints of these things are to be found scattered about in various books, but nowhere have I seen any careful presentation of the matter. J. M. Hoppin, of Yale, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and even R. W. Emerson did not penetrate far in this direction.

It may be well to state at the outset that the universities of Oxford and Cambridge resemble each other, but differ from universities in other countries, in the fact that their tests of knowledge fall into two main divisions—Honor and Pass examinations. I am aware that at Harvard it is possible to graduate *cum laude*, or *magna cum laude*, or in rare cases *summa cum laude*, and that at Australian university examinations what are called " credit marks" are affixed to those subjects in which candidates have done un-

usually well ; but these merely express the examiners' judgment upon the quality of the work done by the students : they do not mean that the whole training of the men thus distinguished has been different from that of their companions. Those who are thus commended have taken up the same subjects, and the same quantity of each subject, but have done their work more accurately—that is all.

Now both at Oxford and Cambridge, between the Honorman and the Passman “there is a great gulf fixed”—a gulf which is, however, in some few instances bridged. If a man essays to gain honors, but fails to do so, yet his papers show that he has done more work than would have been necessary to “pass,” he is “gulfed”—that is, allowed a pass. But these few instances are those of men who misunderstood the requirements of Honor examinations, or over-estimated their own capacity or attainments. Generally the careers of Honormen and Passmen have been different since they were twelve years of age ; their work and associations at the university have been different ; they have lived, moved, and had their being in different atmospheres. The work of these two species of men is governed by distinct sets of regulations, and judged by different sets of examiners.

Here a new consideration comes into play. Inasmuch as all the able ambitious men, and all who mean to utilize their knowledge afterward to earn a living, “go in for” Honors, and would consider that they were disgracing themselves, their old schools, and the masters who taught them by entering a Pass examination ; and all the idle, dull, or ease-loving men content themselves with Passes, regarding Honors as entirely beyond their reach,

and viewing the Honorman with a kind of respect as possessing a higher order of capacity than their own ; all this being so, the tendency is for Honor examinations to become continually harder, and Pass examinations continually easier. The finiteness of man's mental powers and the limited capacity of human endurance, of course, set bounds to the tendency of Honor examinations to increase in difficulty, and the regulations of the Board of Studies check the tendency of Pass examinations to become puerile.

But little or nothing of all this is known to the outside world, or even to men who have received a college education in their own country. It seems to be generally supposed in the United States that all Oxford and Cambridge degrees imply equal attainments in their possessors ; that one B.A., to put it familiarly, is as good as another, and that every M.A. is a person of greater knowledge than any Bachelor. It does not seem to be at all understood that two young men may have been at the same college of Oxford or Cambridge at the same time, may have received the same degree on the same day, and yet be of widely different natural ability and acquirements, may never have attended a lecture in company, or have passed an examination—except "*Smalls*"—in common. The M.A. degree at the great English universities is entirely a matter of university standing and payment of fees, and has nothing to do with attainments, except so far as the Bachelor's degree is a necessary preliminary to the higher one.

The absolutely essential examinations for a degree at Oxford are Responsions, Moderations, and Final Schools, colloquially termed

Smalls, Mods, and Greats. The first of these is the only examination that is the same for all, for the man who will have difficulty in scraping a Pass degree, and for the future winner of the Hertford or Ireland, the blue ribbons of Oxford scholarship. *Smalls* or an accepted substitute for it must be passed by every one alike, and is merely intended to decide a man's fitness or unfitness for a university career of any kind. But immediately after *Smalls* men's paths begin to diverge. In Moderations the ordinary undergraduate takes a Pass examination, but the able man aims at Honors, either in Greek and Latin literature, or in mathematics. The former examination, called Honor Classical Moderations, affords a better test of scholarship, and is a more valuable qualification for men who adopt teaching as a profession than any other at Oxford. In Final Schools the Passman takes up a limited number of subjects, and a limited quantity of each: the Honorman has a choice of seven "schools," *Litteræ Humaniores*, Mathematics and Physics, Jurisprudence, Modern History, Sacred Theology, Natural Science, and Semitic Languages and Literatures. The first of these, colloquially called "Classical Greats," is the distinctively characteristic Oxford examination, and is selected by nearly all the men of marked ability. In earlier days there were only two final Honor schools—the Classical and the Mathematical—and the few men who were awarded first-class honors in both examinations were called "Double Firsts." Of this select number were the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and the late Lord Iddesleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote.

A man who gains Honors in any one of

these Final Schools, and also passes a certain religious and biblical examination, called "Divinity," is entitled to a B.A. degree ; but the mere amount, to say nothing of the quality of the work required to gain first-class honors is many times greater than that required for a Pass degree. Any man who gains first-class honors could probably have taken a Pass degree at the end of his first eight weeks' residence at the university ; yet he found four years all too short for the work required of him by Honor Moderations and a Final School.

At Cambridge there are two examinations, the Little Go and the final examination or Great Go. The distinction between Honor-men and Passmen is just as strongly marked as at Oxford. The final examinations are called Triposes, and the two which are best known to the outer world, and which furnish the most valued qualifications for schoolmasters, professors, and clerics, are the Classical and the Mathematical. The men who gain Honors in the Classical Tripos are divided into three classes, and are ranged in order of merit in each class, the first man in the first class being called Senior Classic, the next Second Classic, the next Third Classic, and so on. The others are denoted as first, second, and so on in the second or third class. In the Mathematical Tripos the successful men are also placed, in order of merit, in three classes, the first-class men being called Wranglers, those in the second class Senior Optimes, and those in the third class Junior Optimes. The head of the list is called the Senior Wrangler, a name known to many thousands of people in the English-speaking world who have no notion of its real meaning.

They know, of course, that to be Senior Wrangler is to achieve a very great academical distinction, but how the distinction is obtained, or what it means, they could tell no more than babes unborn. And even if, by hook or crook, they know that it means a man with a heap of higher mathematics in his head, they think that such a man might exist at Oxford or Cambridge indifferently. Yet a Senior Wrangler, or a Senior Classic, or indeed a "Senior" of any examination list, is at Oxford an impossibility, because *there* Honormen are arranged in different classes, it is true, but in alphabetical order in each class. The Oxford system, while it deprives the first man of a great triumph, and the first six or ten men of a valuable distinction, is yet probably the better. An Oxford man is quite content to get within the narrow limits of the first class, and, not knowing whether an exact order of merit would bring him out at the head or not, is satisfied to have his precise position left in doubt. If the man who comes out "Senior" in a Cambridge tripos wins a brilliant position, the man who comes out second is often bitterly disappointed.

As men everywhere and at all times are very apt to get hold of names and not of ideas, the term "Senior Wrangler" has somehow become known over the whole world, though the corresponding term, "Senior Classic," is by no means so generally known. The head of each tripos is called "Senior;" as, for example, Senior in the Law tripos, Senior in Natural Science, and so on; but the comparative unimportance of these distinctions, and the fact that these triposes are of recent introduction, have prevented their becoming familiar. Inasmuch as in Oxford

class-lists the names in each class are arranged alphabetically, the highest distinctions at Cambridge are somewhat more valuable from a salary-earning point of view than an Oxford first class. If a great school, such as Rugby, Clifton, or Uppingham, is in want of a classical master, the governing body is more likely to choose one who can show that he was third or fourth Classic than one who can only say that he took a first class together with fifteen or twenty others.

The special value attached to the highest, or a high place in a tripos at Cambridge naturally makes the competition very keen, and the men who expect to "come out high" feel an excitement with regard to the Honor-list that is almost unknown at Oxford. Going to Cambridge directly from Oxford, I was especially struck with the keen interest manifested in the tripos list. All the higher places in the list are allotted by public opinion long before the decision of the examiners is known, and grave is the disappointment of a man who comes out some places below the position assigned him by his tutors and friends. The predictions with regard to men's places are remarkably accurate. I asked where Vince, of Christ's, would come out, and was told that he would be in the first eight Classics, but would not get into the first four. When the list was posted on the doors of the Senate House, Vince was placed fifth in a bracket with others. I asked where W. B. Allcock, of Emmanuel, would be in the mathematical list, and was told that he would get into the first three Wranglers. When the list was published his name was third. Should the order of merit in the list as issued by the examiners seriously vary from the estimate

formed of the candidates by their tutors and fellow-undergraduates, the conclusion is not unlikely to be drawn that the examiners went wrong, and that, had they known the candidates better, they would have placed them differently. Nor is this altogether unreasonable, for the fellow-students and "coaches" who have known men intimately for more than three years are in some respects in a better position to form a just estimate of their powers than examiners who have seen the work done by the candidates during ten or twelve days only.

The two universities also differ very much in the character of the studies and in the kind of men they turn out. The popular notion in England is that Oxford is the classical university, and Cambridge the mathematical. This notion originated, it is to be supposed, in this way. The University of Oxford requires at Responsions and in Pass examinations generally a somewhat higher degree of classical knowledge than is necessary at Cambridge, and Cambridge requires at the Little Go a somewhat higher standard of mathematical acquirement than Oxford. But from what has been already said, it will be seen that the work of the universities is really to be judged by the standard set for Honormen, and not by that required from Passmen. When we consider the work of Honormen, no such distinction as the rough one just mentioned holds good. It is an undoubted fact that the best mathematicians of the British Empire are, with comparatively few exceptions, Cambridge men. Of course the standard necessary to gain a first class in mathematics at Oxford is high, but ambitious mathematically gifted young men have for so long

a time looked to Cambridge as their goal that the great bulk of them go thither on leaving school. While about a hundred names appear in the mathematical honor list at Cambridge, probably not twenty are found in the mathematical list at Oxford. Further, the distinction of a high place among the Wranglers at Cambridge is greater in general estimation, and more valuable pecuniarily, than any that a mathematical man can gain at Oxford.

And not only is this so, but a high place among the Classics at Cambridge is a surer guarantee of pure classical scholarship than is afforded by any Oxford examination. The work of the classical man at Oxford is divided into two portions—Moderations and Final Schools. The first of these is a test of pure Greek and Latin scholarship, and the second of classical scholarship, history, and philosophy combined. A first class in Classical Moderations is Oxford's guarantee of correct and polished classical knowledge, as tested by taste and accuracy displayed in translation from Greek and Latin authors into English, and from English writers into Greek and Latin prose and verse. But since this examination occurs two years at furthest after matriculation, whereas the Cambridge Classical tripos comes at the end of a student's residence, or about three and a half years after entrance, the Cambridge man carries his scholarship further. I have known familiarly many good scholars from both universities, and it has seemed to me that, while the Oxonians might be as good scholars as the Cambridge men, they were not so fond of the *tour de force* of scholarship. In rendering nursery rhymes into Sapphic or Alcaic verse, "capping" quotations, writing invitations in Greek or

Latin lyrics, and so on, the best Cambridge men exhibit a facility incredible to those who have not been witnesses of it. One scarcely ever gets a letter from a good Cambridge scholar that is not dotted with Greek and Latin phrases, which evidently fell more easily and naturally from his pen than English words, and which express a shade of meaning for which it would be hard to find terse English equivalents. The Oxford man's familiarity with the subject-matter of the great classical writers is deeper than that of the Cambridge man, but the latter's knowledge of the obscurer portions of Latin and Greek literature, and of the minutiae of scholarship, exceeds that of the former. Therefore for pure scholarship, as well as for high mathematical attainment, Cambridge wins the palm. Oxford, while requiring accurate scholarship from her sons, views it as the means to gain a correct and thorough comprehension of an ancient writer's meaning rather than as an end in itself : she regards matter more than form.

This is particularly true of the honor school of Litteræ Humaniores, the examination which is most thoroughly peculiar to and characteristic of Oxford, and which more than anything else stamps the *cachet* of Oxford culture on a man. Of Litteræ Humaniores scholarship forms only a third part, philosophy and ancient history making up the other two thirds. Passages of English are set for translation into Greek and Latin prose, but none for translation into Greek or Latin verse. The works of historians and philosophers are studied, and not those of poets and orators, as in Moderations. An excellent scholar, after getting a first class in Moderations, may be

placed in the third of the four classes in *Litteræ Humaniores*. (*Scholar* is here used in the Oxford and Cambridge sense of the term, according to which the cleverest man in the world, if deficient in knowledge of Greek and Latin, would be a poor scholar, or no scholar at all.) In the great school of *Litteræ Humaniores* an only moderately good scholar, if strong in history, and possessed of philosophical insight, may gain a first class. The examination is a more exacting test of intellectual power, readiness, and versatility than the Cambridge classical tripos, and the winning of a first class indicates the possession of no ordinary ability.

Another point of difference between the two great British universities is found in the manner of electing Fellows. A Fellowship is conferred by a college, and not by the university; there are Fellows of Christ Church, Trinity, Oriel, and so on; but there are no Fellows of the University of Oxford. This is true of Cambridge also; the difference is only in the manner of electing new Fellows. At Cambridge a man almost always becomes a Fellow of the college of which he was an undergraduate, and his attainments of a Fellowship depends almost entirely upon his place in the tripos and his other university distinctions. Speaking generally, a man who gets into the first ten of the first class in either the Classical or Mathematical tripos—*i.e.*, who is high among the Classics or the Wranglers—is very likely to gain a Fellowship, except at Trinity or St. John's, where the crush of "good" men is so great that a place among the first four or five is necessary to secure election. Occasionally members of one college are invited to accept a Fellowship at an-

other, usually one of the smaller colleges, which happens to have a Fellowship vacant and no man of sufficient merit among its own newly made graduates. At Trinity College, and, I think, also at St. John's, it is the practice to examine men specially for Fellowships, which must be gained not more than three or four years after graduation. At Oxford a college having a Fellowship to bestow advertises the fact, and examines all candidates who offer themselves. Probably both these systems of electing fellows result in the ultimate choice of the best available men.

Whether owing to traditional custom, to the extreme importance of a high place in the Honor-list, or to some other cause, "coaching"—that is, working with private tutors, is much more prevalent at Cambridge than at Oxford. Promising Cambridge undergraduates have a distinguished private tutor during almost all their stay at the university, whereas at Oxford Honormen often have no private tutor at all, or only for the term in which the examination takes place. It may be that the niceties of Greek and Latin scholarships and certain portions of higher mathematics are more communicable by a teacher than are the principles of ancient history or the elusive doctrines of philosophy.

Cambridge is the training-ground of the pure scholar and the high mathematician of the academic type, but Oxford nurses the leaders of thought of England, and indeed of the whole English-speaking world. Oxford is the home of the logician and dialectician; it is the place of intellectual ferment, of endless discussion and exhaustless argument. It is there that almost all the great intellectual and religious revivals of England have had

their origin. John Wyclif, the first translator of the Bible, and the forerunner of the Reformation in England, was an Oxford man ; there Erasmus taught, and Duns Scotus and the Schoolmen disputed of essence and being. John Wesley, leader of the crusade against the easy-going, slothful clergymen of his day, and founder of Methodism, was a graduate of Oxford ; and there originated the greatest upheaval in recent times in the Church, the Tractarian or Oxford Movement. The authors of "essays and reviews" which convulsed the religious world by their ability and boldness were Oxford men, who, abused and almost execrated then, nearly all rose to eminence afterward. The acute and finely tempered mind of J. H. Newman was trained and molded by Oxford, as also was the gentle spirit of E. B. Pusey. The modern historical school, which aims at giving a philosophical account of the growth and development of peoples, rather than a record of the battles of warriors and the alliances of kings, is purely an Oxford growth. It is necessary only to mention the names of J. R. Green, J. A. Froude, and E. A. Freeman, to show how great the influence of this school has been and still is. The patient study of original documents has been steadily insisted on, and the method of writing history almost revolutionized. Of writings on the growth of institutions, none are more deservedly famous than those of Stubbs on Constitutional History, of Bryce on "The American Commonwealth," and of Sir Henry Sumner Maine on "Ancient Law" and "Village Communities."

John Ruskin, besides being master of the purest English style of his day, has been a

true preacher of beauty. He has denounced in terms of glowing indignation the hideousness and vulgarity of much of our modern civilization, and has tried to call men from open-mouthed admiration of the wonders of steam and machinery to a reverent contemplation of the charms of nature and the beauties of art. In season and out of season he has stood forth as champion of the true and beautiful against the false and unlovely. Pater said of Ruskin that he, of all then living Englishmen, exercised by far the most potent influence on the sentiment of people; and it is hardly too much to say, as some of Ruskin's admirers have said, that he found the world ugly, and left it beautiful. All Oxford men of his generation are more or less his disciples.

The most lucid, dispassionate literary critic of modern days in England—Matthew Arnold—was a special product of Oxford culture, as also was the brilliant Walter Pater, a thinker of remarkable clearness and a writer of great purity. The voice of Andrew Lang is probably more potent than that of any other English critic of the day. Of brilliant Oxford men, sparkling with intelligence and brimful of paradox and polished wit, no better examples can be given than W. H. Mallock and Oscar Wilde. Of statesmen, Canning, Sir Robert Peel, and W. E. Gladstone—the most colossal living Anglo-Celtic figure—may be taken as examples. Of poets, Algernon C. Swinburne (the greatest, now that Tennyson has gone) and Sir Edwin Arnold are instances.

But a poet can hardly be said to be a product of any university or particular culture; *nascitur non fit*; and if he has the real spark of poetic genius within him, a poet he will be, whether he gets his education at Ox-

ford, or at Cambridge, or anywhere else. Doubtless the special culture that he does get will color his poetry, but it cannot be said to be the fount and original source of it. If this is admitted to be as I have said, and the poets are put out of the reckoning, I know of no men in the last half century who have exercised anything like the same influence on their contemporaries as the men just mentioned. Tennyson's influence was, doubtless, very great, but could hardly be said to be, in any clear and definite sense, the product of his Cambridge education. The only men whose names come to my mind are Archbishop Benson, Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott ; but these are the names of eminent scholars and churchmen, distinguished for theological knowledge and administrative ability rather than for a profound influence on English life, thought, and literature.

Eminent Cambridge men—poets always excepted, for of these she has had more than her share—tend toward high scholarship of a very academical type. Thus they become schoolmasters, professors, bishops, and authors of annotated editions of the classics, or of mathematical text-books and treatises. As to the great mathematicians of Cambridge (if one so ignorant of the nature of their attainments as I am may be permitted to make a conjecture), I should suppose that the amount of mathematical knowledge required by the surveyor, the civil or mechanical engineer, the navigator, the architect, and the practical man would appear child's play to the genuine mathematician, wandering almost alone along the heights of pure mathematics, in a clear, pellucid air undimmed by any shadow of the useful.

The most modern of studies, irreverently called by its detractors the "dismal science," is an outcome of the labors of two Oxford men, Jeremy Bentham and Adam Smith ; though the most commonly used text-book is the work of the late Professor Fawcett, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Introduced by the examiners to the study of history and philosophy, led on by the influence of John Ruskin and Matthew Arnold to the pursuit and criticism of art and literature, living in the atmosphere in which the leaders of English thought have been trained, and in the very spot where the great religious and intellectual movements have originated, Oxford men seem to have a broader grasp on life than Cambridge men. (Of course I am speaking of the type, and not of individuals.) Thus they turn readily in after life to pursuits and forms of knowledge remote from and even apparently antagonistic to the Greek and Latin lore in which their youthful minds were steeped. They become writers on natural history, evolution, and society, as Grant Allen ; on art, travel, and gastronomy, as the late Theodore Child ; on philosophy and political economy, as W. H. Mallock ; novelists, as Quiller-Couch, Anthony Hope Hawkins, and Stanley J. Weyman ; or critics, as Frederic Harrison and Andrew Lang. There are also to be found among them distinguished theologians, neologians, historians, philologists, geologists, chemists, botanists, antiquarians, and palæontologists. The recently founded Indian Institute is bringing into existence a body of public servants highly trained in the law, languages, and literatures of Hindostan. In short, scarcely any important branch of human knowledge is left untouched or unadorned by the alumni of Oxford.

It is clear that, during the present century at any rate, Oxford has been much more richly endowed with master spirits and vivifying influences than her sister university, and thus it happens that the Oxford man is a more distinct, sharply cut type, and displays more daring, originality, and versatility than the Cambridge man of our day.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

OUR TRYSTING-PLACE.

RONDEAU.

Our trysting-place ? how was it, dear, that we
Together came, that never secretly
 Conspired with Cupid, no, nor named a glen
 Nor mead wherein to meet ? I'll tell thee ; when
My soul was I, 'twas mated, dear, with thee

And waited. Valley, mountain, plain, and sea
Could not, together, keep thy soul from me,
 For all of God's great, smiling world was then
 Our trysting-place.

And when the time shall come that makes us free
Of earthly bonds, if one of us should flee
 Before the other, dear, we'll meet again,
 Though stars and moons and earths be ten times ten
In billions—yea, the *Universe* shall be,
 Our trysting-place !

PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

THE GOETHE-GESSELLSCHAFT AT WEIMAR.

The annual meeting of the Goethe-Gesellschaft was this year preceded by a very interesting ceremony—the inauguration of the house which has been built for the reception of the Goethe and Schiller archives. On the death of Goethe's last grandson, Walther, in 1885, the manuscripts left by the poet passed by will into the hands of the reigning Grand Duchess Sophie of Saxe-Weimar. In 1889 the whole of the Schiller archives was handed over by Freiherr Ludwig von Gleichen-Russwurm and his son to the Grand Duchess to be added to the Goethe collection. For the proper preservation of these treasures, the Grand Duchess has, with the assistance of the German Emperor and other admirers of the two poets, had a house erected at Weimar. It is a beautiful building—in the Renaissance style so general in the time of Goethe—and, being constructed principally of native limestone, and situated on the Webicht Hill, it forms a prominent and picturesque landmark.

The inauguration ceremony took place last month in the presence of the Court and an invited public, among the latter being Paul Heyse, Ernst von Wildenbruch, and many other distinguished authors and scholars. The opening speech was delivered by the Director of the Archives, Privy-Councillor Professor Dr. Bernhard Suphan. Congratulatory addresses were read from various learned societies, which the Grand Duchess replied to. The choir of Weimar ladies then sang Schumann's setting of the closing song in "Faust," "Das Ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan," and

the proceedings terminated with a dinner and reception.

Besides Goethe and Schiller manuscripts, and the collections belonging to the Goethe-Gesellschaft, all the manuscript and documents left by Fritz Renter, Herder, and Wieland are deposited in the new building. Lenau, Storm, and Paul Heyse are also represented in the manuscript room, and in all probability the "Goethe and Schiller Archives" will in time become a museum for modern German literature.

At the annual meeting of the Goethe-Gesellschaft (the eleventh), which was attended by most of the guests of the inauguration ceremony, several important communications were made by the committee. The first was to the effect that a number of Goethe friends had secured for the society, at a cost of 70,000 marks, the permanent possession of the original letters written by Goethe to Charlotte von Stein. These letters, as Professor Erich Schmidt remarked, are the key to Goethe's "ganzem Innern," reflecting, as they do, the highest and nearest that occupied him.

It was further announced that in the course of this year the members of the society will be put in possession of the "Goethescher Hausmusik," a collection, by Dr. Max Friedländer, private tutor at Berlin University, of poems by Goethe, with all the musical settings by composers with whom the poet himself had relations.

Professor Dr. Conrad Burdach of Halle then delivered an address on the "Westöstlichen Divan." This comparatively little-known work of Goethe's, a collection of beautiful lyrics, has lately been edited in a masterly style by Professor Burdach in the "Grossen

Weimarischen Sophienausgabe." In his speech the professor referred to Goethe's youthful love of Eastern poetry, which, at about the time of the Peace of Paris, had been reawakened through his reading a translation of the works of Mohammed Shemseddin Hafis, the Persian poet of the fourteenth century. With his mind full of the scenery and poetic imagery of the Orient, Goethe journeyed in 1814-15 from Weimar to his native Maine, Rhine, and Neckar. The thoughts then inspired in the poet's mind, influenced too, by Marianne von Willemer, whom he met in the spring of 1815, he gave to the world in the *Westöstlichen Divan*." J. A. FORD.

SWALLOWS.

I saw you come, O swallows ! April's sun
 Proclaimed your advent ; ere fair Spring had won
 Her golden crown of royalty again
 You came, her heralds, to announce her reign !
 I watched you then, and through the Summer's length,
 I saw you build, and wondered at the strength
 Of wing, and speed of motion, as you swooped
 Circling in eddying air, or, pausing, drooped
 Toward earth, then darting, soared, where tired eye
 No more could follow, nor your path descry.
 I came in Spring, as you, and now that I,
 As you do, find all desolate and dry
 Where in the summer-time were blossoms gay,
 And my false love has turned her smile away,
 As now from you the sun, I will receive
 Your free example, and will haste to leave
 The unkindly atmosphere, and, sorrowing, fly
 To where a warmer sun, a kindlier eye
 Will greet my frozen soul,—yet, swallows, you
 Will come again when Spring is clothed anew,
 And I—and I—forgetting Autumn's pain,
 Shall take wing to my cruel fair again,
 When, in the end of wintry doubt and fear
 Her smile shall tell me that my Spring is here.

ALMON HENSLEY.

PRINCETON AND THE SOUTH.

From the beginning of Princeton's history the South has always been represented in considerable numbers among her undergraduates, and notably so at the present time. The elements of honor and of manliness which constitute so marked a strain in what is known as the Princeton spirit are owing in no small measure to the men of the South who have shared conspicuously in creating the traditions and shaping the policy of the undergraduate life of the college. It becomes, therefore, a matter of interest to inquire into the nature of the ties which have bound Princeton to the South. It was not by chance that from the time of the founding of the college a steady stream from Nassau Hall set southward. Through Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, and even to the west of the Blue Ridge, there were found vigorous Scotch-Irish settlements. It was an instance of natural affinity that led the Scotch-Irish communities of the South to turn instinctively to the Scotch-Irish college of the North for their pastors and their teachers. To them the church and the school-house were the twin pillars of social and national stability. Through immemorial traditions they demanded an educated ministry and an enlightened laity. Men of learning must teach their children, and must be the guides of the entire community, not only in matters of religion, but concerning the vexed questions of the times as well. This demand met a ready response from the young graduates of Princeton who were willing to serve their God and their fellow-men even in the remote corners of the colonies. A young man who went

from Princeton to Virginia or North Carolina in the sixties and the seventies of the last century was spoken of always as a missionary, and the missionary spirit was in the hearts of not a few. The ties binding Nassau Hall to the Scotch-Irish communities of the South were no doubt multiplied and strengthened by the ardent sympathies of Princeton's Scotch President, Witherspoon, with his kith and kin among the Southern colonies.

The record of the early pioneers of education in the South is an admirable one, reflecting honor upon the college which they represented as well as upon themselves. The most conspicuous results which they achieved may be summarized in the catalogue of colleges whose foundations were laid by Princeton men. Such a catalogue would contain the names of Washington and Lee University, Hampden-Sidney College, the old Queen's Museum of North Carolina, the University of North Carolina, Washington College in the Mississippi Valley, Greenville College, Dandson Academy, and the University of Nashville in Tennessee, and Transylvania Seminary in Kentucky. At the close of the Revolution there were six classical schools in North Carolina, five of which were conducted by Princeton graduates. These academies and colleges may be said to have occupied strategic positions from an educational point of view, forming centres of learning of commanding influence over wide regions round about. They were the beacon fires shining upon the high places, hill answering unto hill, the kindling torch having caught the flame which burned bright on the altar of learning far in the North.

The first link of the chain binding Prince-

ton to the South we find in the person of John Brown, of the Class of 1749, the second class which was graduated from the college. He went as a missionary to the valley of Virginia, and at Timber Ridge founded a grammar school in connection with his pastoral work. Dr. Archibald Alexander was one of his first scholars. It was fitting that the first-fruits of this enterprise should be dedicated to Princeton in the eminent services of Dr. Alexander in after years as professor in its theological seminary. This school passed through many metamorphoses ; it was soon merged into Liberty Hall, whose very name was a defiance of tyranny and oppression, and which savored of patriotic unction and Revolutionary travail. Again, Liberty Hall as a name passed away, to reappear in the synonymous title of Washington College ; and finally the names of the two heroes of the South were conjoined in the new designation, Washington and Lee University. William Graham, of the Class of 1773, was chosen the first rector of Liberty Hall. The Class from which he was graduated at Princeton numbered many famous men, among whom were four college presidents and three governors of States. The most gallant figure in that class was Light Horse Harry Lee, a lifelong friend of Dr. Graham's. Liberty Hall was in the beginning a small log college covering a space of twenty-eight by twenty-four feet, and only one and a half stories high. There we find Dr. Graham as the presiding genius, teaching and preaching in times of peace, and in the troublous days of the country's peril leading a company of his pupils and neighbors to the Rockfish Gap in the Blue Ridge to withstand the threatened invasion of Tarleton. Dr.

Graham was also instrumental in effecting the separation of Church and State. He himself framed a memorial to the Assembly which contained the following proclamation of principles democratic and American :

“ The end of civil government is security to the temporal liberty and property of mankind, and to protect them in the free exercise of religion. . . . Religion is altogether personal and the right of exercising it inalienable ; and it is not, cannot, and ought not to be resigned to the will of the society at large, and much less to the legislature, which derives its authority wholly from the consent of the people. . . . Its divine Author did not think it necessary to render religion dependent on earthly governments. And experience has shown that this dependence, where it has been effected, has been an injury rather than an aid.”

At the Assembly the memorial was ably seconded by the Rev. John Blair Smith, President of Hampden-Sidney College, and a classmate of Dr. Graham's at Princeton. In consequence the bill for the support of religious taxation was lost, and in December of the same year there was passed “ An Act for Establishing Religious Freedom.” It is generally conceded that the bill for religious freedom drawn up by Jefferson and passed by the parliamentary influence and skill of Madison was framed from the sentiments already expressed by these early champions of religious tolerance, Graham and John Blair Smith.

One of the graduates of the Class of 1769 at Princeton was Samuel Stanhope Smith, who went to Prince Edward County, Va., and there became the first President of Hampden-Sidney College. This college was organ-

ized under the name of Prince Edward Academy, soon afterward changed to Hampden-Sidney, in honor of those principles for which the Scotch fathers fought and died. The curriculum and government of the institution followed the Princeton model. When Dr. Smith was called to Princeton, subsequently becoming its President, he was succeeded at Hampden-Sidney by his brother, John Blair Smith. The patriotic spirit of the founders of this college is seen in a clause of its charter :

“ And that in order to preserve, in the minds of the students, that sacred love and attachment which they should ever bear to the principles of the ever-glorious Revolution, the greatest care and caution shall be used in electing such professors and masters, to the end that no person shall be so elected unless the uniform tenor of his conduct manifest to the world his sincere affection for the liberty and independence of the United States of America.”

Farther to the South, in North Carolina, the pioneers of education were again Princeton men. The first classical school in North Carolina was founded by Joseph Alexander, of the Class of 1760, and under the name of the Queen's Museum a charter was granted by the Colonial Legislature in 1770, which, however, was immediately repealed by the king. Another charter being granted in 1771, was again repealed—such an institution being regarded as the hot-bed of sedition and rebellion. It was in the halls of this college that the Mecklenburg Convention held its sessions, whose counsels were largely directed by three Princeton men, Brevard, Balch, and Avery, the famous Resolutions being penned by Brevard, the secretary of the Convention. After

the Revolution the college obtained a new charter under the name of Liberty Hall ; at that time thirteen of its fifteen trustees were graduates of Princeton. Finally the institution was merged in Mount Zion College, Winnsboro, South Carolina, presided over by Thomas H. McCaule, of the Class of 1774, Princeton. The first President, also of the University of North Carolina, was a Princeton man—Joseph Caldwell, of the Class of 1791. It is a matter of passing interest to note that the young Caldwell as a boy lived in Princeton, and was at one time presented with a Latin grammar by a student from Charleston, S. C. This was the beginning of his education and of that eminent career in which he amply repaid in services to the State the kindness of that Southern student in the chance gift of his early years. In Georgia also we find Princeton men as presidents of two universities in their early histories, Franklin College and Oglethorpe University.

We find also that the first literary institution ever established in the great valley of the Mississippi was founded by a Princeton graduate, Samuel Doak, of the Class of 1775. First known as Martin Academy, it was later called Washington College, with Dr. Doak as its first President. It is said that while Dr. Doak was attending a meeting of the General Assembly in Philadelphia he received a donation of books for his college which he carried in a sack upon a pack-horse five hundred miles, through forests and over mountains, to become the nucleus of the library of Washington College. He was a patriot as well as a missionary and a scholar. During Colonel Ferguson's devastating raid in North Carolina the Scotch-Irish on the Watauga raised three

regiments of nearly a thousand mounted riflemen to march against the invader. As they were about to march forth to join their forces with the heroes of King's Mountain, Dr. Doak addressed them in stirring appeal, closing with the words that had the ring of patriarchal times : " Go forth, my brave men, and may the sword of the Lord and of Gideon go with you."

Greenville College in Tennessee was also founded by a Princeton man, Hezekiah Balch, of the Class of 1766. The University of Nashville was founded by T. B. Craighead, of the Class of 1775. And Caleb Wallace, of the Class of 1770, founded Transylvania Seminary in Kentucky.

In addition to the larger colleges and academies there were innumerable schools established by Princeton men in connection with the churches of which they were pastors. Their influence is perhaps not so marked, yet of none the less worth and power. Conspicuous among these was the school which Dr. Caldwell, of the Class of 1761, established in North Carolina, and which he conducted in addition to his labors as pastor of the united churches of Buffalo and Alamance. This school sent forth some very eminent men ; five were governors of States, a number were judges, and about fifty became ministers. Dr. Caldwell taught patriotism as well as the classics. He was on the field in the engagement between the Regulators and Governor Tryon's troops in 1771, and later, in the War of Independence, he suffered for his loyalty, his house being plundered, his library and valuable papers being destroyed, and he himself compelled to hide in the forests to escape arrest and death.

There was a small and unpretentious school in Virginia where Thomas Martin, of the Class of 1762, taught for some years. One of his pupils he influenced to go to Princeton, and there the Virginia lad laid the foundations of his future greatness, which, as President of the United States, James Madison was wont to acknowledge as due to Princeton and to Witherspoon. Still another school, confined within the four walls of a lawyer's office in Georgia, exerted an incalculable influence upon the rising generation of that State. John Young Noel, of the Class of 1777, settling in Georgia, became one of the most distinguished lawyers in the South ; and with him there studied many of the most eminent men of Georgia, among whom were Governor Troup and Governor Forsyth, both graduates of Princeton.

The influences radiating from these educational centers established by Princeton men may be regarded as among the most potent of the constructive forces in the history of the South making for character and citizenship. The men who were trained in these institutions became the leaders of the people, in the pulpit, at the bar, on the bench, in the halls of Legislature, and in the field against their country's foe. The strong personality of these pioneers of education left an indelible impression upon the general moral tone of the South. This influence may be indicated by a conspicuous illustration which is of more than passing interest. It was in the latter part of the eighteenth century that an attempt was made to establish in Richmond a French academy of the arts and sciences, with branch academies in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. The purpose was to make the institution of a national and international

character, having affiliations with the royal societies of London, Paris, Brussels, and with the other learned bodies of Europe. The originator of this enterprise was Chevalier Quesnay de Beaurepaire, grandson of the famous French philosopher and economist, Dr. Quesnay, who was the court physician of Louis XV. Chevalier Quesnay served as a captain in Virginia in the years of 1777 and 1778. Quesnay's scheme, however, failed, and the commentary upon it by Professor Adams in his monograph on Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia is most significant. I quote it, as it is a remarkable tribute to the Princeton influence in the South, and especially as it is from one who speaks from the standpoint of a historical scholar merely, and holding no brief for Princeton. He says :

“ If circumstances had favored Quesnay's project, it is probable that the University of Virginia would never have been founded. The Academy of the United States of America, established at Richmond, would have become the center of higher education, not only for Virginia, but for the whole South, and possibly for a large part of the North, if the academy had been extended, as proposed, to the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Supported by French capital, to which in large measure we owe the success of our Revolutionary War, strengthened by French prestige, by literary, scientific, and artistic associations with Paris, then the intellectual capital of the world, the academy at Richmond might have become an educational stronghold, comparable in some degree to the Jesuit influence in Canada, which has proved more lasting than French dominion, more impregnable than the fortress of Quebec. Noth-

ing is so enduring, when once established, as forms of culture. If French ideas had really penetrated Virginian society, they would have become as dominant in the South as German ideas are now becoming in the State universities and school systems of the Northwest. French ideas survived in Virginia and in the Carolinas long after the Revolution, and long after the French Government had ceased to interfere with our politics. It was one of the most difficult tasks in Southern educational history to dislodge French philosophy from its academic strongholds in North and South Carolina. It was done by a *strong current of Scotch Presbyterianism proceeding from Princeton College southward.*"

Inasmuch, therefore, as Princeton men have been identified to such an extent with the educational and political history of the South, it followed as a natural consequence that many of the Southern young men should year after year find their way to the Northern college. The stream which from Princeton early sought a southward course soon induced a counter current, which has steadily flowed from the South toward Princeton.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

THE MAYFLOWER.

A mellow delight is the meadow
Mad with May,
Through the green heave the wind's
Singing its way,
Unfolding and blowing
In riot and roam
On hedgerow and hill-top
Its silver foam—
Through tint and through patter of summer shower—
Mayflower !

A-dream was the Blue of the midnight
Dream of Day !
Through the star-weave the gold's
Mirrored in May.
Upholding its tapers
Of light on the land
The buttercups glisten
On violet-strand,
Through rose of the sunset, and rhyme of shower—
Star-flower !

A-dream was the nebulous ocean
One gray Day.
Through the green heave a ship's
Flowing its way,
Painting the Infinite
With sudden star,
Glint of a sail
Across the bar !
O'er rocks and o'er storm-beat one crystal comes,
The Blossom whose hues are a nation's homes—
Mayflower !

LUCY CLEVELAND.

POETS OF TO-DAY.*

I. CURTIS MAY.

Mrs. Albert Bascom May, who writes under the pseudonym of Curtis May, first published a volume of verse in 1889 (G. P. Putnam & Sons). She was born in 1858, in Joliet, Ill., where her father was a prominent physician. When she was eight years old her parents removed to Rockford, Ill. She graduated at the East Rockford High School at the age of seventeen; at nineteen entered the Freshman Class at the Northwestern University, situated at Evanston, Ill., and was graduated in 1881, after completing the classical course, with the degree of A.B. Ten days later Miss May sailed for Europe with a small party, and traveled in Europe, with long rests in Germany for the purpose of studying the language, for about fourteen months. She took the degree of A.M. in 1883 at the Northwestern University, and thereafter taught for two years at one of the Wisconsin normal schools—that at Platteville.

In 1886 she was married to Albert Bascom May, an attorney-at-law, then residing at Madison, but within a year removed to Milwaukee, where she now lives. She has four children, two boys and two girls. Her mother's maiden name was Mary Curtis, daughter of the second mayor of Chicago. Her own maiden name was Elizabeth Curtis McArthur.

* THE BACHELOR OF ARTS will from time to time present to its readers brief accounts of some of our new poets, where they were born and educated, and where they drew their inspiration, together with a few of their poems. The list will not include all of our new poets, but a number of them who in our estimation are "deemed worthy."—ED.

Mrs. May's poetry has a certain rich charm which speaks not of great strength, but of delicate harmony. She is a true type of modern college girl, in whom a thorough education has best laid a fitting superstructure to her poetic temperament.

Can there be anything tenderer than the following :

CROCUS AND BEES.

The slender crocus under her chin
Has tied her yellow bonnet ;
Her plain, green gown she has girded in,
With never a ruffle on it,
And now she waits till the bees begin
Intoning their measured sonnet.

For they are bards of the smiling year,
And, should they pause for a minute,
The Spring would lay her hand to her ear
And miss, for the sweetness in it,
The hum-drum drone ringing out as clear
As the dropping notes of the linnet.

Again, in the following poem she rises to the plane of purest poetry, not marked, to be sure, by anything very startlingly new, or "rich or strange," but exquisite :

COTTONWOOD DOWN.

From leafy port to port, with white sails spread
Upon the undulating bosom of the breeze,
A fairy argosy floats overhead
In the deep quiet of these broad-branched trees.
What pigmy strength has manned each silken barge
As light as bubbles breaking on the sea ?
What cargo goes from marge to shadowy marge ?
What pilot steers it to its destined quay ?

So when the soul has cast her moorings loose
And sails alone, not fearing storm or wreck,
What bears her hence of each sweet earthly use ?
What memories, glancing backward, crowd the
deck ?
What constellations in the brightening skies
Mark out the way to where the far port lies ?

She has lived on the far-reaching Western prairie, and has felt the peculiar wind, which sailors would call at sea "dead air." It rises as the sun sets, it also comes at high noon unheralded, and as the following poem hints betrays the slumber of old mother earth in peaceful rest. The following has never before been printed :

THE PRAIRIE LOW-WIND.

As still as when the cherubim unfold
 Their veiling wings,
The prairie low-wind sways the bell of gold
 The cowslip rings.
It swings the priestly lilies that hold high
 Their censers white,
And stirs the violet, whose quiet eye
 Is full of light.

The prairie's whisper, the half-hidden brook,
 Gains one low tone,
Still sliding, where the blue-eyed gentians look,
 Past moss and stone.
The cornshocks barely shiver where they raise
 Their rusty green,
Like wigwams whence the souls of summer days
 Pass out unseen.

The drowsy earth smiles as a slumbering child ;
 The sheltering trees
Weave shifting webs of shadow in the mild,
 Soft-blowing breeze.
With murmurous sound it waves the yellow grain
 Almost unheard,
For music whispers in a dreamy strain
 Her tenderest word.

Not like fallen angels storming at the sky,
 But soft and slow
The clouds on filmy wings go floating by,
 As still as snow.
Loud howls the cyclone's rage and beckons death
 From every crag and crest,
But the low-wind is nature's even breath
 When laid at rest.

It will be seen from these few examples that Mrs. May has a close and delicate *naturtendenz*. Her "Dandelion Down" we gladly give our readers (unpublished) as being especially appropriate now in sunny May :

DANDELION DOWN.

You blossom-clouds that blow across the meadows
And make a firmament for grass and sedge,
Yet never reddening with the eastward shadows
Nor golden on the daisies at the edge !
Dim with your floating film the sun's clear shining
When the noon pauses midway in the sky :
Hang dreamlike on the poppy low declining,
And, like a lid, droop o'er the violet's eye !

Or are you spirits of the flowers, uplifted
With larger freedom than at first you knew,
Flown back to your old haunts or gently drifted
To the same spot where rooted deep you grew ?
See ! Round your empty stems new joy has being :
Where once you faded, fresher beauty springs.
Like angels' eyes you watch without their seeing,
And fold life's seed within your downy wings.

Her forte is the feeling of the harmonious in nature. She has Corot's perception. Duprez had some of the same talent of earth-love. Wordsworth inspired many poets who have inspired again Mrs. Curtis May and the new nature poetry. Could not this simple picture have been painted in all its rich colors, its deep lights and shades, by Corot, or versed by Wordsworth ?

A WISCONSIN FARM.

It lies within the circling sweep
Of low, green hills, whose shadows keep
A hazy sense of rest and sleep
On gentle slope or wooded steep.

Its fields stretch yellow in the light,
Uncut, but stirred by birds in flight
That pause, then soar till, past our sight,
Their wings flash skyward, far but bright.

The weatherbeaten house is old,
The scene of many a tale long told,
But crossed by sunny bars of gold
And fleeting shadows manifold.

A row of poplars drop their leaves
In wind-falls on the rain-swept eaves ;
And here a golden oriole weaves
Her deep nest where the low wind grieves.

Along this trim path every day
The farmer takes his early way
To bind the wheat or mow the hay
In meadows edged with blossoms gay.

A homely life ! Yet who else knows
The untrained grace the wild vine shows,
Or what a rich perfume the rose
Sheds round the low bank where it grows.

For him when summer days are fair
The bluebird carols in the air ;
For him the snowflakes eddy where
The wind-stripped autumn boughs are bare.

To him who knows her face the best,
Sweet Nature shows her loveliest ;
The warm heart beating in her breast
And quiet beauty when at rest.

What we like in Mrs. May's poetry is, then (we might give many more beautiful specimens had we the space), its return to simple measures and themes. There is very little of the "subtlety" of the average *Century* or *Scribner* poem here—subtlety which is often too far-fetched to be desirable. There is none of the indoor, hothouse, forced effort of the decadents, but it is like the beautiful things nature sets before us, gentle and tender.

Far more hopeful to us for the West in literature is the poetry of Mrs. May than all the sensational and absurd novels of Hamlin Garland, or the strained efforts of some of the literary Chicagoese. Yet Mrs. May is still an unknown—her poetry is not in demand !

GRADUATE WORK IN THE SOUTH.

The late war wrought a revolution in the educational system of the South hardly less important than that in its social condition. It is well known that, previous to the war, education at public expense was regarded as but little better than charity pure and simple. This may not have been universally true, but it certainly was of the centers of wealth and power, from which sources the schools might reasonably have looked for their strongest support. This lack of public spirit in laying the foundations of education probably accounts for the lack of support to State and sectarian institutions for higher education. So we find that the most of our best colleges and universities are comparatively young. The second college founded in America, William and Mary, was located in Virginia, and has had a continuous existence, but, not receiving such support as was given to Harvard and Yale, it has been compelled to take a position farther back in the procession.

But a few of the institutions that claim our notice have some little of the prestige that belongs to age. Washington and Lee was chartered in 1782. In two years the University of North Carolina will celebrate her centennial. Virginia chartered her university in 1819, Mississippi in 1844. While Tennessee does not rank so high in the age of her best colleges, she ranks first in their number and with the first in the matter of efficiency. Nashville, with her two universities, three female colleges, and two large negro schools, might justly be called the educational center of the South. From this point of view, then,

let us survey the graduate work of Southern institutions.

The graduate work at Vanderbilt University is being emphasized more and more every year. And justly so, for the university is now in a position to do this, as can readily be shown. The heads of departments are not given simply graduate fellows to assist them in the undergraduate work, but in most cases have associate professors with university degrees. The head professors, too, have been fitted for their work in the best schools of the world. Three received the Doctor's degree at Leipsic, three at Yale, and one at Johns Hopkins. Others have received degrees from reputable institutions. In the way of pecuniary aid to students the university offers, besides a number of teaching fellowships open to its own graduates, ten scholastic fellowships, each yielding two hundred dollars, open to graduates of any college or university.

That these combined advantages have not been without effect is shown in the constantly increasing number of graduates in attendance. The Catalogue for '95-'96 shows that thirty-eight students, representing seventeen colleges, twelve States, and one foreign country, were enrolled as graduates. Five received the Master's degree in '95.

There is one fact, true of every institution that will be named in this article, that must not be overlooked. Graduate degrees are conferred in no case *honoris causa*, nor for a certain period of residence, but for actual work. For the Master's degree the completion with credit of four full courses (five at the University of Texas) and an acceptable thesis are required. For the Doctor's degree the least requirement in time is two years of

actual residence work, the last of which must be spent where the degree is to be taken.

Of the heads of departments at the University of Virginia, five have the Doctor's and five the Master's degree, while one has the D.C.L. and another is a F.R.S., to say nothing of the LL.D.'s. One scholarship is given in the graduate school, but the Faculty, embracing, as it does, some of the best known educators in the South, has not failed to draw students. In 1895 eleven men received the Master's and three the Doctor's degree.

Washington and Lee has five full professors with the Ph.D. and three with the M.A. In addition to one teaching fellowship, two three-hundred-dollar and nine free-tuition scholarships are offered to graduate students. Owing to the manner in which the students are catalogued, as also at the University of Virginia, it is a little difficult to tell the number receiving graduate instruction. Two were made Masters and two Doctors in '95.

The University of North Carolina began graduate work in 1886. The university degrees borne by the professors are equally divided between M.A. and Ph.D. No scholarships are set apart for the special benefit of graduate students, but, according to the Catalogue of '93-'94 (the latest obtainable), seven were enrolled as graduates. No university degrees were given in '93.

Among the professors at the University of Mississippi the Masters have a majority of one over the Doctors. Four teaching fellowships are offered; tuition is free. Graduate work was begun in 1873, and, with a few exceptions, some university degree has been conferred every year since. Thirty-two students, representing six States, attended the graduate

schools last year. One received the Ph.D. in '95.

The Tulane University of Louisiana is very young, but, with considerable wealth back of it, promises to stand with the first. In the Faculty the Doctors have a majority of two over the Masters. It speaks well for Washington and Lee and the University of Virginia to say that they have representatives here. Four foreign institutions have helped to make up the Faculty. Several scholarships are offered in the graduate schools. Five States and nine colleges were represented in the thirty-two graduate students of '95-'96. Thirteen received the Master's degree.

The University of Texas has more institutions represented in her Faculty than any yet mentioned. The very best schools of America and two in foreign countries have been laid under tribute to make up her teaching force. Virginia has furnished two with University degrees. Seven have the Ph.D. and eight the M.A. No scholarships are offered, but tuition is free. In '95 four received the Master's degree and fourteen were enrolled as graduates for the year '95-'96. Strange to say, this university offers no degree above the M.A. ; but she bids fair to be one of our great schools, as the Legislature has supported it unstintingly.

One matter of prime importance to the graduate student, the library, has not been touched in mentioning the several institutions. The University of North Carolina appears to lead with some fifty thousand volumes, which have been carefully arranged into eighteen divisions, covering practically every field of research. The younger schools have not so many, but the most of them probably are no

less efficient, the books having been selected according to needs.

In the matter of science several of our universities deserve special notice. Those of Virginia, North Carolina, Tulane, and Texas have separate buildings for the chemical laboratories, which have been erected and equipped at considerable cost. At Vanderbilt the most of the basement of the main building is devoted to the laboratory. Tulane alone has a separate building for her physical laboratory. From personal observation the writer does not hesitate to say that the museums of Vanderbilt and of the University of Virginia, illustrating the subdivisions of natural history, are not surpassed in the South. Indeed, the Brooks Museum of Virginia, which occupies a large and commodious building, will compare favorably with that of any university in America. The University of Texas has a collection of rare coins and medals, none of the coins being of a later date than the sixth century. They are said to be of value in teaching history, and have been put in charge of that department. Good astronomical observatories can be found at the Virginia, Vanderbilt, Mississippi, and Texas universities.

Man being a gregarious animal, it is a little surprising that graduate clubs should be of such recent origin. The one at Vanderbilt is several years old and constitutes one of the pleasant features of student life. A delegate was elected to the Federation of Graduate Clubs which met in Baltimore, but at the last moment found that he could not attend. So far as the writer has been able to find out, this is the only graduate club in the South. There is a "Philosophical Society" at the University of Virginia, which "meets month-

ly for the reading of papers of scientific and literary interest, the exhibition of experiments, and discussion," but it is "composed of professors, instructors, and post-graduate students."

In one particular Southern universities have kept pace with, and in some cases even preceded, their sister institutions elsewhere, that of allowing their students to migrate. The majority require three years of residence work, but only the last must be spent where the degree is to be taken. Since progressive institutions everywhere have adopted or are adopting this system, the writer would say to Eastern, Northern, and Western students, spend a year in the South. The facilities offered here are not in every respect so good as can be found at Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, and some others, but, on the whole, you will be amply repaid.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

BALLADE OF CHEESE AND BIER.

(BALLADE À DOUBLE REFRAIN.)

Of Bacchus still the poets sing,
Silenus and the fruitful vine,
And still their tuneful numbers ring
With praises of the "rosy wine."
Well, let them sing its charms divine
And sound its praises far and near;
But O! what hours were thine and mine
With bread and cheese and lager bier.

Before my fire's flame the swing
And dart of shadowy design
On hearth and wall would dance and swing,
Fantastic shapes to intertwine
In forms grotesque, and so combine
That none retained its outline clear—
And we before the blazing pine
With bread and cheese and lager bier.

And as they mingled, so the sting
Of many failures, the decline
Of hopeful purposes that bring
Fresh courage in their train, benign
Gambrinus touched, and in that sign
We saw again our pathway clear,
And worshiped long at Friendship's shrine
With bread and cheese and lager bier.

L'ENVOI.

O friend! whatever joys be thine,
Nor wealth nor glory can outshine
Those days when Friendship was our cheer
With bread and cheese and lager bier.

CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, JR.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM WATSON.

Despite a few slighting criticisms and the bestowal elsewhere of the laureateship, Mr. William Watson ranks in the minds of many as the national living poet of England. To prove or disprove the faith of those who would canonize him at present is the part of prophecy, not of criticism ; but the humbler task of defining his scope and aim—a task in the power of contemporary mortals—may be performed with profit both to those who blindly link his name with greatness, and to those who would pull him from his niche and scatter the offerings from before his shrine.

In fixing a poet's scope, however, we must also fix his limits ; and therefore I may say, at the outset, that the "realms of gold" wherein Mr. Watson has never travelled, and whose laws and customs he has but learned by hearsay, are the provinces of love and nature. Save in his poems to the sea, whose wildness wakens in his staid and sober genius a remarkable response, his treatment of nature is conventional. Believing that all our attempts to trace a meaning in the ebb and flow of outdoor life result in the expression of our own moods, he even finds not amiss the device of applying to nature the technical terms of art—of calling autumn a "metaphor," the universe "orchestral," and its Creator "the Master harp-player." And, moreover, of "lyric love" Mr. Watson will, to my thinking, be famed rather as the editor than the poet. For in his erotic verse lurks a certain bloodlessness, apparent in a boyish poem, "The Prince's Quest," where he speaks of a girl's hair :

“ Down falling, as a wave of sunlight rests
On some white cloud, about her shoulders bare
Nigh to the snowdrifts twain which are her breasts,”

and discernible in such mature work as

“ Bid me no more to leave unkissed
That rose-wreathed porch of pearl,”

which, imputing to the beloved's mouth architectural dimensions, is insincere, bedizened though it be with Elizabethan gauds. In his amorous verse Mr. Watson rarely leaves behind him the cares of his trade; and, lacking the fervor and insouciance of your true lover, he seems, as a squire of dames, even more “pathetically out of place,” his lovelocks and guitar sorting ill with his sober gait and thoughtful brow.

And Mr. Watson's general point of view being rather critical than creative, lessens still further his scope. Every poet, indeed, is, both as a “maker” and as a critic, not only shaping an inchoate mass of facts into something organic, but also giving emphasis to their relations and values. But Mr. Watson has little in common with poets in whom the creative power predominates. Ignoring what seems trivial or sordid, seeing no good in politics or trade, in the frivolity of town folk or in the loutishness of country folk, he never puts himself in the place of other people and discerns the unconscious poetry of their lives. Neither can he, being imbued with shrewdness and sanity, in a mad attempt to twist the laws of the universe to suit his own bent, fashion a supreme conception. Unlike those who build their *house beautiful* among the living or those who, secluded, conjure up palaces in the clouds—and both kinds of poets are creative—Mr. Watson, isolated from the commonplace and

the mystical, rather discriminates than produces.

"Captive" in his boyhood to Keats and Shelley, he put away those homely old beliefs which, taught in the nursery, guide aright so many men ; but circumscribed by his austerity and common sense, he could neither disport himself in Latinian groves nor hurl darts of roseate fire at law and precedent. His very diction, which seeks to heighten poetical effects by vagueness, shows his indecision. Neither sensuous nor mystical nor in that borderland between flesh and spirit where dwell so many moderns, he seems a loiterer in shadowy ways, beset with bodiless desires and soulless aspirations.

As years pass, his uncertainty condenses into a faint querulousness, cropping out in his fancy of the raven that "clasps creation with his claws," and becoming still more intense later in life when, in his "Malign Beauty," or in his vision of the sea, "with wild white fingers snatching at the skies," he reveals his apprehension of the jar and dissonance in all things. And his "Sturm und Drang," necessarily brief in one of his make up, has left him haughtily acquiescent in the incapacity of men to read the riddle of their own errors and resolute to work, within the pale of experience, for self-perfection. He concerns himself only with the highest results the active virtues can reach, with the *grace of friendship, the sense of oneness with our kind, the thirst to know and understand*. Somewhat akin to the Tuscan poet who "epitomizes the Middle Ages and preludes the Renaissance," he yet, unlike Dante, can never spur Pegasus above the level of logic. Mr. Watson, for example, quick to feel the baffling charms of

a pretty girl, fancies that she may be an empress from fairyland ; but, wedded to other aims, he finds that both empress and fairyland are beyond him, and ruefully confesses himself

“ Loveless dust within a dreamless urn,
Dead to her beauty's immortality.”

But Dante, enthralled by Beatrice, speaks of her as a miracle come from heaven to earth, and imagines that ten years after her death, she, armed with the divine word, clothed with the symbols of faith, hope and charity, showered with roses from angels' hands, and extolled in the songs of saints and prophets, should save him from damnation, lead him through the courts of heaven and obtain for him the Beatific Vision. Fusing his lover's vows with his orisons, Dante gains through temporal vistas a glimmer of eternal truth. Watson, deaf and blind to such mysticism, turns from “human hearth fires” and dwells with loftier thoughts than his reason assigns to lover's dalliance. To those who are rooted in the ground and unrefreshed by mountain air, Watson's hold on life may seem hesitant and feeble. To those who have an inkling of the things that are more excellent, his conversation will be revealed—an austere epicureanism, inherently noble.

Now and again, however, there wakes in Watson's poetry an echo of his boyish uncertainty, a note of wistfulness which, leaving him at a loss to group the ideas suggested by a subject, mars his technique in his stanzas to the hero “greatly slain,” or even in such carefully wrought verse as “A New Year's Prayer.” But his “censure observance” is a slight drawback, compared to the soundness and truth of its cause—that faint regret, not wholly

unpleasant, which all of us have felt at certain seasons—the feeling that we might know the truth of things if we could only fix our minds hard enough upon it. Powerless to peer over the walls of experience, or to break through them, or to burrow beneath them, catching a glimmer through a chink in the mortar, but ignorant whether it be a jailer's lantern or a rescuer's torch, or only an indifferent sunbeam—and still the walls are high and hard and firm and mew us in—we find a response in the poetry of Mr. Watson, who, while teaching us to wear our fetters gracefully, shows us involuntarily that his gall him also. We know it is illegal and unmanly to repine or rebel ; but this regret we recognize in ourselves as a touch of nature, in others as a touch of kinship. And therefore, by reminding us that he too is of flesh and blood, Mr. Watson enforces his teaching.

His austerity is redeemed not only by his winsomeness, but by an occasional gayety. In his dreamy, boyish days he shows this trait in a certain tenderness and grace, often tintured by mawkishness,

“ All vague and doubtful as a dream that lies
Folded within another, petalwise.”

When, in early manhood, his eyes are open to the incongruities of the world—the dulness of custom, the queerness of innovation, society topsy-turvy, wrong men in wrong places who hide their incapacities under an apish solemnity, but who, strongly moved, caper and jabber as idly as their ancestors—his tenderness and grace become strong and sweet, and by friction with grotesqueries, take on a tinge of amusement ; and, brightening through many adverse years his outlook, they deepen at the

touch of success into a quiet amusement. In such pretty trifles as the "Key-Board, a Study in Contrasts" and the "Eloping Angels" we find this gayety, but it flashes brightest in his essays where abound quips like the following :

"DR. JOHNSON (*loquitur*) : I have read his works. The terrors of his style were great ; but he that valiantly faced them and overcame them had his reward. Yes, sir ! Browning could read men. The pity is, men cannot read Browning."

This winsomeness is the exclusive property of young men who, not unvisited by care or sorrow, are yet not callous nor sore with the galling of years. Chaucer had it when he wrote the Ballade to Rosemounde ; Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night." But "it passeth sone as flowers faire," either worried out of one by drudgery and routine or blasted instantly by storm and stress. Even in placid people, ageing wit is something tart or bitter to the taste. Men like Watson, for whom inbred austerity decrees a time of "Sturm und Drang," lose their gayety, but keep their sweetness and strength. And in reading his later verse, we find much vigorous and lovely, but we feel that his winsomeness has passed away.

Strength and sweetness of feeling, sanity and shrewdness of thought—these account for his love of fitness in manner and matter, whereby the former becomes exact and the latter refined. Scrupulously definite, he bears small likeness to those poets who, rating sound above sense, seem, even as they enchant us with their empty verse, to have come by their craft not quite honestly. Feelings so intense or so large that no words can fit them are rare and rarely to be dealt with. And rhymers who dally only with bizarre emotions and neglect

the truths of life are no more good poets than a man is a good farmer who spends his days in cultivating orchids and lets his potatoes rot and his pumpkins go to seed. In this era of ill-regulated emotion it is cheering to come across a plain man who speaks his mind in a plain way, and not with ambiguities which the foolish take for the utterances of Apollo.

A lover of clearness, Mr. Watson seldom bedizens his ideas with rhetorical furbelows or with the glamour of outworn superstition. Unlike Rossetti, who, harmonizing mediæval symbols with modern introspection, attains but a morbid and irrational beauty, Watson uses antique beliefs as figures of speech which, having been in men's minds for centuries, enforce the more conveniently his meaning. Sparing of such paraphernalia, he does not overlook the poetic value of those new truths discovered by science. And thus, in his "Dream of Man," and in many stray images, he indicates new stuff for poetry. For poets, since they express constant ideals in transient symbols, cannot afford to harp on traditions alone if, for them as well as for prose writers, there is room in recent thought. And surely poetry can soar higher through the vastness of a universe discovered and tested by science than when she was cooped up in seven crystal spheres ; and man, sprung from primeval lava and ooze, the son of uncouth monsters, who has risen from ignorance and impotence and ferocity into wisdom and brotherly love, though still lowly, is worthy of grander song than Adam blessed by ignorance, cursed by knowledge, and banished from ease to industry because his wife teased him into eating an apple. Part of their beauty the old faiths gain from use and wont ; but the truths of

science, for all their crudeness, have possibilities. Since, however, writers who rate emotion above intelligence, deem them only fit for laboratories and lecture-rooms, it takes a poet shrewd and sane to ascertain their value. To Watson, who shuns inanity and seeks fresh poetic nutriment, our debt is twofold.

By his refinement of manner, also, Mr. Watson has given poetry another start. He tastes nothing impure, concerns himself only with thoughts worth the thinking and deeds worth the doing. Realizing, however, that the quintessence of vulgarity consists in wrapping up vile thoughts in fine words, whenever he has unsavory facts thrust under his nose, he speaks of them in such downright terms as only a gentleman could use. Though slow to discern the poetry that is covered with rags and dirt and lurks even in stews and ginshops—a spirit greater poets have found and cherished—yet when he sees vice in pure and sequestered dwelling-places, where, unknown, she is taken for virtue, or where he sees her in active life put innocence to shame, he does not scruple to strip her of her trappings and let men smell the stench from her belly.

And his refinement makes him severe toward formalism, toward “this dying past which never dies,” or “the little laws that lackeys make,” or “the votes of veering crowds,” subjects which have a poetry of their own, could one only find it. Form, without which society could no more exist than a circle without its circumference, Watson cherishes; but formalism, or form decayed, with crumbling laws and customs which only continue because they have been and are—formalism, the rind without the pulp, the husks whereon a sinful

world feeds—this he would sweep away like dust. But flippancy in the face of worthy custom and belief rouses the ire of a poet to whom all beauty is grave and joy solemn. “Man’s barren levity of mind” he grandly taboos, rising to great poetry in his contempt for the fustian of quacks and his indignation at the gibes of buffoons.

As a critic of men and affairs, Watson brings into play both his fastidiousness of mind and its strength and beauty. He considers none worth his homage but men whose work endures; but untrammelled by Mrs. Grundy’s rules, he either ignores the failings of his heroes or else treats them as discords that have their place in a great harmony. “It is hardly too much to say,” he writes, “that for a poet like Burns to have led a strictly decent and well-regulated life would have almost seemed an unpardonable piece of inconsistency.” Indeed, he may find in a preference for natures rough and massive as the moors and mountains whence they came—natures in whom excesses and defects are necessary—an escape from his own rigorous seclusion, from a spirit of criticism seven times refined by study. Rigid toward himself and tolerant toward others, realizing that if, in details, every one minded his own business, many vexed questions would solve themselves, he teaches that, in estimating a man to whom, in a measure, we owe our mode of life and thought, it behooves us to view his lights and shades as parts of a noble personality, and not to appraise him by our own formulæ; that if we must be moral censors, we should judge ourselves, not other men, least of all those who made our morality possible. For Watson a man is great not because he conforms to other people’s

prejudices, but because what he says and does is true and manly. But knowing that men are prone to foist on others a code of morals they themselves have witlessly taken on trust, he never defaces his heroes by laying stress on the fact that they, like other mortals, have sometimes fallen short of their ideals. He refuses to pander to our inquisitiveness by telling us that such an one used to drink and another used to gamble, and a third used to keep a mistress. Either ignoring or mentioning with the curtness they deserve, the goat and hog that in all of us need exorcism, Watson gives to us, who lack power of emphasis, and therefore tolerance and sympathy, a better notion of what heroes are and do than we could gain through any scientific criticism.

In affairs, Watson ascribes success to three kinds of men : those who, either by inert force or by *adroitness*, get what they want, those who strive for heights beyond their strength, and those who set themselves a task that they can only perform by apparent failure. Of the first, "whose fortunes are like Homer's verses, that have a slide and easiness more than the verses of other poets," the majority are sluggish and ponderous, drifting to wealth or power by sheer momentum ; and a minority, inspired by loftier aims, attain them by exquisite adjustments. The former amuse him by the incongruity of their success ; the latter irk him, for by the very flawlessness of their victory he suspects some flaw in their ideals. The second class gain more of his sympathy, since he shows their discontent at the world's wrong, and appreciates their zeal in fighting for their cause. These he thinks more successful in defeat than they who gain an easy victory ; for to him defeat and victory

ideals and violate all his convictions. He sees the Turks, a crew of barbarians, ignorant, bigoted, dishonorable, and stained with the blood of generations, gain, by cunning and brutality, not with adroitness and valor, a victory over the charity of Europe. He sees his native land, in order to thwart a hostile power and gain a naval station, become an Esau among nations and sell her honor for a mess of pottage. And his hope conceives a remedy—that, at whatever cost, England should perform her promise. Realizing that his invective may grow lax and flaccid if drawn out in one long poem, he beats down British self-sufficiency in blow upon blow, in sonnet upon sonnet, trenchant as Cœur de Lion's long sword and keen as Saladin's cimeter.

In public repute, however, the author of "Wordsworth's Grave," "Lacrymæ Musarum," and the "Tomb of Burns," is an exquisite literary critic, and indeed he has given us admirable criticism, summing up the charm and power of a poet in a single epithet, and beautifying his estimates with delicate imagery. Frigid when speaking of nature in the terms of art, he warms to passion when speaking of art in the terms of nature. His weakness there is here his strength. But his criticism goes beyond a happy use of metaphors and similes, beyond mere opinion or impression. Currency and supremacy are insured to his verse not alone for its shrewdness and sanity, nor yet for its strength and sweetness, but because it touches and rouses two emotions fundamental in the Anglo-Saxon race—a love of peace and love of home.

" From Shelley's dazzling glow and thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest anger, tempest mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

“ Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower
 There in white languors to decline and cease :
 But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
 Clear sight and love : for these are parts of peace.

“ He heard that vast heart beating—thou didst press
 Thy child so close, and lov’dst him unaware.
 Thy beauty gladdened him ; yet he scarce less
 Had loved thee, had he never found thee fair.

“ For thou wast not as legendary lands
 To which with curious eyes and ears we roam.
 Nor wast thou as a fane, ’mid solemn sands
 Where palmers halt at evening. Thou wast home.”

These verses deal not merely with our regard for Wordsworth and his regard for nature, but with *eternal verities*.

From the dawn of our race to its noonday we have been actuated by this twofold love. Never permanently interfering with the customs and beliefs of nations not untamable, on whom our swelling numbers compelled us to encroach, we have yet put forth all our patience and tenacity, all the “ aggressiveness ” with which we are reproached, to gain peace and a home. Deprived of the sky and air which make an outdoor life attractive, our ancestors put a double price on that which Southern races enjoyed in languor and indifference. And their yearning for things which in their need they deemed the highest earthly bliss has come, with lapse of time, to be the basis for our thriving industries and stable government. This twofold love, though often distorted and perverted, though the source of our unintelligent bustling and of our mercantile blindness to what is outside the pale of profit and loss—failings which have plunged us in errors and evils without end—has nevertheless made glorious our past and our future hopeful. By nature silent about things we

really care for, we are grateful, if somewhat tardily, to a writer who expresses them. And therefore I think that men of our race will turn to Mr. Watson so long as they desire or enjoy peace and a home as a reward for their toil and wanderings.

And Mr. Watson's manner, too, has some traits of genius. For there come and go fitfully in his verse stray notes which would grace the work of master poets, snatches of lyricism, fragments of the grand style. The lyric strain, a momentary impulse put into words so simple, fervent, and tender that they gather to themselves a kind of hovering music—heard even in epics or dramas, but evanescent there amid the turbulence of harsher, more complex passion—this we find in his verse where his theme is *passage and departure*. Then he leaves his intellectual finesse behind, and his poetry echoes with truer melody. The dying year, the “time between the gold hour and the gray,”

“everything that dies,
That dies ill starred or dies beloved and young,
And therefore blest and wise,”

stir on his lyre this hovering music. Not of beauty, but transiency, not of life, but love and death, his muse sings her sweetest; and not in the flush of spring and youth and joy, but pensively, at autumn-tide, under a weeping willow.

Sometimes, also, Watson reaches an utterance which, sustained in “I think the immortal servants of mankind,” but more often flashing forth from a cloud of commonplaces, is not unworthy “the mighty voices of old days;” an utterance which, often harsh and cumbrous—a multitude of thoughts being cramped in little space—like a voice from the mountains,

"The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,"

and

"Amorist against man,"

has also accomplished this transcendent collaboration :

"Still in a great renown,

A great realm, *watching*, under God's great frown."

"When as a token at parting, munificent day, for remembrance

Gives unto men *that forget* ophirs of fabulous ore."

"Man the passion curst—

Man made in passion and by passion marred."

"I have not paid the world

The evil and the insolent courtesy

Of offering it my baseness for a gift."

Here is something quick and surprising which carries us out of our customary convictions and shows us the world in a new light. Amid much obscure and difficult there leaps and gleams a glorious idea as in the train of an army, winding ponderously along its line of march, a peasant by the roadside catches a glimpse of some pawing charger; or of a general's insignia flashing in the sun. Such aspects of the *grand style*, caught and copied by scribblers, may degenerate into tricks of rhetoric. Perhaps they are too tangible to be essential. But, on the other hand, Watson shares them with no mean company, with Dante, Shakespeare, and Homer.

After all, however, Watson, in his teaching, is rather ethic than æsthetic. He is akin to those austere noble poets who, in precise phrase, reveal to us such lofty ideals that we to their "high requiem" are often prone to become sods. Truth he shows us rather than beauty. Somewhere, as our innate mysticism tells us, truth and beauty are one and the

and its passion and power, shall insure him, let me say, such future recognition as to make an estimate of his worth, by a comparison with more copious or versatile poets, not only odious, but impossible.

HENRY HARMON CHAMBERLIN.

THE DANCING FAUN.

They took him from the shrouding earth
Anigh a Roman villa old :
What sylvan silence gave him birth
No wreathéd sibyl ever told.
Yet surely he was forest born,
And roamed the woodland wild and wide,
Dancing to nimble pipes at morn
And in hush of eventide.

How fair he was these snowy lines
In their unmarred perfection show,
Flitting athwart the dusk of pines
Those far forgotten years ago.
Mayhap an envious god in wrath,
Seeing him foot the alleys dim,
Beguiled him down some tangled path
And put this marble spell on him.

Perchance (who knows ?) he there was found
Within the bosom of the glade,
With requiem songbirds singing round,
And sighing reeds that sadly swayed ;
Perchance in wonderment they bore
To Rome his icy image down,
And placed him in a square before
The marveling imperial town.

And since no sculptor dared to say
His art had shaped a form so fine,
An auction strange was held one day
Beneath the stately Palatine ;
Then he whose wont had been to rove
At will the winy woodland air,
Was set within a well-trimmed grove
To make a villa garden fair.

This lonely lot he long endured
Till Rome was ravaged of her crown,
And vandal hands, by beauty lured,
In mad exultance dragged him down ;
Then was it his alas ! to know
Of under-earth the blinding pain,
Till Fate, that aimed a toiler's blow,
Bestowed the golden day again.

Sole remnant is he of the race
That once held endless holiday
In bosky and in bowery place
When skies were azure with the May.
Ah ! who can say what visions still
Of bondless hours his chill veins warm ?
Do not the olden love-dreams thrill
The glacial coldness of his form ?

In vain we ask. As mute he stands
As when the curse was on him laid,
And 'neath the god's remorseless hands
His gladness ceased within the glade.
Was his a crime who seems so pure ?
" Nay ! nay ! " that lip, though silent, saith ;
Then why, forsooth, must he endure
Forevermore this marble death ?

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

"DAVY."

Davy it has been, Davy it is, and Davy it will be to the end of the chapter. When I am a doddering nonagenarian, and he is ambling blithely through his sixties, he will still be Davy. My wife would be shocked if I were to leave off the diminutive. Women like to keep their children young. Far be it from me to suggest that they do so because of any tenderness on the subject of their own ages, for I have known mothers of fifteen-year-old daughters to admit with absolute frankness that they were over thirty. Yet, I realize that other people will call my boy Dave. I understand that some of the "men" in his class—Sophomore; Harvard—call him that already. Well, yes, he is inclined to be serious.

Nothing so convinces me that Davy and I date from different epochs as the frequency of his visits. Old Cambridge is a good two hundred miles away, and when I was a student nothing ever took me home but vacation, and—and that event which led to the grievous interview with "Prexy." Every now and again I fall to wondering how I would receive Davy if he were involved in the same atmosphere of tribulation that I took home with me on that memorable occasion. But that's absurd. I know him too well. At least, I ought to, for he is with me so much in these days of swift and easy travel.

His is a parlous age, though—the necktie age, the age of emergence of the mustache, the age of inevitable contact with the Welsh rarebit and its concomitants, the age when one is likely to Know It All, or most of it.

satisfaction, of his triumphs in ball and boating and gymnasium work, and I flatter myself that he is going to be an improvement on his father—some time.

Our talk is oftener serious than gay, and in spite of the lad's years I am just a wee bit afraid of him. The world keeps moving, and the longer one succeeds in putting off his birth the more of instinctive knowledge he will fall heir to, the more brain he will have to assimilate things, and the less he will have to unlearn. Davy knows more about some affairs than I can hope to, in this life, and he piques me most by remembering so many things that his elders have forgotten. His negligent manner, implying an expectant answer, when he asked me the other day about the aorist of a certain Greek verb made my pride shrink into my spinal column, and I felt as if my collar were collapsing upon the cavity. Whenever the talk goes upon calculus, or chemistry, or any of those abhorrent themes, I try to switch it off to matters of political and domestic economy, particularly the domestic, for then I am on safer ground. And I am sorry to think what a lot of good lore that boy must lose in the next dozen of years. Still, if he remembered all that he knows now, I presume that he would be a mindless sort of person when he grew older.

Davy usually reaches home in the evening—almost never in time for dinner, which he takes on the train, I think, and he promptly makes off for my den on the third floor. The odor of books, and of my cigar, and the glow in the grate are soothing to both of us. It is pleasant to be alone with my boy in the fire-light, with the cheery family sounds coming up from below, and we pass many an hour

together when my wife imagines me to be at work.

I have followed the lad's development with more than usual interest since his childhood, and it grows more strange to me as the years pass on. I like to find his mother's traits coming out in his talk. I am sometimes amused to find my own in his manner. (They say I am a dreadful crank.) I laughed outright when I discovered a habit of gesture in him that distinctly belonged to my paternal grandfather. There are other times when I cannot laugh, when life is heavy and my boy's face grows dim to my sight, as in a mist of tears.

His future? Ah, who can tell? I am planning that he shall be a painter, or composer, or poet, or dramatist. Somehow, I can't bear the thought of his being in trade, and even the professions seem too common. He will graduate soon, and then—whatever he becomes, it will be something untouched by the world, delicate, spiritual.

For my Davy died in his tenth year.

CHARLES M. SKINNER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Science.—**GREAT RAILWAY SPEED.**—Apropos of Kipling's stirring railroad ride across the Continent in "Captains Courageous," the following railway journey is quite as sensational. The special train from Chicago, over the Burlington Route, chartered by Henry J. Mayham, a mining investment broker, reached Denver at 3.52 A.M., February 16th, having run 1026 miles in 18 hours and 52 minutes.

This journey goes into history as the greatest railroad feat ever accomplished. The best previous railroad long-distance record was 19 hours and 57 minutes for 964 miles over the New York Central and Lake Shore railroads, from New York to Chicago.

Mr. Mayham, who left New York, Sunday, on the Pennsylvania limited, chartered a special train at Chicago in order to reach the bedside of his dying son, William B. Mayham, as quickly as possible. The Burlington officials agreed to take him to Denver in twenty-four hours. It was at first thought the trip might be made in twenty-one hours. Every resource of the Burlington system was brought into play, and over two hours were clipped off the best running time thought to be possible. On straight stretches of track the train covered more than 60 miles an hour. The mountain climb from Akron, Col., to Denver, 118 miles, was made in 124 minutes, the train running an even mile a minute much of the distance.

At Lincoln, Neb., Travelling Engineer Dixon, of the Burlington, entered the cab of the engine, and remained with each engineer as he came on until the train reached Denver.

No special train bearing high officials of the nation ever attracted more careful attention from the officers of the railway. Telegrams from all parts of the United States inquired the progress of the train, and the possibility of Mr. Mayham reaching the side of his son in time at least to grasp his hand before he was beckoned across the dark river. At the Burlington passenger office in Denver the representatives were kept busy answering questions from friends and well-wishers of the family.

But in spite of the Burlington's splendid record Mr. Mayham arrived in Denver too late to see his son alive.

The distance from Chicago to Denver, 1025 miles, was covered in exactly 1069 minutes actual running time. This is only a small fraction less than one mile a minute for the longest continuous run ever made by any railroad in the world.

Referring to the Burlington record-breaking run between Chicago and Denver, General Manager Brown said to-day : " It is not exactly correct to suppose that the Burlington Company may not achieve still better results under more favorable circumstances. The facts are that the company had only thirty minutes' notice from Mr. Mayham to prepare for the run, and the train started out of Chicago in a blinding snow-storm, taking the first engine that was at our disposal."

* * *

A FRIEND writes us from Ersroum, in Armenia, in explanation of Jonah and the whale :

To the Editor of THE BACHELOR OF ARTS :

SIR : The story of Jonah and the " great fish " has occupied so much of the public

press recently, and so many explanations have been given, that it seems strange that the most plausible solution of the whale story has not appeared.

The Assyrian name of Nineveh, the "great city," was no other than Ninua or Nunu, which means "fish," and as the city was called the Great City, its old Assyrian name was the Great Fish, or Fish City, and the name, on the monuments, is represented by a fish in a basin or tank. Nineveh itself, therefore, is the "great fish" that swallowed Jonah, and in crying to the Lord for deliverance from the dangers that beset him, he gave Nineveh its old Assyrian name, and poetically prayed to be set free from the "big fish."

LEO ALLEN BERGHOLZ.

Later writers may have worked up the fish story out of the Nineveh name. The Rev. Lyman Abbott should be made aware of this new explanation of Consul Bergholz.

* * *

AT THE Amherst alumni dinner Professor Todd gave a very interesting account of the five scientific expeditions of which he has had charge. Soon after leaving college he was sent by the United States Government to Texas to observe the total solar eclipse of 1878. In 1882 the trustees of Lick Observatory invited him to direct the observations from Mount Hamilton of the transit of Venus, December 6th. On this occasion the skies were cloudless, and the finest photographs of a transit ever made were then obtained. They were afterward used as part of the basis of the Government calculations for finding the distance on the sun.

self-denying and fellow-helping manhood, and that is the spirit of Amherst College."

Speaking of Yale, he told a story about one of his sons who "flunked" in an examination in English composition.

"Why did you fail?" asked his mother. "You can write well enough."

"Because the question was, 'What are your impressions of Yale?' and if I had answered it truthfully I should have been expelled."

That is to say, the Yale Faculty would have expelled young Mr. Swayne for saying disagreeable or agreeable things about Yale. We have called the genial General and old Yale grad. to task for this slip, and he says it was a mere joke, not to be taken seriously.

But, as a matter of fact, Yale takes herself so seriously that we fear the General's B.A. degree is really in some danger of being withdrawn unless he makes amends!

Athletics.—**ROWING.**—As we go to press the condition of college rowing never was better, never more enthusiasm, or more crews in training.

Cornell (second crew) beat Annapolis at the latter place by seven seconds in two miles, on May 15th. Cornell has thus drawn first blood.

The races arranged up to date are as follows:

Crews.	Place.	Date.
Pennsylvania-Annapolis.....	Annapolis.....	May 29
Yale 2d and Columbia 'Varsity.	Harlem Regatta.	May 29
Columbia-Wisconsin.....	Hudson.....	In June
Yale-Harvard-Cornell Fresh...	".....	June 23
Yale-Harvard-Cornell 'Varsity.	".....	June 24
Yale Wisconsin.....	New Haven...	In June
Columbia-Cornell Freshmen...	Hudson.....	June 30
Cornell-Columbia-Penn. Fresh.	".....	June 30
Cornell-Columbia-Penn. 'Var..	".....	July 2

We can assure our readers, however, that the Yale-Harvard-Cornell race will be held at Poughkeepsie, June 24th, although we favored the New London course.

New London was favored by us because (1) it is nearer for two colleges, (2) has better facilities for getting to the race, (3) makes a yachting center, and more of a spectacle for onlookers, (4) has a better sea climate for training crews, (5) has better training waters for crew practice, (6) has better chances for smooth water during the race.

* * *

THE *World* has the following summary of all the rowing colleges :

“ Old graduates and supporters of Columbia are congratulating themselves and the university that there was such a remarkable kick-up early this year in the aquatics of the Blue and White.

“ The 'Varsity at present has two races scheduled. On Memorial Day they will row in the senior eighths in the Harlem regatta. Their intercollegiate race will take place on July 2d at Poughkeepsie, if Columbia can possibly effect it. Meantime, however, Captain Pressprich expects the crew will measure strokes for four miles with the famous 'Yarayara' crew of Wisconsin University. New Yorkers will probably have a chance to see the Columbia-Wisconsin row. The date will be between the 3d and the 10th of June.

“ The 'Varsity has five of the men who rowed in '95 and '96. Of the new men Shattuck alone is inexperienced. Elmer and Tilt rowed in last year's boat. The eight at present sit as follows :

“ Stroke, Pierrepont ; No. 7, Longacre ; No. 6, Carter ; No. 5, Shattuck ; No. 4,

Tilt ; No. 3, Elmer ; No. 2, Putnam ; bow, Captain Pressprich.

“ The Freshman crew will row May 7th in the interclass regatta on the Hudson, May 30th in the junior eights on the Harlem, June 30th with Cornell 1900 and Pennsylvania 1900.

“ They are now sitting as follows :

“ Stroke, Kellogg ; No. 7, McKey ; No. 6, Edson ; No. 5, McLintock ; No. 4, Rionda ; No. 3, Gardner ; No. 2, Mortimer ; bow, Boyesen.

“ The Yale-Harvard-Cornell 'Varsity race will be rowed on Thursday, June 24th.

“ The Yale-Harvard-Cornell Freshmen race will be rowed the day before, on Wednesday, June 23d.

“ The place is Poughkeepsie. New London was proposed by Yale and Harvard, and Saratoga was favored by Cornell.

“ The Yale Freshmen and the Yale 'Varsity have jointly challenged the University of Wisconsin crew to race here in a triangular contest, meeting both the Yale Freshmen and the Yale 'Varsity on the New Haven harbor in a two, three or four-mile contest, as may be decided upon, the date to be agreed upon later. Yale suggests May 29th, but the Wisconsiners object to this, and want a later day set.

“ The Cornell crew for this race has been practically picked, and is made up as follows :

“ Stamford, bow ; Bailey, 2 ; Wakeman, 3 ; King, 4 ; Odell, 5 ; Oddle, 6 ; Dalzell, 7 ; Carter, stroke, and Fisher, coxswain.

“ With the exception of Odell, '97, this crew is the Freshman crew which won last year at Poughkeepsie over Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Columbia.

“ Later in May, or early in June, class races

"Varsity—Wise, coxswain ; Reugenburg, stroke ; Hall, No. 7 ; Desilver, No. 6 ; Stearns, No. 5 ; Overfield, No. 4 ; Carnett, No. 3 ; Howell, No. 2, and Boyle, bow.

"Second Crew—Lee, coxswain ; Preston, stroke ; Sinkler, No. 7 ; Wallace, No. 6 ; Bush, Rogers, No. 2, and Watson, bow.

"Freshmen—Hager, coxswain ; Folwell, stroke ; Kerveye, No. 7 ; Buckwaiter, No. 6 ; Hutchins, No. 5 ; Kintzing, No. 4 ; Pettersson, No. 3 ; McCook, No. 2, and Henry, bow."

* * *

IT WILL be a grand race, and will be won by Harvard, Cornell second, so says an eminent authority. But Yale will probably see the advisability of strengthening their crew between now and June. Some of Yale's best rowing men are now on the bank, but "ready and willin'."

* * *

YALE IS NOT very hopeful of her crew, while Harvard has a rattling good one, and ought to win. Yale has latterly been "coming up," and will have a fast crew now that some of the "disgruntled" element are out of it.

Cornell will not be last, and the fight will be hot and hard from the start. We favor Cornell.

Bob Cook will remain in New Haven for some time—probably until the day of the race. He has been coaching Yale's 'Varsity crew, and has personally supervised the selection of the men who will form that crew in this year's race with Harvard. He is convinced that physically Yale will not have as strong an eight as usual. While all the men are big, they lack brawn, and some of them are too easily tired out. The average weight of

to hold an American Henley, or rather a regatta similar to the Henley Regatta, on the Thames course. Some of our authorities in this branch of sport, like Mr. William B. Curtis and Mr. Fred Fortmeyer, have doubted whether the non-college oarsmen could be interested in the plan. They point out that the national regatta satisfies the ambition of amateurs as a class, and that college men have generally refused to take part in it, despite the attractions held out to them. It may be that the two classes of amateurs cannot be brought together, but is not the attempt worth making again, in view of the activity of the New London body, the approval and co-operation of Mr. Lehmann, the English expert, and the selection of the New London course for the annual race between Harvard and Yale after this year, and possibly on June 25th if Yale can obtain the consent of Cornell to row the triangular race there?

“Contrasting the Thames and the Poughkeepsie courses Mr. Robert Cook says: ‘The Thames is a natural rowing course. There is no traffic on the river to interfere with the crews in practice or strain their shells, whereas on the Hudson, except on the day of the race, smooth water is hard to find owing to the swells from passing craft. Then, again, the atmosphere at New London is more bracing for the men, as the sea air is constantly breathed, and the nights are so cool that sound sleep is assured. New London is the best place from a social standpoint, too.’ As regards healthfulness and convenience of observing races, it may be said that the Thames course is superior to the Saratoga course, which is in high favor with the non-college oarsmen. When we compare our Thames

these circumstances the time seems auspicious for the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen to consider whether the project of the New London Board of Trade is not feasible. Certainly a great boom in American amateur watermanship would be the result if it could be consummated. It is our opinion that New London will see all the college races in 1898.

* * *

THE HARVARD CLUB is endeavoring to raise \$25,000 for a new boat-house at Cambridge. Mr. Lehmann's influence and a victory in June will undoubtedly cause the money to flow for this purpose.

* * *

IN BASEBALL Brown has beaten Harvard twice, and been beaten twice by Yale. Harvard has been beaten by Princeton.

Harvard must take a decided brace. Lafayette has beaten Yale 11 to 8, and the Yale *News* nobly refuses to lay the defeat to "pizen" in Yale's ice cream.

* * *

HARVARD'S ENTHUSIASM for rowing is shown in her having out three tugs to follow the Class races (in which '99 won—2 miles, 10 minutes, 55 seconds) instead of one as formerly. Mr. Lehmann makes many changes in the 'Varsity boat from day to day, while at Yale things are going more smoothly.

* * *

HARVARD WON the Pennsylvania match by two points—57 to 55. When the games were finished the score was a tie, but Orton had been protested for fouling Fenno in the half-mile run, and the protest was sustained. The 100 yards dash was won by Hoffman (Pennsylvania) in 10 seconds.

THE "ENGLISH" Crescent team won over the Harvard team at Bay Ridge, May 15th. Score 10 to 2.

* * *

THE NEW and handsome Gould boat-house, the gift of Edwin Gould, Esq., to Columbia College, was opened May 15th. A reception was tendered Mr. Gould after a scrub race by the Freshmen and Juniors at the Macy villa, where the crews have their quarters.

This is probably the handsomest college boat-house in the country. Harvard is in great need just now of a generous alumnus like Mr. Edwin Gould. Yale's boat-house is first class, but not quite large enough. Rowing is in high feather at Columbia—it has to be on the uncertain Hudson.

* * *

CORNELL (SECOND CREW) had no trouble with the cadets at Annapolis. They pulled thirty strokes to the minute—very long, slow, powerful, and never quickened. Time 11 minutes, 15 seconds. Two miles.

* * *

YALE DEFEATED Brown a second time at baseball May 15th, 6 to 5. Brown was defeated by Princeton 11 to 2. The Brown team is evidently not up to that of '96.

* * *

YALE WON the intercollegiate golf tournament at Ardsley, beating Princeton 35 to 4, and beating Harvard 24 to 4. Yale has done well so far in May—golf, the Harvard games, and Brown at baseball.

* * *

YALE WON her dual games with Harvard on May 15th—the first since 1895—by a surprising score of 80 to 24—even then with the loss of Beck and Sheldon. The new men of 1900

are decidedly "cracks," and Yale's new trainer certainly deserves great praise; her men were in splendid form. Harvard's men complained of the heavy track. Graff, a Yale Freshman, would have won the 100 yards dash had he not broken a tendon, disabling him from further racing. No intercollegiate records were broken.

* * *

THIS SAME eventful May 15th New York University won its dual games from Lehigh by a score of 76 to 28.

* * *

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC games resulted: Berkeley, 46; Barnard, 43; Trinity, 21; Collegiate, 6; Columbia Grammar, 5; Cutter, 5; De La Salle, 5; Dwight, 3. The 100 yards dash was won in 10½ seconds—only ½ behind the Yale win the same day.

* * *

THE ANNUAL spring games at Vassar were shrouded in mystery, as usual, and the date was kept a secret. The invitation to THE BACHELOR—because he's such "a dear *old* thing"—was received in time, and we duly witnessed the games.

The costumes of the girls were very pretty—blouses and bloomers of navy blue, and red, the number of the class worked in the bosoms. Black stockings of Lisle thread were held in place by garters of white, green, yellow, and red.

In the beautiful May morning Miss Emma Bradley, '97, won the ball-throwing contest—distance 63 feet—beating Miss Reed by seven feet. Miss Wilkinson won the 100 yards dash in 13 seconds, beating Miss Burnam, a Freshman, by two seconds. Miss Platt won the fence vault, 4 feet 5 inches.

In the afternoon, the basket ball games were won by '98 over 1900 by 1 to 0. This was a very exciting game. The players fought vigorously and with great energy, while their classes howled and yelled and screamed and looked on. Ninety-seven then played '99, and as '97 never had known defeat, it refused to recognize it then, and won gloriously in 4 to 2.

* * *

AT ITHACA the girls are learning to row correctly (and swiftly) in a shell. Why not? We thoroughly believe in exercise for women—every kind, but not too severe.

* * *

IN ENGLAND and France wheelmen fight mock duels on bicycles. We ought to have a bicycle tournament here, with duels, games, dances, etc., on wheels, as abroad. Are not wheelmen tired of everlasting century runs? Why not try something new?

* * *

RODERICK TERRY, JR., the Yale golf team's captain, made a wonderful score of 84 for 18 holes, beating Sands's record by two strokes. Colgate was the only man beaten on the Yale team. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., who towers over six feet in height, beat him by four strokes.

* * *

THE TOURNAMENT at Ardsley was a great success in every way. Yale now holds for a year the beautiful Ardsley Club cup.

* * *

THE 2.25 rule at Yale, requiring members of teams not only to be above average 2, but clear above it, and at least 2.25, is distressing some of the Yale athletes. It is somewhat severe on a man who trains hard to have to

stand higher than the loafer to remain on a team. Luckily the markers are mere "human bein's," and can stretch a point or two. If Jones doesn't know his *ablative absolute*, Jones needn't be asked about it.

* * *

YALE won the relay race at the Seventh Regiment Armory over Princeton by superiority at the turns. Princeton invariably gained at the stretches.

* * *

SOME of Princeton's scores in base-ball are : Baltimore 10, Princeton 1 ; Princeton 10, Georgetown 1—a curious reversal of score.

* * *

THE *College Athlete*, a monthly college magazine, published in Boston, has appeared. We wish it all success. But our notes are really all that one needs.

College Notes.—At Easter-tide there was presented at the University of Virginia a comedy-idyll called "The Flirt." It was written and performed by "local talent." The plot and characters were taken from "college life," and have something of a distinct local coloring. The venture was a new one for Virginia, and was watched with interest not only by the student body, but by alumni, who will recall many like efforts which from sheer lack of organization proved futile. Should the performance be deemed a success, both from a financial and an artistic point of view, it is probable that Virginia will, next term, have an organization similar to the dramatic clubs of her Northern contemporaries, a feature of college life which many of her sons have long desired for her.

J. LEWIS ORRICK.

THE SHREWDNESS of the Yale Faculty or their "foreknowledge predestinate" of the event of the great prize fight, is something astonishing to ordinary persons. Congressmen and senators who are mentally opposed to college professors as such, should take warning of the professors' craftiness in their timely withdrawal of the Yale blue flag sent to Corbett by a few brash Sophs. Had the flag been sent to Fitz, it is probable that Yale, with its eagerness to win, would have quietly approved. As it was, Corbett did *not* make use of Yale blue, and the episode may long since be considered closed.

We still think the ebullition was due to Kipling's baneful influence.

* * *

THE EDITOR of the *Cosmopolitan* thinks there should be a course in match-making at our universities. *Life* says: "The callow graduate of Yale or Harvard is absolutely ignorant of the awful possibilities of misfit matrimony. He should be compelled to attend at least three courses of lectures illustrated with awful examples from the divorce columns of the *New York World* and *Journal*. Ex-husbands might recite their experiences before the students in the matrimony courses, and show their scars and bruises. Prominent divorce lawyers might deliver lectures on the subject of alimony and extra costs. The *Cosmopolitan* has pointed out the evil, *Life* has made some practical suggestions, and it now remains for the universities to see to it that no young man graduates without a scientific knowledge of how to select the right woman for a wife. On students who pursue the subject successfully after graduation they

might confer the advanced degree of B.M.—Bachelor of Matrimony.’’

Students study these questions on the “outside,” as they do football, rowing, play-giving, singing, etc. There is no need of establishing a regular professorship.

The only drawback to scientific selection of marriageable persons is that there is no trial process nor any remedying a mistake in marriage as in nearly everything else.

If I don’t like my horse, clerk, servant, I discharge him. I cannot discharge my { husband
wife.

Some one has said that the only preparation needed for marriage is—unselfishness. This is the chief thing, and is taught on the “outside” at college.

* * *

THE YALE-HARVARD debate, March 26th, was again won by Yale. The subject of debate was

“*Resolved*, That the United States should adopt definitively the single gold standard, and should decline to enter a binetallic league even if Great Britain, France, and Germany should be willing to enter such a league.”

The judges were Judge E. A. Aldrich, Professor Dewey, of M. I. T., Professor Giddings, of Columbia.

In these college debates everything depends on the umpire, much as it does and ought not to do in baseball.

The audience of Harvard people at Sanders Theatre were “surprised” at the lack of discrimination on the part of the judges, for Yale actually won in Harvard’s own rostrum!

Yale won by her force of argument, though it appears Harvard was more polished, the

speakers spoke more freely and gracefully, but the Yale men were sturdy and strong, and so won.

* * *

"FACULTY COACHING" for these debates up to a certain extent is proper enough, but it should not go too far. It seems impossible to lay down the proper rule to be followed. The *Harvard Crimson* says in a manly way :

"If this university had won, it might now be well to insist upon a satisfactory agreement in regard to the question of Faculty coaching ; but, under the circumstances, it is best to have nothing to say."

Perhaps it is left for the BACHELOR and the alumni papers to urge on all the leading universities a general agreement not to rely on Faculty coaching in any way whatever.

* * *

THE Nassau *Lit*, than which there is no better college monthly in the country, has taken exception to our critic's somewhat harsh judgment on H. W. Mabie's essays.

A conference with our critic brings out the fact that Mr. Mabie was judged as setting up to be a seer where he has, on the whole, little to give at first hand. He shows culture and reading, but does he show much originality ?

We shall be very glad to have the editors of the *Lit* send us a monograph on the pro-Mabie side of the matter, and will gladly offer our columns for this purpose.

The *Chap-Book* has endeavored to sit upon the *Yale Courant*, and has been rebuked by that clever little periodical. For some time the *Courant* has proved itself to be quite beyond ordinary college literary work, and has been interesting to even non-college peo-

ple. The *Chap-Book* takes umbrage at this, and says :

“ The curse is upon the college magazines at last. They have started to become ‘ minia-ture ’ and sprightly and contemporaneous. Some time ago the *Yale Courant* gave up its old form of comparative dignity, and appeared in Jensen type and a poster cover. Bowdoin has the *Quill*, Columbia the *Morningside*, and the Normal School of Oklahoma has the *Normal Philomath*—mere variants in outward form of the *Courant* type.

“ Outside, the *Courant* is the most gorgeous ; inside, the others are less depressing. Their editors have, for the most part, read only the other college papers, while the *Courant* editors have read “ The Quest of the Golden Girl. ” They have also read the literary magazines and reviews, and they comment on them in the editorial pages. The complaint is, not that they write badly about them, but that they should write about them at all. It is taken for granted that the college editor has read his classics, but if he goes on with contemporary writers this way, the supposition will soon be proved false.

“ University life in this country has so far preserved something of the cloistral suggestion. It has been the only period when men with a taste for reading have been allowed to browse among old writers without being forced—for conversational purposes—to keep up with contemporary events. Every man with a love for letters came from college with a certain more or less solid foundation of reading. After graduation, if he liked, he filled in the chinks and polished off the corners and made himself a well-read man. But the skeleton frame of his culture was put to-

gether in those leisure days when the modern novelist was no more than an occasional flickering light on his horizon.

"It is unwise to risk a 'symposium,' yet it would be interesting to know whether—after the distressing manifestations of the *Yale Courant* and the *Normal Philomath* of Edmond, Oklahoma—the college man reads Mr. Le Gallienne and is coming to have a 'miniature' and sprightly mind for modern fads of literature. It would seem a deplorable thing. If our public judgment is not to topple over altogether, there must be a good part of our readers whose literary knowledge extends to men who wrote at least before the war."

Nothing, perhaps, shows the ability of the *Courant* than its amusing reply. It hits back in exactly the right medium—laughter.

We of THE BACHELOR agree, however, in the point made by the *Chap-Book*—that university writing ought first and foremost to be "classic"—that is, founded on the best styles, such as Addison, Burke, Hawthorne, Lowell, or Irving. We have had occasion to reject many "faddish" articles, wishing in THE BACHELOR to maintain a purity of style and a "classic" purity of thought.

The *Yale Alumni Weekly* says: "Why don't the *Yale Literary Magazine* and the *Yale Courant* join fortunes and forces? This seems the only satisfactory way out of the difficulties of interference and overlapping that increase as the papers develop."

We wish to urge the *Courant* to keep on its new course without any reference to that staid old organ, the *Yale Lit.* Yale has never had any reputation for having a literary atmosphere. Compared with Harvard, its literature is rather weak. Its moral and mental

fibre, however, is strong ; its test is always work. It produces lawyers, business men, men of action.

But now comes the *New Courant* with some evidence that with the larger Yale a new atmosphere of literary life has come. There are signs that the imagination is being cultivated. There are creditable poems, charming stories, clever critiques. It is a good sign. The *Courant* is full of the new atmosphere. It should be encouraged, not hampered. Yale needs it.

The *Harvard Advocate* has long been a very readable paper even to outsiders. Its literary excellence is positive. The *Courant* is trying to do for Yale what the *Advocate* has always done for Harvard.

Naturally we see signs in the *Courant's* stories of the influence of Anthony Hope, of Stevenson, of the *Chap-Book* itself. Its editors are progressive. It is quite true that they are doing a new thing at Yale—creating an atmosphere. We hope they will succeed.

The *Chap-Book*, alluding to our prize story contest, asks, " Why could not THE BACHELOR OF ARTS get a good story ?"

Perhaps it was our own fault in not making the prize \$500, an easily remedied mistake if we should ever offer another (!).

Some of the literary work in the *Harvard Advocate* is very good, the fiction excellent, yet we got but one story from Harvard.

We received several stories from Yale, not up to the *Courant* standard (we mean stories therein not necessarily founded on " The Prisoner of Zenda" and that sort).

The *Chap-Book* took the Yale *Courant* to task for its lack of self-knowledge, its lack of knowing what it should write about, and its

devoting itself to Richard Le Gallienne, but the BACHELOR's opinion is that the new *Courant* is a very well written and amusing periodical. That the prize offered by us failed to bring out any meritorious work shows little or nothing of the true literary condition of our colleges.

At Yale it is a sign of real literary emancipation to see the *Courant* striving to be "literary" as it does.

It means an effort to get beyond the standard of "De Forrest Prize Orations" and "Townsend Essays," into real imaginative work.

* * *

The Dial, a critical paper of importance in Chicago, comments on THE BACHELOR's ineffectual efforts to secure a good story, and adds, "But even THE BACHELOR makes the egregious blunder of speaking editorially of '*Hoi Populoi*.'"

When we said *hoi populoi* we wished to see which one of our classic colleges would first seek to correct us. The word is used by several of the fathers. Latinized Greek is not "blunder," but rather affectation, and affectation is always to be avoided.

* * *

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY is rising grandly on the heights at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. The General Committee has sent to us the following appeal, which we take pleasure in printing :

March, 1897.

The progress of Columbia, in the last five years, has been so rapid, and at the same time so extended and substantial, as to excite the admiration of all who are interested in her welfare. This rapid advance and its charac-

ter are due to the careful and wise preparation for it made by the historic college, out of which all has been developed, and to the remarkable tact, wisdom, and generosity of President Low. Not since the days of Richard Harison and John Jay, Robert R. Livingston, and Gouverneur Morris, Alexander Hamilton and DeWitt Clinton, has Columbia had such an influential position as now in relation to the life and activities of New York and of the country—and the possibilities of such a relation are wider and more powerful for good to-day than they have ever been before. The community at large sees and appreciates this position more clearly and more sympathetically every day, as is evidenced in the attitude of the daily press, in the affiliation with Columbia of the Cooper Union, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, and other enterprises of high import; in the substantial contributions in buildings, scholarships, and fellowships; and in such foundations as the Avery Library, the Robert Center Department of Music, and the Henry R. Worthington Memorial in Mechanical Engineering. In the gratifying and encouraging demonstration in favor of their Alma Mater, the alumni should take an active and conspicuous part; not only as individuals, not the alumni of the college only, or of the School of Mines only, or of any specific department of the institution, but of Columbia as a whole.

The President of the university, an alumnus of the Class of '70, has given a library building, beautiful in design and magnificent in proportions; the Chairman of the Trustees, an alumnus of the Class of '40, has contributed a spacious and dignified edifice, to be devoted

to certain branches of science ; and "Have-meyer Hall" is rising, a noble testimonial of filial affection given by men and women whose only interest in Columbia is that of public-spirited citizens. But, as yet, there is no building embodying the sense of loyalty of the great body of alumni of the university. This is a deficiency that should appeal immediately and irresistibly to all graduates of every part or school of Columbia. The subject has had long and careful consideration by a special committee of alumni, which is of opinion that the tribute should take the form of a memorial hall.

Situated just north of the library, and facing it, is to be a great composite building which shall include a university hall, an academic theatre, a gymnasium, and an extensive power plant, the total cost of which is estimated at about \$1,500,000. University Hall is to be the southern part of this building ; it will have one of the most prominent positions on the new site, and will be essentially distinct from the theatre and the gymnasium, with both of which it will be closely connected. The building is to be of four stories, and the middle portion of it is designed as a hall of imposing dimensions, sixty-four feet wide, one hundred and eighteen feet long, and seventy-six feet high, having a seating capacity of about six hundred. It is this part of the magnificent structure which the committee has selected as an "Alumni Memorial Hall," and the trustees have given their assent to this use and designation of it provided the estimated cost of \$250,000 is met by the alumni. This sum the committee appeals to the alumni of the university to contribute.

The hall will be a general meeting room and dining-hall for officers and students of the university. With the exception of the library, no part of the group of buildings will be so generally visited or will add so much to the common life of the academic community. Here also may be held the reunions of the alumni, and in this center of the daily life of the university may fitly be placed memorials of the great men who have issued from her many portals to illumine the history of their time, portraits or other mementos of alumni whose names adorn the annals of Church and State, of medicine, law, science, and philosophy, and of humbler men who, in less conspicuous spheres, have so borne themselves that the world is better for their having lived in it. Surely no more appropriate tribute from the sons of Columbia to their *Alma Mater* could be devised—and it is hoped that they will make it “the living record of their memory.”

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

ABRAM S. HEWITT,
Chairman.

NICHOLAS FISH,
President, Alumni Association of the College.

M. ALLEN STARR, M.D.,
President, Alumni Association of the College
of Physicians and Surgeons.

WILLIAM ALLEN SMITH,
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W. BARCLAY PARSONS,
EDWIN B. HOLDEN,
JOHN B. PINE,
Secretary, 63 Wall Street.

* * *

THE THREE traveling fellowships annually awarded by Bryn Mawr College were announced for the year 1897-98 by President Thomas in chapel on Thursday morning, May 18th. The "Mary E. Garrett European Fellowship," open to graduate students in the second (or later) year of work at Bryn Mawr, will be awarded to Miss Emilie Norton Martin, of Ardmore, Pa.; A.B., Bryn Mawr, 1894, whose special work is mathematics, and who held the resident Fellowship in Mathematics in 1895-96. The "President's Fellowship," open to graduate students in the first year of work at Bryn Mawr, will be held by Miss Ellen Rose Giles, of Philadelphia, A.B. and A.M., Bryn Mawr, 1896, who at present holds the scholarship in Semitic Languages at Bryn Mawr, and who will devote her foreign fellowship to work in the same language and in philosophy. The "Bryn Mawr European Fellowship," annually awarded to a member of the graduating class on the ground of excellence in scholarship, will be held by Miss Margaret Hamilton, of Fort Wayne, Ind., whose work in biology and chemistry was especially commended. Each of these fellowships is of the value of \$500, and is applicable to the expenses of one year's study and residence at some foreign university—English or Continental—the holder's choice of a university being subject, however, to the approval of the college.

The eleventh resident fellowships will not be awarded until next month, applications for them being received up to April 15th. These are of the value of \$525, and are awarded annually—one in Greek, one in Latin, one in English, one in German and Teutonic Philology, one in Romance Languages, one in History or Political Science, one in Philosophy, one in Mathematics, one in Physics, one in Chemistry, and one in Biology.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING letter has been received :

CINCINNATI, O., April 15, 1897.

To the Editor of THE BACHELOR :

Although there has been many an earnest and loyal word spoken in remonstrance or regret in regard to the Yale corporation's doing away with "Old South Middle College," still there have been few, if any, organized endeavors on the part of the alumni to arrive at a single satisfactory plan, and to carry it through to a successful issue. Yale's many successes have undoubtedly been due to her admirable "team work," so why should her alumni not organize themselves, instead of mourning individually the demolition of the most ancient building of the "Old Brick Row," when by combining now, there is a fair chance of keeping this memento of the glorious past. Perhaps the simplest way to gain concerted action would be for one Alumni Association, say the New York Association, to take up the matter, and by addressing other associations over the country, inquire of the feeling there and the support that will be given in regard to the matter. In the first place, it must be recognized that there are but three solutions possible to save this ante-Revolutionary monument, any one of which, but

especially the third, might be agreeable to the corporation, if the alumni guaranteed to bear all the expenses without calling upon the corporation for assistance.

First, the "Old South Middle" could be remodeled internally for a museum to illustrate the "Old Yale," keeping it in its present location ; second, it could be moved to a situation adjacent to the campus for a similar use. To the former of these propositions the corporation might maintain that the building would mar the beauty of "The Quadrangle," and to the second proposition is the objection that, not being on its original site, a great part of its historical interest would be lost ; and to an impartial judge both objections are well taken.

Therefore, a third plan must be formed, one which would exclude both of these objections, and yet give a local historical monument of the past as well as an architectural ornament to the campus. This can and should be done. The third plan : Keep the brownstone foundations of "Old South Middle," where they have been for almost the last two centuries, and remove the remainder of the building above the height of three feet, thus forming of this foundation a "ruins ;" let there be Grecian seats on the inside of this three-foot foundation wall, facing a statue of "Elihu Yale," and a fountain in the center, symbolical of "that *fons et origo* of classical culture," the "Old Brick Row of Yale ;" and upon this old wall of the "Old Yale" place statues of the great men who frequented these buildings in those old days, such as Jonathan Edwards, 1720 ; Aaron Burr, 1735 ; Captain Nathan Hale, 1773 ; Noah Webster, 1778 ; and Chancellor

Kent, 1781—men of the “Old Yale.” With such a ruins, ivy-covered, and a few Revolutionary cannon on the campus, the “Yale Quadrangle” would have an atmosphere and beauty such as could not be equaled or rivaled by all the wealth of a modern Croesus. The “Ruins” of this “Old College” and the statues of these famous Yale men would be an inspiration, such as the most magnificent of Yale’s newest buildings fail to inspire; while if this building were removed, the campus would lose a charm impossible to replace.

“Your may break, you may shatter those walls if you will,
But the scent of the violets will hang round them still.”

ALVIN PROBASCO NIPGEN,
Class of '94.

* * *

THIS IDEA of “ruins” is a novel one, and we are hardly prepared to sustain it. Better far keep the old dormitory as a museum and portrait gallery intact.

* * *

CORNELL-PENNSYLVANIA debate makes the fourth annual debate between these two colleges. Two have been won by Pennsylvania, two by Cornell. The Cornell *Era* with commendable enterprise has published the full speeches of the debaters.

To win a debate has now come to be equal to winning any of the great athletic “events” of the year.

The news of the debate, as it proceeded from point to point, was sent to Ithaca, and the excitement is thus described:

“Special despatches from Professor Lee at Philadelphia to the Cornell *Daily Sun* announced the start and progress of this great

intercollegiate mental contest. They were regularly received at the box-office of the Lyceum Opera House, and read from the stage at the conclusion of each act as the play of the evening progressed. Each telegram was listened to with intense interest, and applause followed the mention of the names of Crosby, Wells, and Lewis, Cornell's able representatives.

"The announcement that the judges of the debate had retired for consultation did not reach the Lyceum before the fall of the curtain after the last act, so the twelve hundred anxious people present hurried to the central bulletin boards. The gathering was soon of an immense size, students, professors, and townsfolk all eager to read the final bulletin.

"Great confidence in the ability of Cornell's debaters was manifest. Many sanguine of victory, prematurely began a celebration. All, however, joined in singing what to Cornell men is the dearest song ever sung, 'Alma Mater.' Yells were given for Cornell and then for Crosby, Lewis, and Wells. Pennsylvania was not forgotten, and many a cheer went up for Cornell's friendly rival in all branches of intercollegiate contest.

"The enthusiasm knew no bounds when the despatch was placed on the boards and read, 'Unanimous judgment for Cornell. Cornell, I yell yell, yell, Cornell!' A line was quickly formed, and then that body of several hundred enthusiastic students, after informing all down-town by their yells and song of Cornell's great victory, proceeded to bear the good news up the hill. President Schurman and Professors Wheeler and Hufcut were called upon, and each appeared and made congratulatory speeches. Midnight had

long since passed when the assemblage dispersed.

"The victory had been looked upon as being equal to that achieved by our athletic teams, and the celebration was as generally participated in and expressed as much Cornell spirit as though it had been a triumph of athletic prowess. Cornell makes no apology for either her brawn or her brain."

* * *

A CORRESPONDING picture is drawn of the enthusiasm at New Haven when Yale won the annual debate with Harvard.

A recent writer in a Harvard paper has deplored this "over-enthusiasm" as not being strictly academical.

It is argued that students at college should be indifferent to all things except their studies and what they are "learning."

"If I am not properly taught Sanskrit at Yale, I will pack my trunk and set out for Harvard or elsewhere," should be the feeling, it is said. But the real feeling is, "I don't care how badly I am taught Sanskrit at Yale or at Harvard or at Columbia, I will remain and be loyal to my alma mater."

It is a fine question of casuistry—should a student prefer "loyalty" to his best development?

* * *

WE ARE inclined to think that extreme "loyalty" is to be the rule for many years until we advance far beyond our present conditions.

A student in Germany is loyal after a fashion, but not as loyal as our American students to their alma mater. He tries two or three universities for various branches of study.

So a student of Oxford often changes over to Cambridge, and *vice versa*.

Rare instances occur here. But a student makes the change generally, not purely on account of his studies.

* * *

WHEN THE news reached Princeton that she had won over Yale at New Haven, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. A parade was immediately formed, which proceeded to Prospect, where President Patton made the boys a speech of congratulation.

Yale beat Harvard, and Princeton beat Yale, and Harvard beat Princeton (December 20th), so each college has won one and lost one debate. Honors are even.

* * *

SHALL EAST COLLEGE be destroyed or moved at Princeton?

Our opinion has been asked, otherwise we would hesitate to give it. It is this: Unless absolutely necessary, no old college building ought to be torn down. Princeton has lots of room to spread. It is not situated where Professor Bach McMasters says a university ought to be, "in the heart of a vast city." Build your fine quadrangles on new lots, say we, and leave us old fogies our pleasant revivals of the memory of the good old days when *we* were in college.

Otherwise you make us unwilling to go back—except out of a vague, unwilling curiosity.

* * *

MR. JUNIUS MORGAN has left Wall Street to become Associate Librarian of Princeton. We heartily congratulate Princeton on persuading Mr. Morgan to leave a financial career for books.

As to Faculty coaching debaters, Harvard's latest position seems to us very reasonable, viz., "That in the opinion of the Advisory Board the assistance of instructors in Harvard University in competitive debates, except in the case of the instructor in elocution, should be limited to pointing out material, giving information, and suggesting the general analysis of the subject. They should not arrange lines of argument, criticise the speeches of members of the teams or debate against them."

Yale's position is in favor of Faculty coaching. Princeton rather sides with Yale.

* * *

Scribner's HAS been made especially interesting by its accounts of Harvard in the May number. James W. Alexander will tell of his undergraduate life at Princeton in the June number, and Judge Howland will follow with a Yale article in the July number. We are glad to see that the magazines are waking up to our suggestion, made long ago, of the value of college life in literature.

* * *

HON. WILLIAM B. HORNBLOWER made quite a point against "sectionalism" in his speech at the Exeter dinner :

"Now, your president, Mr. Green, when he invited me, suggested to me this subject for serious and prayerful consideration : that there ought to be a greater interchange of students between the preparatory schools and the great universities of the different sections ; that Andover and Exeter ought to send more men to Princeton, and Lawrenceville ought to send more men to Yale and Harvard and the other New England institutions. I most heartily agree with that proposition. The great danger and bane of our institutions in

this country is sectionalism. I need not remind you that from the very beginning of the foundation of this government sectionalism has been the gaunt spectre which has risen from time to time to frighten and alarm us ; and the most dangerous feature of the last presidential campaign was that one of the two great parties of this country which had theretofore stood as the champion of the Union, one and inseparable, except for a brief period when we were divided by war, that great party became the champion of sectionalism and fostered and stimulated the hatred of the West and South against the East and North. Now, it is the great mission of our educational institutions to stamp out sectionalism and to make this intercommunion of the various students from the various parts of the country mould us together in common interests and a common loyalty to our common government."

Music and Drama.—"The Girl from Paris" is variegated with amusing songs and dances ; but the *Innkeeper* is thoroughly disgusting ; the naughty girl from Paris is too fond of kicking up her heels ; the plot—rotten.

So many of these extravaganzas need just a little good play writing to make them enjoyable.

* * *

MISS NETHERSOLE as *Carmen* is more quiet and finished than last year. We saw her opening night in "Carmen," and it was a volume of girlish furor and passion. This year the actress has grown older, and appears with less abandon. She is also, as it appears, less pretty than she was.

But oh, if she had Melba's voice ! She would out-Carmen Carmen !

One criticism (which is delicious) we overheard whispered from a young girl just behind us.

"Mamma, I think that Don José is a very unprincipled young man."

Mamma : "Carmen is a very wicked woman."

We wish Miss Nethersole would play *Tess*. Why not ?

* * *

MISS NETHERSOLE in "The Wife of Scarli" was not emphatic enough to please her critics. The truth was in her part she had very little to say. Her art lies close to nature, and as in "Camille," she does not *appear* to be acting. Her *Camille* deserves the praise that it is the most satisfactory *Camille* now on the stage. It is a more refined and beautiful conception than that of Sara Bernhardt, if not so powerful. Her support was most excellent.

We saw "The Wife of Scarli," a dismal play, at Philadelphia, and as a friend observed, "This is what Philadelphia likes," a prosaic, solemn, domestic ending.

* * *

"MISS MANHATTAN," at Wallack's, is a clean and amusing medley, but it is not over-amusing, and the second act ends in a hurry ; it seems cut in two.

* * *

MRS. KATHERINE BLOODGOOD's recital, given at Carnegie Lyceum (Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street), on the afternoon of Easter Monday, was very largely attended. Mr. David Bispham, baritone, and Mr. H. Stanley Knight, accompanist, added to the success of one of the most delightful concerts

of the season. Mrs. Bloodgood's voice is becoming famous among the contraltos in this country.

* * *

MISS F. C. ROSELLE's concert, at Chickering Hall, was assisted by the New York Philharmonic Club, and Miss Ida L. Morgan accompanist. Miss Roselle is one of our city contraltos whose voice deserves a national reputation.

* * *

"NEVER AGAIN," at Garrick's Theatre, is a wishy-washy affair, and should be played *never again* in country or town.

* * *

A SECOND hearing of "Tess" causes us to say that of all that appeared to improve with age, *Alec* seemed the most benefited. Mrs. Fiske has made a *hit*, certainly a *succes d'estime*. Her acting is of a high order, but she has not the Tess temperament. We would like to see her in *Meg Merrilies* or in *Lady Macbeth*.

* * *

AT DALY'S "The Circus Girl" has made a deserved success. It is very amusing, jolly, and quite new in its plot. It ought to run all summer—a light musical comedy of this refined sort would take very well in June and July.

* * *

AT THE Empire "Under the Red Robe" still draws large audiences. It has been very well acted; but the play itself is romantically stupid.

* * *

AT THE LYCEUM, "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," by Mrs. Ryley, is one of the best light comedies ever seen at this excellent theatre. Miss Russell is "just perfect."

BOOK NOTICES.

Tracings; or, A Reflection of Nature. Written by E. Scott O'Connor. (The Century Company.)

This is an age of writers, an age of stenographers and talkers, it might be said. Every one says what he has to say at full length. Congress prints volumes of words, the newspapers print endless words about these words, literature is sent about in carloads, yet there are among us the followers and devotees of La Rochefoucauld whose pungent aphorisms are used as models of condensation. With them, as Mr. Pater says, "the happy phrase or sentence is modeled upon a cleanly finished structure of scrupulous thought." It is what Sainte-Beuve calls "the style of honest men," for a truth is aimed at in few words—truth which is not obvious. A fine example of the usual circumlocution of "statesmen" is to be found in a lieutenant-governor's late inaugural when he said :

"Let us expose the lenses of the mind for a moment to receive upon the film of memory an impression of what the album of history contains, in order that from a picture of the past we may derive inspiration in dealing with the manifold needs of the present hour."

If he had said, "Know the past to know the present," nothing essential to his idea would have been left unexpressed. Besides, our version beats his in the number of words by 7 to 50.

Miss O'Connor gives us many good illustrations of clever condensation in this pretty little book, and it would be well for others besides our statesmen to study them. Sometimes she resets an old saw, as, "Innocence avoids many pitfalls by not seeing them," or as, "To open the gates of Paradise two must hold the key." Sometimes she is distinctly new, as, "'Why are you always looking for me?' asked Ridicule of a dull and timid youth. 'Because I know I can't see you,' said the youth.'" Again, "'What is life's heaviest burden?' asked a youth of a sad and lonely old man. 'To have nothing to carry,'" he answered.

Miss Agnes Repplier has prefaced the little book with a charming essay, in which she quotes Pascal to the effect that the world is full of excellent maxims, but what we miss is their application. Ingenious minds—latterly many feminine—are at work on this Chinese ivory carving, and Miss O'Connor is among

the best. Mrs. Craigie's books are decidedly aphoristic. She writes only one hundred words a day. George Eliot is often given this way. Anthony Hope in his dialogues constantly shows results of close work. Many poets we could name miss their vocation in attempting verse who have an eye for aphoristic writing.

Yet we may confess the effect of a clever aphorism shot into a conversation often kills a speaker like a bullet, and maims his listeners. There is an awful pause while we are inwardly studying. In our early days they gave us mental arithmetic, to-day Miss O'Connor's book will suffice. "'What have you done with my beauty?' demanded a woman of Time. 'Used it for manuscript,'" he replied. This is clever enough to have been said by La Rochefoucauld himself.

The Spirit of an Illinois Town. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Mrs. Catherwood has done a good piece of work in the story of Trail City. It is full of imagination. We are accustomed to think that the South has all the literary "stuff and characters," yet the Western towns with their fury of newness possess good literary material.

All the characters of the story live except the heroine, Kate Keene, who on the stage "looked like a Greek girl," who was a maid-of-all-work in this queer town. Kate is a trifle too cultured for Trail City kitchens or any other kitchens, but Mrs. Jutberg, Sam, Clara, and the rest are well drawn.

The story of Little Renault is not so interesting. Illinois in 1680 is not so good a field as the State in 1880 for Mrs. Catherwood's unusual abilities.

Memories of Hawthorne. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

To read this book is to enter the intimate society of a most charming family, to listen to the talk of cultivated people, to feel the beautiful influences of Hawthorne's character and refinement, and to rise from it with a feeling of regret that it is all of the inevitable past.

The letters of Mrs. Hawthorne (Sophia Peabody) are really deep studies of social life in America and during her husband's consulate at Liverpool. We have the real American family life of the time—not as shown in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. We have also exquisite pictures

of the best English society. Hawthorne was, of course, a literary lion, his books being read even when Thackeray was unknown (page 83). She writes: "The English people, the ladies and gentlemen, with whom we have become acquainted, are very lovely and affectionate and friendly. They seem lifelong acquaintances. I suppose there is no society in the world that can quite compare with this. It is all stereotyped, crystallized, with the repose and quiet in it of an immovable condition of caste. There is such a simplicity, such an ease, such an entire cordiality, such sweetness, that it is really beautiful to see. It is only when looking at the matter outside, or rather out of it, that one can see any disadvantage or unloveliness. It is a deep and grave question, this about rank. Birth and wealth often are causes of the superior cultivation and refinement that are found with them. In this old civilization there seems to be no jealousy, no effort to alter position. . . . Provided the lowest orders could be redeemed from the brutal misery in which they are plunged, there could be a little more enjoyment in contemplating and mingling with the higher."

The letters are always full of charm. To come upon the book after the rot that is written to-day is like coming once again into the company of ladies and gentlemen. These people are like those Americans we have known and loved ourselves. Of James Martineau Mrs. Hawthorne says: "It seemed as if he had always been *my brother*; as if I could find in him counselor, friend, saint, and sage, and I have no doubt it is so so potent is the aroma of character, without a word or sign. How worse than folly it is to imagine that character can either be cried up or cried down! . . . A man has only to come in and sit down, and there he is for better or for worse. I at least am always hit by a person's sphere, and either the music of the spheres or the contrary supervenes, and sometimes also nothing at all, if there is not much strength of character."

This instinctive foreknowledge is characteristic of high souls. Do you wonder, my poor brother, at the "frost" which unaccountably meets you in some woman you love or wish to love? With her clear eyes she reads your partly sensual nature, avoids you, or, perhaps, forgives it.

Mrs. Lathrop's recollection of her mother in England (page 268) is altogether delightful in "her superb brocade, pale tinted, low-necked, and short-sleeved, her happy, airy manner, her glowing though pale face, her dancing eyes, her ever-hovering smile of perfect

kindness." These English days were happy ones for the Hawthornes, and happy for the transcendent genius who has always been depicted as sadly looking out of his deep, shadowy eyes upon a world of suffering humanity. Of his later years true enough. What a man he was to be so worshiped by his intimates! "I never knew what charity meant till I knew my husband," said his wife.

Good, kindly, noble, honorable, lovely man was Hawthorne—a genius, with the happiness of the most lovable and intellectual companion, his wife, and the dearest, happiest children. There is broad sanity in his environment—himself a strong man surrounded by the best life. "His terrors were those of our own hearts; his playfulness had the merit of sunlight. He was artistically consecrated, guiding the forces he used with the reins of truth, and he could do this unbrokenly because he governed his character by Christian fellowship."

After the happy life in England, surrounded by people who loved them, they go to live in Italy, where "the sky is too blue, the sun too blazing, everything too vivid. Often I long for the more cloudy skies and peace of that dear, beautiful England."

In Rome the Brownings, Storks, and many Americans filled up their social life; but it has not the happiness for Hawthorne that "the old home" afforded. Mrs. Lathrop's husband attributed the decline and death of the author to the war; she attributes it partly to nostalgia for his "old home." But for his children, he says, he would never have returned to America.

In his daughter's fond book we are made to see that the happiness of England and Italy dies out on the return to America and the "narrowing of means," by reason of the default of an unvarnished "friend." The hand of death is upon the man. He dies apart from his loving wife. How this could have happened is not explained—how his Sophia could have let her husband go away that last time, looking as if Death had already laid his hand upon him.

To criticise this book not unkindly, it would seem to us that here and there the authoress is somewhat too effusive. A cold world is to read her book, not merely the old Boston friends. Yet it appears she writes *con amore* for them only. It is, also, the fault of her husband's book, "A Study of Hawthorne." To be sure the man was a god, and his wife evidently one of the dearest of women, but the reader can, with little dis-

cernment, see this without its being reiterated. The letters tell the tale—how his genius thrived and prospered in her perfect love, how sane and simple and matter-of-fact he was, except in his books.

At the Sign of the Sphinx. By Carolyn Wells. (Stone & Kimball.)

These are ninety-and-nine charades in doggerel, and very good doggerel at that. Just to show how carefully we have read this amusing little book (we spent an entire evening over it) we will give Miss Wells her answers: 1. Bookworm; 2. Mistake; 3. Climax; 4. Hymnal; 5. Caterwaul; 6. What? We give it up.

“Up from the south at break of day
My first arrived in early May,
And through the towns and cities passed
Heralded by a trumpet blast.

“Up from the south my total came,
Up from the land of flowery fame,
And reached my second's sheltering care
After a voyage long and fair.”

Who can guess this? 7. Castanet; 8. Penultimate; 9. Tea-caddy; 10. Singly; 11. Belief; 12. Caprice; 13. Pilot; 14. Heirloom; 15. Wedded; 16. Toothbrush; 17. War rumor; 18. Nightmare; 19. Necklace; 20. Harebell; 21. Pantry; 22. Rowboat; 23. Phantom; 24. Nailhead; 25. Drumsticks; 26. Matchsafe; 27. Cart-boy; 28. Tombstone; 29. Death-knell; 30. Slumber; 31. Hatred; 32. Tourist; 33. Polestar; 34. Support; 35. Jackal; 36. Cognomen; 37. Pitfall; 38. Crescent; 39. Brimstone; 40. Bedpost; 41. Flagon; 42. Fusee; 43. Turmoil; 44. Washtub; 45. Bloomers; 46. Milk-pail; 47. Orchid; 48. Siren; 49. Image; 50. Nickel; 51. Samson; 52. Almanac; 53. Football; 54. Doornail; 55. Poker; 56. Shylock; 57. Starboard; 58. Champagne; 59. Keyhole; 60. Whalebone; 61. Brickbat; 62. Bequest; 63. Bassoon; 64. Springtime; 65. Chestnut; 66. Handkerchief; 67. Coffeemill; 68. Acrobat; 69. Edenium; 70. Primrose; 71. Marblehead; 72. Seesaw; 73. Rainbow; 74. Anthem; 75. Cupboard; 76. Nothing; 77. Nit; 78. Death-mask; 79. Boatswain; 80. China; 81. Baby; 82. Blackboard; 83. Mirage; 84. Pageant; 85. Skylight; 86. Nit; 87. Laundress; 88. Turntable; 89. Cocktail; 90. Pearlneck; 91. Bargain; 92. Grapevine; 93. Stylus; 94. Jaundice; 95. Fortune; 96. Seasick; 97. Molehill; 98. April; 99. Bridegroom.

There, does this not show we have carefully read this clever little book? We have read it and enjoyed it.

That First Affair. By J. A. Mitchell. (Scribners.)

These stories are full of a charming sentiment—the sentiment of society. How exquisite the first! “To open the gates of Paradise two must turn the key,” and they did. “‘I cannot comprehend women,’ said a man, as he watched one trying to catch Love by running away from him.” Eve ran away, and into the arms of Adam. It is very dainty, but it gives one a queer shiver as one reads, for it is two modern lovers making love outdoors nude and without a thought of—pneumonia! But Hawthorne—did the same thing.

Mr. Mitchell's delicate humor is his own, and in “Mrs. Lofter's Ride” and in “The Man who Vanished,” he is more than humorous—he is a cynic. Twice have we read this book through for its delicious flavor. We can only pronounce it most charming.

Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. (D. Appleton & Co.)

This is a love tale in the dreadful and now tabooed Scotch dialect, involving a secret marriage, which turns out to be a real marriage because there happen to be witnesses in the dense wood at midnight where it takes place. Courting scenes in the Scotch heather among the lower orders fill up the dreary pages and render us more willing than ever before to allow the canny Scot to sink into a gentle oblivion.

Echoes of Halcyon Days. By Maximus A. Lesser.

Here is a new poet—brand new—none of his verses ever printed before. A beautiful volume of verse, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

The odd thing about it is that some of the verses are not bad at all.

Dumb in June. By Richard Burton. (Boston: Cope-land & Day.)

Mr. Burton is not exactly a new poet; he is old in the best sense—in culture, richness of thought, purity of expression, and careful finish.

Above all, he has the poetic sense of music—the subtler music which runs along with and accompanies the lines as one reads. In Virgil we used to be told of the quadrapedantic lines and the monstrum ademptum lines; the modern poet gives us gentler music—chamber music of the soul. Listen:

“Dumb in June! To lack the art,
The divine deep impulse bringing
Power and passion in their train;
To perceive the subtle wane

Of the waters erstwhile springing
 Buoyant brimful on the shore—
 Ebb tide now for evermore."

The poems speak to the cultured. It is the poetry of the student. There is no sunburst of genius—no new voice here—nevertheless it is true poetry. We are willing that the book should go to England, or around the world.

Observations of a Bachelor. By Louis Lombard. (F. T. Neely.)

A clever book, full of originality, and worth reading. The new women won't like Mr. Lombard's views on woman's sphere. He says plainly, "Maternity is woman's highest function," and argues for the home life and child-bearing. He says many truisms; some times he is prosy, but on the whole Mr. Lombard is "an addition," as the French say, of a new writer.

Telepathy and the Subliminal Self. By R. Osgood Mason. (Henry Holt & Co.)

These valuable papers on hypnotism, etc., originally appeared in the *New York Times*. The brain is a strange mystery, and its functions are but little known. The best use to which we can put it seems to be to win money. People with leisure may amuse themselves with hypnotic and fanciful dreams. Most of the "strange" occurrences are coincidences, and much of the subliminal talk is bosh.

Flames. By Robert Hichens. (Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.)

When we write our great novel Messrs. Stone & Co. shall print it. The books of this house are very attractive. We wish we could say as much of their insides. The author of *The Green Carnation* has written a prolix book, full of sin, women of the street, soul changes, etc., which, we admit, we are not capable of appreciating. We remember to have heard a wild-eyed young thing with hectic cheeks observe, "That *Flames* is awfully exciting." Well, so it probably is—quite lurid.

The Descendant. (Harper & Brothers.)

This novel of New York is not so bad. It is written by an unknown woman with the aid of a man. We admit this is an indiscreet guess, but it bears evidence of both the "sects." It begins under the influence of *A Story of an African Farm*. Then Mike Akershem comes to New York, a hairy, lean, wild Westerner, and

the book comes under the influence of Hardy and Zola, and broadens out quite artistically.

We confess we can see nothing to admire in the hairy Mike, who never condescended to use a comb, and who affects the *Chat Noir* on South Fifth Avenue. In this greasy establishment he meets Rachel dining alone, and strikes up an acquaintance. Rachel is an artist genius, but she gladly gives up art to become Mike's mistress—refusing his offer of marriage, since she believes that wedlock would fetter him too much. After a while Mike tires of Rachel, and, amid many pangs, she gives him up. Mike then shoots a friend, but gets ten years instead of the electric chair, which he deserves, and Rachel returns to art, and when he gets out of jail is able to bathe his brow and nurse him gently to slow music until he goes to that *burn*—as the Western papers say—from which no traveler returns.

Mike is the creation of a womanish mind: he never laughs or jokes; he is as austere a rascal as ever dined at cheap *table d'hotes*; and Rachel remarks, "I would fight God for you!" with perfect sincerity. Women appear to dote on these hairy villains. Mike knocks her about, brute that he is, and she adores him. He rants of anarchy and socialism, and she thinks it genius. He is dishonest to her, and goes after Miss Allard, a high-stepping damsel with a pure heart; but Rachel never falters. Her rich aunt doesn't like Mike and her niece's manner of life, but Rachel cares not. John Driscoll, a gentleman, loves her. She heeds him not. Dear, unfaltering Rachel, with thy glorious (combed) hair, thou art a true creation! The life thou leadest is led more often in Paris than here; but it is even true of New York. Really, thou didst deserve a better fate than this detestable Michael!

On the whole, the book is unusually clever and well done. It does not bore one, is consistent, well studied; and were it not for its "heredity" and psychology would be extremely readable. It just misses being a great book.

Kings in Adversity. By Edward S. Van Zile. (F. Tennyson Neely.)

A book born of Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*. Now, if you like this sort of thing, why—

The White Hecatomb. By W. C. Scully. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Now comes the nigger! Every one else on the face of the earth has been written up. Now comes Mr. Scully with his African negroes.

In his *Kafir Stories* he gave us some fine pictures, some splendid battle scenes. In this book he takes us chiefly into the domestic life of the native African, and his tales are strange and weird. It is difficult to speak of the African's courtship, his method is "so sudden," i.e., to knock his lady love in the head and drag her into his hut; or to dilate on his happy home, a hut filled with dense, gritty smoke; but Mr. Scully makes a great deal of the witch doctors and tells some fine tales in this book. Read it. It is *new*.

The Third Violet. By Stephen Crane. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The author of *The Red Badge*, *The Little Regiment*, and *Maggie*, in this summer story applies his heavy, realistic system to a light, silly love tale. His intense style, extraordinary use of English, and thundering adjectives are here out of place. The book is dull, and the flirtation a piece of idle vacuousness. The girl throws three violets, and is won at last in a hopeless sort of confusion—for the reader. "Oh, do go—go! Please! I want you to go!" This in Cranese is the girl's method of gently saying, "I love you." Hawker, the crack-brained lover, says, "What?" to this, springs to his feet, and explodes with delight. Crane is out of his element; his conceits of style do not sound so well in light, trifling comedy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Jessamy Bride. A Novel. By F. Frankfort Moore. (H. S. Stone & Co.)

The Impudent Comedian, and Others. By F. Frankfort Moore. (H. S. Stone & Co.)

Le Nabab. By Alphonse Daudet. Abridged from the 97th edition by Benjamin W. Wells. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

The Heaven of the Bible. By Ida Craddock. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

Paola Corletti. By Alice Howard Hilton. (F. Tennyson Neely.)

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, Nashville, Tenn., will open May 2d and close October 31st, 1897. The Southern Railway, in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, is the only line operating a through sleeping-car service from New York to Nashville. The route is *via* Washington, D. C., Asheville, and Chattanooga, leaving New York daily at 4.30 P.M., passing through the most interesting section of the South. The Tennessee Centennial is the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of their State into the Union. It is a national event of international importance, to which the whole world is cordially invited. The construction of the different buildings and the arranging of exhibits are completed. The management is using every endeavor to bring together the most unique and attractive things procurable. The Southern Railway, with its usual liberality and foresight looking to the advancement of the whole South, has made very low rates for this occasion. For complete information and particulars regarding the great Exposition, call on or address the New York Office, 271 Broadway.

* * *

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL RATES—EFFECTIVE APRIL 29TH.—The Southern Railway, the only line operating through car service New York to Nashville, announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville and return, account of the Tennessee Centennial: tickets limited returning to November 7th, \$28.75; limited to twenty days, \$21.05; tickets sold on Tuesday and Thursday each week, good to return within ten days, \$15.80. The Southern Railway Limited leaves New York daily at 4.30 P.M., and carries you *via* Washington and through the glorious mountains of Western North Carolina, Asheville, the Land of the Sky, and East Tennessee by Lookout Mountain. The scenery for the entire trip is a grand panorama. Along the line is located the many-noted battlefields of the late war. For full particulars and descriptive matter of the Exposition, call on or address the New York Office, 271 Broadway.

* * *

SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES TO CHATTANOOGA AND MOBILE.—The Southern Railway announces rates one fare for the round trip to Mobile for the Supreme Council, Catholic Knights of America, Mobile, May 11th to 15th, good to return May 18th. The National Baptist Young People's Union, Chattanooga, Tenn., from Jul 13th to 15th, good return August 15th. For full particulars call on or address New York Office, 271 Broadway.

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THE



BACHELOR OF ARTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO UNIVERSITY INTERESTS
AND GENERAL LITERATURE



VOL. IV.

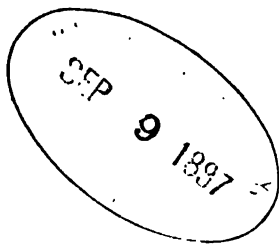
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15 WALL ST NEW YORK



THE BACHELOR OF ARTS.

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SETH LOW, CANDIDATE.

The question which will confront the thinking college man on his return from his vacation this fall to New York—and by college man we mean the alumnus of several years standing to whom the BACHELOR is addressed, for whom it is written, and by whom it is supported—will be “Shall I support Seth Low as a candidate for Mayor of Greater New York?”

Seth Low will undoubtedly be a candidate if he lives. He may be endorsed by the Republican machine or not; if not, then Tammany will come into power again. If Mr. Platt “consents” to Dr. Low—then he will be elected for four years, and the “Reform” element will continue to control the city for sometime to come.

The present position is a very pretty one. If Mr. Boss Platt refuses to make Dr. Low the Republican candidate, then the Mugwump element say that they will combine on Dr. Low at all events, and try to elect him as the “Citizens’ Union” candidate.

It may be truly said that at present the average New York citizen is somewhat restive under the so-called “reform” government of Mayor Strong. This dissatisfaction is based upon the increase of taxation, the increase of

—has he not the business tact for the work of managing New York ? Dr. Depew was graduated from Yale in 1854.

There is Joseph H. Choate, a wit, a scholar, the leader of our bar,—a man of business and of the highest character. He has *done* something, he has *achieved* honor. Harvard, 1852.

There is James C. Carter, an earnest, vigorous, intellectual giant, a man of the highest character as a lawyer and citizen. Harvard, 1850.

There is Henry E. Howland, a witty after dinner speaker, a profound lawyer, a generous hearted, accomplished scion of Yale 1854.

John E. Parsons, a finished, polished and brilliant lawyer, a successful man of affairs and a profound legist. University of New York, 1848.

There is Benj. F. Tracy, Ex-Secretary of the Navy. The author of the Greater New York statute. General Tracy is the logical candidate. He is not a college graduate, but received a liberal education at the Owego Academy.

Elihu Root, a politician of the highest character, a brilliant lawyer and second only to Choate as a master of the arts of advocacy. Hamilton, 1864.

There are others. Dr. Low is not the only pebble, and the risk of losing the republican vote is too great to warrant our many citizen friends from pushing Dr. Low to the end that Tammany may entrench itself for four years in the City Hall.

Be wary, cautious, far-seeing, vigilant, and circumspect, oh ye clever citizens who would have your Dr. Low or ruin ! Most of you are

JEFFERSON AND THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

In the epistolary relics of Thomas Jefferson, accessible to the public eye, frequently appears a declaration of complete reliance upon posterity for that just appreciation of his public services, withheld, combated, or discouraged, by many of his own day and generation. It is one of the amusing little inconsistencies of Jefferson's character and career, that he should have taken considerable care, nevertheless, to provide future generations with one or two hints upon which to base their estimates of his worth.

He not only designed the monument, an unpretentious pile of crude stone, that was to mark his grave, but composed the epitaph to be (and which was) inscribed thereon. By this unique act, he sought, no doubt, to preclude the possibility of an inscription which might provoke a sneer from the most indifferent or inimical observer, as well as to avow frankly his chief claims to an immortal place in history. During the last quarter of a century, this epitaph as been inscribed upon several memorials, and is now, perhaps, universally familiar. It reads:

Here was buried
Thomas Jefferson,

Author of the Declaration of Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

It is the purpose of this article to establish by a "plain, unvarnished tale", the justice of the last of these claims to our honor and gratitude.

I.

The establishment in Virginia, of a great center-of-learning where not the youth of Vir-

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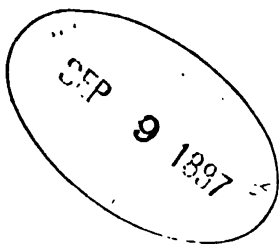
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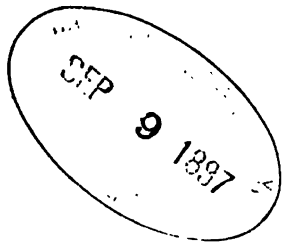
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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS.

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expenditure and lack of economy in the city government, and the wretched condition of the police system.

We surely do not want a repetition of Mayor Strong, and the police squabbles of the last few years,—even if it is conducted under the name of Reform. Ex-Mayor Low of Brooklyn is a good, sincere, honorable, upright, and if not especially intellectual, certainly a man of *character*.

He was graduated from Columbia College in the year of 1870. He is about forty-nine years of age. He is at the head of Columbia University, and is “prominent” in Brooklyn and New York society as the son of a very rich man.

He has certain characteristics of greatness—power, sedateness, calm, poise—and pose. Had he done something great, his pose would be the more acceptable. He has done very little to take him out of the common, except to have “good things” thrust upon him. It is his character which has told, and his “position” derived from his enormous wealth.

To be a pious son, a man of upright conduct, one who in all personal relations is a pattern—accompanied by so much wealth—has caused the eyes of citizens to open in admiration. Dr. Low is deserving of honor by what he has not done.

But will he make the best mayor? Is there none other equally qualified? Certain Citizen’s Union men go skurrying about shouting Dr. Low’s name as if there were no other pious sons or college graduates in Greater New York.

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college men—hot-headed and eager with your honest reforms. Some of you—wolves after fat salaries. Reformers or wolves—you will never succeed by crying up a man, and not a platform. Go slow. Remember your Mugwump mistakes of the past. This is the advice of your friend,

THE "BACHELOR."

EARLY SUMMER.

The sky is blue as blue can be,
And fleecy clouds aloft
Are drifting onward lazily,
Far, dazzling white, and soft.

The woods are in their glory now,
Since high-tide of the spring;
From dainty fern to lusty bough
There's life in everything.

On levels wide the meadow grass
Waves glistening at our feet,
And flowers unfolding as we pass
Make scented air more sweet.

The birds' gay carnival of song
From bush and thicket floats,
Where airy music, all day long,
Wells from their happy throats.

For all that lives is young, as when
Creation's frame was new,
And nature gives the rose again
Where thorn and thistle grew.

Away! who takes a cynic's part
On such a matchless day?
The dear old world is good at heart,
Whatever folk may say!

TALCOTT MINER BANKS.

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The establishment in Virginia, of a great center-of-learning where not the youth of Vir-

ginia alone, but of the whole United States, might receive a "truly classical and solid education" was an object which Jefferson kept, steadily, in mind during half his life-time. His preparation for an initiatory part in this achievement was not merely circumstantial, but largely intentional. Due consideration of both circumstance and intention is, however, relevant and essential.

With the few who were at all erudite in the colonial days of Virginia, self-education, or else private instruction, had been the rule, scholastic training the exception. But Jefferson's education was systematic as well as broad.

When but five years old, he was placed in a small school near the parental roof-tree, and continued to study under pedagogical supervision until his graduation from "William and Mary" College, fourteen years later. He studied law in an office, as was, perforce, the custom in Virginia, at that time.

To the learning thus acquired under instruction, he subsequently added, by his own unaided industry, a knowledge of mathematics, political economy, and the physical sciences. He claims to have been, in his early manhood, the "best Latin and Greek scholar in the State". His remarkable success at the Bar is well known. His knowledge of mathematics must have been considerable, for he was a ready draughtsman, and an able architect. His many services to American agriculture indicate a fund of information which could have been acquired only by considerable study of natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, and physical geography. He was one of the first Americans to recognize political economy as a science,

and he wrote a treatise on the Anglo-Saxon language.

In these facts may be seen the impetus which projected Jefferson's whole educational system for Virginia. For in a mind as naturally favorable as his, knowledge not only begets a love of knowledge, but a desire for its dissemination. A learned man may further such dissemination, either by imparting knowledge *per se* or by affording opportunity for other learned men to impart it. Jefferson did both—to a less and greater degree, respectively. Had he not become a great statesman, he might have been a great teacher. As it happened, he became a "founder", instead of a "professor".

Those who have not secured a scholastic education—regretting the lack of many a thing they sought—are frequently more appreciative of its merits than those who have. But "the proof of the pudding is in the eating". Jefferson's collegiate career afforded him an insight into the educational methods then prevailing in England and the Colonies, that, afterwards, formed an invaluable item of his capital for the business of *promoter-of-education*. He knew from association, much of what a non-collegian must have ascertained by experiment, observation and hearsay. The observations he made at Williamsburg showed him what an University ought *not* to be. After forty more years of investigation elsewhere, he determined approximately what it ought to be.

During his Parisian residence, Jefferson not only received great enlightenment on educational matters, generally, but a quickening of enthusiasm for the cause of higher education, which was attended by impatience of delay in secur-

ing its blessings for the United States, to a liberal extent and in a modern way. This eagerness made him the easy prey, for a time, of visionaries and enthusiasts.

Of the many institutions of learning which Jefferson visited abroad, the Swiss College of Geneva seems to have won the highest place in his affections. In 1795 he asks Washington's opinion of transplanting this organization to Virginia. The Swiss professors had indicated their willingness to migrate thither, if a proper site and guarantee of support were offered. Washington's reply was unfavorable, and Jefferson was convinced of the unfeasibility of an enterprise which was, for a time, very dear to his heart.

M. Dupont de Nemours, who seems to have been as enterprising as he was scholarly, was a firm believer in popular education, as a safeguard against such political upheavals as that which he had recently witnessed in France. He chose the United States as the scene of his experiments; probably because the "Land of the Free" promised a more propitious environment for the growth of free institutions, than his own country where "The red-fool fury of the Seine" was still rampant. De Nemours proposed to establish a "University of North America". This was really an educational system for the whole continent, including besides a University or centre for the United States at Washington, common schools, high schools, and colleges to be scattered throughout the land. The very magnitude and splendor of the project proved an unsurmountable barrier, and it perished in its incipency. Both Jefferson, whose co-operation De Nemours

sought before venturing to advertise his plan, and Washington, who probably hoped that it might all result at least in the establishment of the "National University" he much desired and frequently advocated, were inclined to give De Nemours their influence and assistance.

The Chevalier Quesnay de Beaurepaire, one of the French volunteers in the Revolutionary War, was, even before De Nemours, the originator of a plan for higher education in the United States. This resembled the University Extension of to-day. An "Academy of Arts and Sciences" was to be founded at Richmond, Virginia. It was to have branch schools in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and was to be "under the patronage" as it were, of the royal societies of London, Paris, and Brussels. The sum of sixty thousand francs was subscribed by one hundred representative men in the United States, and a building was erected at Richmond, but was never put to the purpose for which it was intended. The Virginia Convention of 1788 which ratified the Constitution of the United States, met in the "Academy", then just completed. Had it been possible for France to render De Beaurepaire the aid he had counted on, his hopes might have been at least partially realized; the academy might have become a valuable agency in the promotion of science.

Jefferson was in France and occupied with his ministerial duties to the exclusion of every other care, while the Chevalier Quesnay was agitating his project in America, but he must, nevertheless, have read the latter's Memoir to the King and Queen, which was published and

widely circulated, in France, and have gleaned some excellent suggestions therefrom.

What he read at home and what he saw in France were apparently the only agencies in the art-culture which Jefferson certainly possessed in his latter days. The environment of his youth, either at home or in college could have afforded but few opportunities of even seeing, let alone studying, fine works of art. An appreciation of the Beautiful was apparently born in him, but he let no chance of cultivating it slip by.

In the beauty which everywhere met his lusting eye, in France, he seems to have revelled, in very truth. During this period he describes in letters home, the manifold and transcendent glories of his "loves", for whom he entertained an affection none-the-less ardent or enduring, because divided. He dwells with all the tenderness and enthusiasm of a true lover, on the manifold excellences of the Diana of the Château de La Espinaye, of the Hôtel de Salin, the Tuilleries, and the Maison Carée at Nîmes. The last mentioned edifice served him as a model in drafting the plan for the State House, still standing, at Richmond. This undertaking, together with the construction of the house at "Monticello", constituted Jefferson's only practical preparation for the office of Chief Architect of the buildings at the University of Virginia.

Through all the busy, anxious years spent in the public service, Jefferson found time to gather an extensive store of information pertaining to methods of education, and to the constitution of universities. Some of this was acquired by personal investigation, some by

conversation or laborious correspondence with the foremost politicians, scholars, and educators of the age.

From France, he borrowed the "elective" (as opposed to the prescribed or curriculum) system of undergraduate training. In the German Universities he found suggestion of that which, with the aid of De Nemours, became the "school" system of the University of Virginia. Two scholarly Englishmen, Dr. Priestly and his son-in-law, Dr. Cooper, and also, Pictet, then the Principal of the Geneva College, were Jefferson's assistants in determining upon the course of study which the new University should offer. Richard Rush, Minister to England, and Francis Walker Gilmer, a man of broad culture and travel, were consulted in the selection of professors. Joseph Carrington Cabell, graduate of "William and Mary", *quondam* student at the Universities of Paris, Padua, Rome, and Naples, and sightseer of those of Geneva, Leyden, Cambridge, and Oxford, was Jefferson's representative in the Virginia Legislature, a general, able in council, and valiant on the field. Other advisers, to a noteworthy extent, were John Adams, James Madison, James Monroe, and George Ticknor. Surely the counterfeit of the Goddess of Wisdom, figuring so conspicuously on the seal of the University of Virginia, is something better than mere brag or pretence! She was the fairy god-mother at its christening! After consulting such oracles as those mentioned above, no higher authorities remained, save God and the stars.

II.

At one time, Jefferson entertained a hope of transforming "William and Mary", the old, narrow college of "The Establishment", into the "broad, liberal and modern" institution of his dearest ideal. During his gubernatorial term, he took advantage of his *ex officio* position on the Board-of-Visitors, to bring about some innovations. The Chair of "Divinity and Oriental Languages" and the grammar school annex were abolished, that the study of "Law and Police, Anatomy, Medicine, Chemistry, and Modern Languages" might be introduced. Unfortunately, the college charter, allowing only six professorships, these changes necessitated the infliction of many and diverse duties upon each professor, and the result was but a doubtful benefit.

While a member of the Virginia Constitutional Committee of 1776, Jefferson formulated his educational system for Virginia. The bill provided for free common schools, chartered "academies" (or high schools) and colleges, and a State University. "William and Mary" College was to be this University. But the Legislature refused to consider the latter proposition, though the remainder, or rather the first part of the bill, providing for common schools, academies, and colleges, passed with certain amendments.

Jefferson could not have felt much chagrin at the check thus given, for his faith in this early plan was but short-lived, and a few years later he, himself, would have opposed even a reconsideration of it in the Legislature. It was not until

* * * * * when worn and weary
From public service * * * *

he withdrew to "Monticello", that he submitted a second plan, that he again advocated the founding and maintainance, by the Commonwealth, of a "seat of learning where every branch of human science was to be taught to the highest degree it had then attained."

"There is nothing more poetic and pathetic in the story of statesmen, than the creation of the University of Virginia."* The evening and the morning kissed each other and the splendor of the setting sun prepared the world for the brilliant light of the rising orb of day. The Sage of Monticello had passed his three-score years and ten, and by age and eminent service to his country, was entitled to peace and rest. The author of the Declaration of Independence and father of the bill for establishing religious freedom, Washington's Secretary of State, and President of the United States for two memorable terms, found himself when past seventy, hopelessly involved in financial difficulties. The burden would have crushed many a younger man. But Jefferson, rising, like the Phoenix from the ashes of his private fortune, projected a college on a plan broad, liberal and modern."

But the cause of higher education was not victorious in a day, nor in a single engagement. For eight years, the faithful general, Cabell was obliged to combat the opposition engendered by local, class and sectarian prejudice. The field was won, almost, inch by inch.

In 1803, upon Jefferson's application, a

* From an address by Dr. Chauncey M. Depew of New York, at the University of Virginia, Finals, 1894.

charter was granted for a high school at Charlottesville, to be known as the "Albemarle Academy". The academy was never more than a name, however, and in 1816, an extension of the charter to include "Central College" was granted, and certain "glebe" or old church lands were appropriated to its support, though an appropriation from the public educational or "literary" fund was denied. The corner stone of "Central College" was laid in October, 1817, in the presence of the President of the United States, Monroe, and two ex-Presidents, Jefferson and Madison. In that same year, Jefferson, through Mr. Cabell, offered a bill providing for the apportionment of the "literary fund" among four grand divisions of the State for the founding of four colleges, one in each division. To this bill, Jefferson attached a proposal looking to the founding of a State University. The Commonwealth was to accept a transfer of the property and rights of "Central College", which was to be the nucleus of the larger institution.

The House, as a committee of the whole, recommended a substitution totally at variance with the intent of the original, but the Senate empowered the Governor to appoint a special commission to report favorably on a site and plan for a State University, for the maintenance of which an annual appropriation of \$15,000 was voted.

The "Rockfish Gap Commission", in which each of the State Senatorial districts had a representative, has become famous in Virginia history. Its personnel was most remarkable, consisting of men of great National as well as Provincial reputation. Jefferson, however,

was the recognized leader of the moment, and Madison and Monroe were there to hold up his hands. It was Jefferson who presided and announced the purposes of the meeting. He, as a committee of one, drafted the report which, without important alterations, the Commission submitted to the Legislature.

If tradition may be relied on, he was charmingly *naive* in persuading his fellow Commissioners to recommend the acceptance of "Central College", instead of one of the sites offered by other sections. He declared that the healthiness of Albemarle was unequalled by any other county in Virginia, and to support this claim, exhibited a long list of octogenarian residents. By an array of statistics, which, if refutable, at least none of his fellow Commissioners seemed to have been prepared to refute, he proved Charlottesville the centre of population in Virginia. Transverse lines across the map of Virginia, intersected at Charlottesville; thus demonstrating that that village was also the geographical centre of the State. This was a stroke of genius indeed; just how those straight lines were made to intersect at the given point is more than the present writer has been able to comprehend, despite explanations from recognized authorities, and several experiments on his own account. What, probably, had more weight with the Commission than these rather whimsical though highly ingenious arguments, was the fact that "Central College" had something substantial to offer: a suitable clearing, and partially completed buildings.

After a long and bitter fight, the Commissioners' report was adopted by the House on the 18th of January, 1819; and on the 25th

passed the Senate, with only one dissenting vote. Thus "Central College" became the University of Virginia.

The Board of Visitors appointed by the Governor, met in March of the same year and elected Jefferson "Rector of the University". The opening did not take place until 1825, and Jefferson was a very busy man meanwhile. Not only the general supervision of the work in hand, but a care for ten thousand details devolved upon him; a task too arduous by far for one tottering beneath a burden of years, ill-health, and financial difficulties, though he carried it through with remarkable energy and efficiency. His "pet" was the chief object of his care during the closing years of his life, indeed for a full decade. Solicitude for the welfare of the "bantling" perhaps, enabled him to bar death from the door, long after the "grim spectre" had given him warning of its nighness.

For a time he made daily visits to "the University"—so every loyal alumnus of Virginia designates *alma mater*—making the trip from "Monticello" thither on horseback. When increasing feebleness prevented such frequent activity, he often beguiled the *ennui* of enforced idleness by watching through a telescope from the terrace at "Monticello", the work of construction going on in the College grounds, beneath and beyond his "proud retreat".

"I turned the conversation to the subject of the University," writes the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, describing a visit to the "Sage", in those latter days, "and observed that this was the favorite topic with Mr. Jefferson." It was

a favorite topic in his letters to friends also, and its business added to that enforced correspondence the tremendous proportions of which was a burden frequently complained of by Jefferson, whose hand was become cramped and trembling. Negotiations and contracts for materials and workmen, orders and instructions to subordinates, reports of progress and appeals for further aid to the Board of Public Instruction—such chirographical undertakings were genuine labors to a man of his age. What is supposed to be the last letter he ever wrote, dating a few days before his death, pertains to matters connected with the University.

Jefferson not only drafted the plan for the "College" buildings provided for in the Rockfish Gap report, but selected the very bricks and mortar for them, and superintended in their construction while he was still able to appear upon the scene. All of these, save one, the "Rotunda," the "Crowning glory of the University"* were completed before his death. Upon his last visit to the "Arcades", a few weeks before his death, the "Rotunda was in process of construction. He then watched the lifting of the first marble capital to the top of its pillar. This completed, he left the grounds never to return."

Concerning the State University project, he once wrote to Mr. Cabell: "It is a bantling of forty years' birth and nursing, and if I can once see it on its legs, I will sing with sincerity and pleasure, my *nunc dimittis*." In July, 1826, the bantling was at last upon its legs, and Jefferson did sing with sincerity, if not with pleasure also, his *nunc dimittis*, and the

* It was partially destroyed in the fire of October, 1895.

Lord "hearkened unto the voice of his calling", and did "let his servant depart in peace."*

III.

"To form the statesmen, legislators and judges on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend, to expound the principles of government, the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, those formed municipally for our own government, and a sound spirit of legislation, which banishing all arbitrary and unnecessary restraint on individual action, shall leave us free to do whatever does not violate the equal rights of another; to harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufactures and commerce, and by well-informed views on political economy to give a free scope to the public industry; to develop the reasoning faculties of our youth, enlarge their minds, cultivate their morals, and instil into them the precepts of virtue and order; to enlighten them with mathematical sciences, which advance the arts and administer to the health, the subsistence and the comforts of human life; and finally, to form them to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples of virtue to others and of happiness within themselves"—thus Jefferson once generalized the purposes of higher education.

Some of the means by which he proposed to accomplish these objects are especially noteworthy, as not only innovations, according to

* "Rotunda"—It was in this building that the Marquis de La Fayette was "wined and dined" by citizens of Albemarle County in November, 1825, while he was visiting the United States, as the "Nation's Guest". Madison and Attorney General Wirt were among the speakers. An address by Jefferson was read by his proxy. President Monroe sent his "regrets".

the educational standards and ideas of America, in his day, but as anticipations and solutions in many instances, of what we are pleased to call *modern* educational problems.

To the study of the classics, he recommended and did, so far as he could, secure for the University, the addition not only of the sciences, both "pure" and "exact" (including Medicine and Engineering), and also Law (as a department or a school) but also the study of Historical Science, (including Political Economy, Sociology and Civil Government, with especial regard to American Institutions), Ethics and the original languages of the Bible, Physical Culture (by military drill, chiefly), and Anglo Saxon (which he perhaps, first among Americans, recognized as the true "Old English," the *sine quo non* to a proper understanding of the modern form). He also desired, and provided for to the extent of erecting a suitable building, the founding of a school of the "Fine Arts"; mentioning particularly upon various occasions, music, oratory, painting and architecture. In a letter to one of his advisors, he also explains a plan for a manual training school, with night classes for workingmen and apprentices; but for this he was obliged to rely upon the efforts of his successors.

According to a United States Commissioner of Education (1888), Jefferson was the inaugurator in America, of (1), University Standards, (as to scholarship); (2), the merit system (of bestowing degrees); (3), the "elective"; and (4), the "school" system; (5), a constitutional government (in which all professors had a voice in annually electing an executive, as in major matters of discipline, and so forth); (6),

student self-government (in all minor matters of discipline). To these should be added, non-sectarianism and religious freedom.

Jefferson provided a chapel for the University, but no Chaplain. The pulpit was to be open to any worthy representative of any recognized religious denomination, and such an organization might found a seminary in the vicinity where the University would donate or secure a building site for any or for each. But no single sect was to enjoy special favor or to prevail to the exclusion of others. An attempt to inaugurate a contrary policy would have been anomalous in a State University, certainly prejudicial to the interests of higher education and, perhaps, fatal under existing circumstances, for "Jefferson's Pet".

Attendance at religious services by students was to be and has always been entirely voluntary. In Jefferson's opinion, not only "freedom to worship God", but freedom not to worship Him, was one of the "inalienable rights" of every human being—at least so far as his fellowmen were concerned. It would have been unpardonable inconsistency in one who kept his own faith a secret between God and himself to have demanded from others even sincere declaration of theirs, let alone such pretence as compulsory attendance upon "Chapel", or any religious meeting must frequently involve.

For this liberality he was severely punished. All the warring sects united for a time in an assault upon him. He was styled (and denounced) by some "Atheist" by others, "Unitarian", and accused of a design to rear a race of aetheists or of Unitarians, by founding an institution where their tenets were to be in-

stilled into the youth of the land. But—though being reviled, he reviled not again—he stood steadfast for his principles and at last, solely by “superior endurance”, as they say in sporting circles, gained his point. If it be asked whether subsequent events at the University tend to justify Jefferson’s position, the writer, for reply, begs leave to quote, once more the eloquent gentleman from New York, who declares that “The freedom which was to sap the foundation of belief and send forth infidel youth to undermine the church and ultimately destroy society, has proved the bulwark of Church and State.”

It is gratifying to find Jefferson exhibiting an equally liberal spirit in other but equally important matters. He was bitterly opposed to the dictation of partisan, provincial or consanguineous prejudices in the selection of teachers and officers. He wished every chair to be occupied by a genuine master, regardless of politics, religion, nativity or family connections. Indeed he sought all possible diversity in the constitution of the early faculty in which England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Bermuda and Virginia were represented. These professors were all men of reputation either for general scholarship or for distinction in some particular branch, and several of them rose subsequently to the dignity of a “recognized authority” and others won a creditable place in the field of *belles lettres*.*

Jefferson appreciated the value of imposing architecture. It was absolutely essential, he

* Ticknor of Boston, Bowditch of Salem, and Cooper, then President of Dickinson College, were among those nominated for professorships by Jefferson; prejudice against them because of their reputed Unitarian views made them impossible candidates.

thought, in order to attract a high grade of instructors, as well as to attract students, and as "nothing succeeds like success", to over-awe into a cessation of hostilities those who were still inclined to injure his whole enterprise.

But something better than mere policy or vanity appears in the fourth reason which he gave in advocating a more pretentious college architecture than most of his associates had contemplated. He recognized the value of beautiful architecture as an educational factor with incalculable potentiality for cultivating both mind and morals, and therefore, as far as he was able, introduced it into the institution which had such cultivation in view. His various maneuvers to wheedle from a niggardly Legislature the funds necessary to even the partial attainment of this object, make up a story somewhat amusing, but more pathetic.

When the reader learns that "Rome, Mediæval Europe and modern America blend" in Jefferson's architectural achievement at the University of Virginia, he is inclined to sneer:

"This were a medley — — — —".

and to doubt the assertion that out of such apparent incongruity, Jefferson evolved true harmony. In contemplating, there, the chaste beauty of the ensemble, the eye overlooks, or the mind pardons, the inconsistencies of details. To a son of "Virginia", the "Academic Village", with its ten "pavilions" (professors' houses) in Roman *orders*, its "Rotunda", (a copy of the Parthenon or modern church of *Santa Maria Rotunda*) and its cloister-like "Arcades"—is indeed a "thing of beauty and a joy forever". When the famous scholar and teacher, George Ticknor, beheld it in 1824, he

pronounced it "a mass * * * more beautiful than anything architectural in New England, and more appropriate to a University than can be found, perhaps, in the world".

Jefferson's influence is apparent in setting precedent for that social intercourse and to a proper extent, *bonhomie*, between teachers and pupils which is one of the chief and perhaps distinctive attractions of "College life" at Virginia. Between himself and the professors, he speedily established amicable and in one or two instances, confidential relations. But this might be expected, for he had in common with them, a great cause at heart, and many tastes and interests. His attitude towards the students is more significant.

"While at the University", writes one who was a student of the opening year* "I remember that it was my good fortune and great pleasure to dine several times with Ex-President Jefferson. It was his custom to invite to dinner about a dozen pupils at one time, till all had visited him two or three times. His hospitality and sociability made us free in his company and endeared him to all hearts. As an instance of the high estimation in which the students held him: when they saw that he would pass on a certain side of our grounds, they would go out of their way in order to receive his recognition and most courteous bow."†

* Burwell Stark, first matriculate, May 7th, 1825.

† Another student of those pioneer days tells how soon after his matriculation, when he, fresh from the country, stood upon the "Lawn" gazing enraptured at the "Rotunda", a fellow student aroused him from his preoccupation to call his attention to two gentlemen at that moment walking arm in arm, down one of the "Arcades". "Do you know them?" asked the initiated one. "No, sir; I do not", replied the novice. "Well, sir," doubtless with due impressiveness, "there go Madison and Monroe!" The country lad felt at that moment as one might who beheld three of the "Seven Wonders of the World" in a single glance.

Such were, and still are, the distinguishing characteristics of the University which Jefferson planned and founded. Was he not in very truth, a father—guarding and guiding the infancy and endeavoring to provide for the future conduct and maintainance of his child? The history of that infancy forms an inseparable and important part of the history of the “Sage of Monticello”, and in the child, his spirit lives on, even unto this day.

Thomas Jefferson presents the unique figure of a prophet with honor in his own country. For at least in that section where the sun rises from beyond the summit of “Monticello”, and where, in setting, it sends across the valley roseate rays to kiss that same beautiful mountain, the memory of Thomas Jefferson, “Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia”, is cherished alike by townsman, teacher and student.

There, at least, only the good he did lives after him. There stood the house where he was born and the school house in which he began that quest for knowledge which he never afterwards forsook. There, too, is the “proud retreat” which he built for the days of his decline, and there, finally, is his worthy, most extensive and, perhaps, most enduring monument, the University of Virginia.

J. LEWIS ORRICK.

MADAM HICKORY.

Fit theme for song, the sylvan maid,
Who, if she knew not fauns or satyrs,
Had conjured oft, in mossy shade,
Visions of savage pale-face haters !
I trow she dined on pork and maize,
In cabin single-roomed and sooted,
Quite innocent of frills and stays,
Warm-hearted and barefooted.

Her beauty surely brought her note,—
Perchance the frankness of her manners;
Gossip o'er racy tales did gloat
To prove her scruples not Diana's.
But when the hero husband came,
He crushed the scandal pests like vermin;
A terror hedged the hero's name,
And she was white as ermine.

Thenceforth, a matron fair and fat,
She shared the doting hero's station;
Thais with Alexander sat
And heard the plaudits of a nation.
What though small souls, with furtive leer,
Revived old rumors of dishonor,
The hero held her yet more dear,
And stainless as Madonna.

Weary of Fortune's smile and frown,
She died without the White House portal;
But never wife wore richer crown,
A hero's troth and love immortal.
That love had made a queen of her
Whom haughty dames turned prudish backs on;
And History smiles, but has no slur
For Mistress Andrew Jackson.

WILBUR LARREMORE.

THE COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY.

During the last quarter-century a very profound movement has been taking place in the colleges of this country. There has been a wide-sweeping change, whose meaning is but dimly understood by most people. An earthquake, as it were, has shaken our system of higher education; hence the chaos that now prevails. But, from the ruins of the old system a new one is gradually arising—destined, perhaps, to be more permanent.

There is no question on which well-informed people are so generally misinformed as this: "What is a university, and how does it differ from a college?" Ignorance here is surely pardonable, however, for the efforts of certain prominent educators in late years have tended to foster false ideas on this subject, and to obliterate the true distinctions. When we see such an immense multitude of so-called universities, most of which are quite incapable of doing real university work, it is no wonder that confusion prevails.

In 1876 the Johns Hopkins University was founded. This was not the first attempt to establish a university in this country, but it was the first time the arrow had hit the target. Even today, the Johns Hopkins stands as the nearest approach to the realization of the university idea which the Western continent has seen.

What is the idea which the Johns Hopkins sought to realize? It may be briefly expressed thus: first, to give opportunities of graduate, specialized work in all lines of study, and not

merely those of the three learned professions; and second, to gather under one head schools of advanced work in all departments of learning. This ideal the Johns Hopkins nearly realized. Since then other institutions also have tried to copy it; and thus arose the movement which has given such an impetus to advanced study in this country, but which has, at the same time, brought endless confusion.

Among the universities, real and spurious, which have grown up so abundantly, two general types may be distinguished, represented respectively by Cornell and Harvard. Cornell was founded in 1868, eight years before the Johns Hopkins. Its plan is radically different. It is so far from being an institution primarily designed for graduate work that the great majority of its students are pursuing undergraduate courses. Few of them are even taking the academic course. The work of the scientific and technical schools cannot properly be considered university work, for it requires no previous course of college training. Moreover, training in the mechanic arts has no connection with the sphere of the true university, as is clearly shown in the carefully-maintained separation of the German university and the *polytechnicum*.

Harvard, which represents the other type, is an outcome of the same idea as the Johns Hopkins; but the college which already existed has modified the development of the university. The Harvard plan consists in adding graduate schools to the college proper, which becomes the undergraduate department of the university. These graduate schools do true

university work, for which they are provided with the best facilities. Harvard differs from the Johns Hopkins, however, in the fact that the majority of its students are pursuing undergraduate courses. Yale, Princeton, and Columbia follow the model of Harvard, with modifications; and these four institutions, together with the Johns Hopkins, are the only ones in this country which are at present capable of doing true university work in a considerable amount. The rest of the so-called universities, either have failed to grasp the university idea, or else have been prevented by circumstances from fulfilling it.

We have seen what the true university is; let us now consider the college, and its relations to the university. The American college is an institution peculiar to ourselves: it has no precise counterpart anywhere else. We should feel a strong affection toward it, for it has played a very important part in the history of the nation. Nearly all of our great leaders, in the spheres of both thought and action, have owed their training to the college.

Nevertheless, the university movement has seriously threatened the old position of the college in our system, and even its existence. Voices have been heard inquiring: "Has the college any longer a *raison d'être*?" An effort has actually been made, in certain quarters, to divide the work of the college between the university and the preparatory school. "Let it be the 'survival of the fittest,'" say these would-be reformers. "Let the institutions which can, become universities; the rest must be forced down to the level of fitting-schools." Where this change has been attempted, how-

ever, the result has been failure; and the hopelessness of the plan is becoming apparent.

No, the college will survive. It has its proper and necessary place in our educational system, and that system cannot be so remodeled as to bestow its functions elsewhere. What are the true and distinctive functions of the college? First of all, to train the mind, to develop it in all directions, to make it capable of grasping any problem which may present itself. To this office may be added the scarcely less characteristic ones of moral and physical training.

Just here let me observe that the distinction between the college and the university has an important practical bearing, and should be borne in mind especially by parents who are sending their sons to college. Many people jump at the conclusion that because Harvard, for example, is a university and has a large number of students, therefore it must needs offer greater advantages to a boy seeking a college education than do the small colleges. This is a false conclusion, based upon a mistaken idea of what a college course really is.

The staple and substance of college education, in the true sense, is the same everywhere. This cannot be too strongly emphasized. Most of the requirement can be met quite as well by a small college as by the undergraduate department of the best-equipped university. The chief difference is this: in a university the student is not confined to a definite course of study, but is permitted to choose what suits him best from a large variety of courses. Now this liberty, although at first sight it may seem a desirable thing, too often proves a snare.

The average boy, on entering college, is not fitted to lay out a course for himself. In many cases he picks out the easiest one he can find, and fails utterly to secure a college education which is worthy of the name.

Thus Harvard and similar institutions have virtually lost sight of the true college idea. They have, as it were, fused together the college and the university. But each of these institutions has its proper and peculiar sphere, and ought to exist in and for itself. Prof. Williams compares them in these words: "The object of the college is to secure the most symmetrical and complete developmet of the general mental power of its students; that of the university is to concentrate these developed faculties on some one line of research."

From this definition we may see the harm of introducing university methods largely into college work. "College is a place for discipline — social, intellectual and moral." But in a university, discipline of all kinds is necessarily relaxed. It is therefore a dangerous experiment, in more ways than one, to send to a university a boy who is fitted only for college.

It is becoming more manifest every day that the university cannot swallow up the college; that the latter has a place of its own, which no other institution can fill. Whatever modifications it may undergo, we may be sure that it will continue to exist. The tide which was against it seems already to have turned in its favor, and a reaction has begun against the excessive employment of university methods in college work. It is being observed that many institutions are trying to do university work on an income which is too small to per-

mit of satisfactory results. A complete university requires an annual income of nearly a million dollars. On the other hand, excellent college work can be done on an income of \$75,000.

Amid the present confusion of our educational institutions we may nevertheless discern signs of returning order, of a gradually-developing system—not the old system, but a new one, adapted to the changed conditions. A powerful force is at work in the university movement, and a needful counterpoise is supplied by those who uphold the dignity and proper functions of the college. Under the new system we may therefore expect to see the college and the university fittingly co-ordinated, each flourishing in its own sphere, without trespassing on the other's domain. That is the ideal for which the clearest-sighted of American educators today are striving; and in the light of the tendencies above-mentioned its fulfillment seems certain. Hasten the day!

WM. UNLY COLTON.

ATTAINMENT.

The rose still climbs upon the wall,—
That wall so high to childish eyes;
I used to think it near the skies,
I could not see the top at all.

I used to think that never flower,
Was half so beautiful, so grand;
The clusters just beyond my hand
Seemed fitted for a fairy's bower.

To day I glanced with careless eye
While leaning 'gainst the crumbling stone
At the few blossoms poor and lone;
I plucked one—then I let it lie.

HENRY DICK.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AS A TEACHER OF PATRIOTISM.

It is evening. The last rays of the setting sun mingle with the rich gold and crimson of the elm leaves, and streak the old classic hill of Princeton with the glory of a perfect autumn sunset. Beneath the shade trees that arch the College grounds, waits an impatient throng. But now, from sill and cornice, from tower and balcony of old Nassau Hall, the lights beam forth like stars in the heavens above. The second evening's celebration of Princeton's one hundred and fiftieth anniversary has commenced. This time has been set apart for patriotic scenes and demonstrations. Shouts mingle with the hiss of rockets. Fire-balls shoot upward, burst, and scatter a myriad of tiny stars in a shower of purple and gold, while colored lights throw a ruddy glow upon the scene. A torch-light procession representing historic characters and scenes, passes in review before the Chief Magistrate of the United States. Here, where Washington accomplished his magnificent manœuvres, upon the soil rendered sacred by the blood of our forefathers, by the side of the old hall that, years ago, echoed to the regular tramp of the sentinel or flashed with signal lamps as it kept watch over that precious highway between New York and Philadelphia, scenes of the past are called to mind and Princeton's part in American History passes in panorama before us.

That grey-haired man yonder, with his bold Scottish features, is John Witherspoon, Princeton's president throughout the Revolution.

Formerly a firm advocate of the British Crown, in 1775, his opinions suffered a radical change. It was at this time that he delivered that memorable sermon which declared the justice of the Colonists' cause in terms so bold and irresistible that patriots were fired with zeal and traitors trembled.

Few were the names, in those days, enrolled in the College class-books; but, before the war was over, many of Princeton's noblest sons were enrolled among the silent throng of the dead. The tide of war ebbed and flowed across the very campus. The College buildings were turned into forts, homes of the professors into arsenals and camps.

Look yonder at that patriot of more modern fame: Princeton's president during the Civil war, John MacLean.

At the opening of the war, contention and hazing were rife among the students. The Stars and Stripes which long had floated over "Old North", were hauled down by the president to stop the strife; but the Northern students would not suffer this indignity to our country's flag, and once more "Old Glory" was run up to flutter in heaven's free air.

All through the long, bloody war, patriotism was burned, shot and thrust into the very marrow of Princeton's life; and when the Rebel flag went down and the boys in blue marched victoriously through Richmond, many of Princeton's alumni were in the ranks to shout the old watchwords of the Revolution: "God and Country."

Any that attended the celebration, and caught the thrill of enthusiasm pervading that mighty throng of learned and cultured men,

could not doubt the patriotism of College-educated citizens.

This is but a single example of the patriotic tendencies of our American Colleges. Founded in times when legislators and leaders for our country were most needed, grounded in the principles of a free country, fed by the sons of our poor thirsting after knowledge as well as by those enjoying luxury and ease, the American College has proved herself a kind parent to patriotic influences.

More truly can it be said of our Colleges than of those in any other country, that they fit men for the professions, and for the ordinary walks of life. Germany, boasting herself of her educational institutions, must recognize that her scholars are permanently separated from men of all other classes as well as from interest in governmental affairs. In that country, scholarship is made the main object and the end of education. The typical exponent of the English College is the gentleman of culture and refinement. Political leaders from the educated classes are not rare, but the citizen fitted for the ordinary pursuits of life is unusual. In America, however, the aim is not simply to make better scholars, not merely gentlemen of broader culture, but better *men*. Scholarship and culture are but single graces of man. How can the man best be developed and made a better citizen is the question to which the American College bends its ear.

The best citizen does not uphold his country merely through blind devotion. He that cries "My country, right or wrong," lacks appreciation of the true principles underlying our government.

Patriotism is not adherence to a certain area but to certain principles. It was not because he was a Swiss that Arnold Von Winkelried gathered the sheaf of his enemies' spears into his bosom, but for the great principle of liberty. It was the desire to see his country freed from oppression and tyranny which led Nathan Hale to offer up his life so willingly, and it was the greatness and nobility of this principle which has embalmed his memory in the sweet fragrance of a great nation's love. Patriotism in America is not the child of our *soil*, but it depends on certain distinctive principles. What are these principles, and what class of citizens is best fitted to appreciate and to act upon them, is a question which now confronts our nation. Let us consider it.

Our country, in the full vigor of youth and inspired by bright hopes and fascinating dreams, demands different principles of government from those of the nations preceding her. As Pallas from the forehead of Zeus, so Columbia sprang—a great purpose—from the mind of the Almighty:—the purpose of political, social and religious freedom for the children of men. The worn out governments of Europe and Asia were not suited for political or social freedom. Despotism and slavery were so intimately associated with the state, that, like the ligaments supporting the heart, they could not be cut off without destroying life itself. Consider how opportune for the development of *religious* liberty was the discovery of America! In a single century, Wickliffe translated the Bible into the language of the common people, printing was invented, and Columbus discovered America. These were the mes-

sengers sent to prepare the way for the King's great purpose. There have been times in our nation's history when the light of divine purpose seemed almost obscured. Nevertheless, between the dark tragedies interwoven with the life of our nation, there have been many flashes of radiance. It was at one of these times that our Pilgrim fathers proclaimed freedom of conscience; at another, that the heroes of the Revolution obtained liberty from oppression; and at another, that Abraham Lincoln crushed forever the head of the off-spring of the serpent: slavery. Thus, these three great principles of patriotism have formed corner stones in our national structure.

Who in our country, can appreciate their value better than College men?

Unlettered men have only their personal experience to remind them of the past, and must trust to blind instinct to guide them in the future; while the College-educated man can stand calmly at the wheel, and guide the Ship of State confidently through boisterous seas, because he knows where the shoals and rocks lie hidden, upon which mighty empires have foundered and been dashed to pieces.

Who, like the College man has had the opportunity of tracing the history of the greatest nations of the world from their birth to their downfall? Without distraction or prejudice, he studies the great political questions of the ages. He has seen Rome flourishing as a green bay tree, and in her laws has studied the most magnificent system the world has ever known. He has followed the intrigues of conspirators, and has seen the state rescued from them, or dashed to pieces like a potter's

vessel. He has compared the disastrous effects of slavery and oppression with the benign influences of liberty and charity. From the noblest of sages, poets, orators and scholars of all the ages, he has gathered the richest treasures. While in all his research, he finds the great principles of religion, morality and truth interwoven with his most abstract studies; and, like the green ivy winding about its frame, they add life and attractiveness to what were otherwise dead and unsightly.

The value and wisdom of these great principles upon which depends the strength of our whole National Government have been instilled so thoroughly into the mind of every College student, that he will never stand tamely by and see our government overthrown.

The patriotism that pervades our American Colleges, though seeming but a small ray of light, shall soon spread into a brightness in which any doubt of the value of a College education shall quickly vanish; and the wisdom of the divine plan for our country shall stand revealed in the general enlightenment of an age of educated American citizens.

ASA Z. HALL.

EMERSON—THE RHAPSODIST.

Onward he passes on his hopeful way,
Scatt'ring strange ends of song upon his track,
Borrowing tomorrow's solace for today,
Trusting in love, and scorning to look back.
Alike he finds in all life's strange-thrown ways,
One purpose, — fixed, immutable as truth, —
One earnest only in her every phase, —
The earnest of the Soul's perennial youth.
One with his God, he reads his message clear
In children's prattle, or in sages' lore;
For him no changing seasons fret the year, —
All, all is life! — he seeks to know no more.
Soft in his footsteps pick your noiseless way,
List to his singing, — catch the floating threads, —
Weave them, my brothers, at the close of day,
To grateful pillows for your weary heads!
Rest ye upon the bosom of his thought,
Each throb within it had its being for you;
Deep in the future's dark-ribbed womb he sought
Th' embryo truth, to place it in your view.
What if he does not always speak you clear,
He felt for more than he had craft to tell:
List to his precepts with respectful ear,
Then — do thy best, and all shall yet be well.

THOMAS D. BOLGER.

THE DISCOVERY OF SOME OF THE
WORKS OF A GREEK
LYRIC POET.

The British Museum has of late been enriched by the acquisition of a valuable papyrus containing at least fifteen distinct poems by Bacchylides, one of the great lyric poets of Greece. The discovery of this manuscript brings to light a lost classic, and will be the means of making known the genius of a new Greek poet, for the writings of Bacchylides have thus far been preserved in only a very few fragments, from which it has been difficult to form a true estimate of his style. Very little is known of the life of the poet, except that he was a nephew of Simonides, and a native of Iulis in the island of Ceos. He was a contemporary and rival of Pindar, and, together with Simonides and Pindar, lived at the court of Hiero in Syracuse. His poetical reputation was established as early as B. C. 470, and he had achieved high distinction in the year 450. Among the numerous poems which he is known to have written, were *Epinikoi* (commemorating victories in the games), Hymns, Pæans, Dithyrambs, etc.

The ancients ranked Bacchylides near Pindar, although not on a level with him, and the newly discovered manuscript confirms this estimate. Though he lacks the strength and energy of Pindar, he is simpler both in language and in metre, and is distinguished for grace and elegance, ease and finish.

The papyrus of the British Museum appears to belong to the first century B. C. It is

written in a large, well-formed uncial hand. In certain corrections and titles there are traces of a second hand, which apparently dates from the first or second century of our era. Unfortunately the roll is not complete, and in places has been seriously mutilated, but several of the odes are preserved intact, and others may be completely reconstructed from the fragments. There are fourteen pieces of considerable size, about thirty fragments of medium size (measuring a few inches in each direction), and a large number of small fragments. The longest piece measures twenty inches in length, and contains four and a half columns of writing; each column being composed of about thirty-three lines. The total of the perfect lines found up to the present time amounts to five hundred, while there are from five hundred to seven hundred lines which are imperfect. Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon, of the British Museum, is engaged upon the difficult task of matching and arranging the fragments, a work requiring great skill, care, and patience. As soon as this work has been completed, the text will be published by the Trustees of the British Museum.

The larger portion of the new poems are evidently epinikian odes, celebrating the victors in all of the principal games—Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean. Of the odes which have been thus far identified and reconstructed, two are addressed to Hiero (one for an Olympic victory and one for a Pythian), two to Lachon of Ceos (Olympic), one to Alexidamus of Metapontum (Pythian), one to Tisias of Aegina (Nemean), one to Automedes of Phlius (Nemean), one to an Athenian, perhaps named Eubulus (Isthmian), while there are

others which will be determined later. One section of the manuscript contains also a certain number of dithyrambic hymns. The discovery of this papyrus was announced in the London *Athenæum*, and since then Mr. F. G. Kenyon has written a letter on the subject to the *Reale Accademia dei Lincei*, giving some further details with regard to the manuscript.

The appearance of the published text of the poems will be watched for with great interest, but a work of so much difficulty and importance cannot fail to be a long one, and it will probably be some time before the curiosity of scholars will be satisfied by a sight of the works of this new lyric poet of Greece.

JOHN WARD.

NOGUCHI'S SONG UNTO BROTHER AMERICANS.

"What a sensation about gold! What a joke it would be to send down rains of gold upon mortals and laugh at them from the heavens!"—*From a letter.*

Thou, mortal, divorced husband from Lady-Repose, life-sold
 moneyed-slave to Time,
 Thou, ant, battling for gold-dew, art a demon-child unlike the
 father-God!
 Gather, mortal, the boundless, boundless gold that bids not
 abundance adieu—
 The world-illuming gold that kindles mortal's delight!—O
 gold! not the Klondyke gold.—
 The gold at the proud gate of San Francisco Bay, aye, the
 divine gold of the majestic sun!
 I hail the goddess-Night whose sacred melody weaves un-
 heard flowery tales of a thousand years—
 Her's the blessed task to bring peace to the heart that has
 parted from the land of Content—
 O, Night,—a brooding love-mantle warming the mortal to
 full-bodied ease!
 Behold, the gracious throne of the empress-Moon, whose
 heaven beams messages unto me—
 I, an humble singer among mortals, respond to a lulling
 strain of the velvety night!
 O, idle Spirit of the night, open the doors of the star-shrines
 to unite the earth with the heavens!
 Lo, doves mature in the Moon's bliss where the guardian-
 Silence watches the sleeping Voice!
 I, a constant lover, kiss the bare breast of the damsel-Muse,
 whilst brother mortals sleep.
 Hark! An awakening shout—Klondyke gold! Nay, mor-
 tal, the gold of day!—
 Aye, the emperor-Sun glorifies the snow-robed Alaska land
 with a crown of golden light!

YONE NOGUCHI.

REBUTTAL IN COLLEGE DEBATING.

The past year has been marked by a very widespread and gratifying increase in the interest shown in college debating. Not only has debating received more enthusiastic support from undergraduates everywhere, but professors, alumni, and even the outside public, seem to have been convinced of its excellence and value as a part of college activity and training. The debates themselves have also been put on a much higher plane than ever before. Large audiences have been brought together to hear them, very considerable power and charm have frequently been displayed in the speaking, and the comment which has followed, in newspaper reports and leaders, has often been distinctly noteworthy. In short, debating seems at last to have gained some such place in college affairs as it deserves.

Naturally, from this increased interest and attention many good results have followed. Of these the most important, perhaps, from an educational point of view, is the effort which is everywhere being made to methodize and reduce to a more scientific basis the principles underlying the art of spoken discourse. To this end argumentation is studied much more diligently now than formerly. In many colleges, courses in the art and theory of debate are given, and are among those most widely elected by students. Indeed, one may say that colleges seem to be on the point of enjoying a Renaissance in the study of dialectic and disputation which in scope and results will have had no parallel in the history

of education in this country, and which might even be compared, without much stretch of the imagination, to the interest of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. To offer, therefore, a few observations on what is most important as well as the most difficult element in debate, rebuttal—the art of answering the arguments of one's opponents—may not be out of place at this time.

The importance of rebuttal in debating can scarcely be overstated; and with almost equal certainty one may say that this importance is seldom appreciated fully by college speakers. The criticism that one has to make most frequently of a college debate is that the sides, instead of meeting, run parallel; two separate and distinct lines of argument are presented successively; but, except for the most superficial reference, the opposing speeches might have been delivered in different rooms. This kind of speaking, whatever may be its value, is obviously not debate. Debate consists in bringing together two antipodal arguments, two divergent views on the same point, and in showing the greater soundness of one rather than the other. On both sides of nearly every question which men are willing to discuss in public, and upon the wording of which any care has been spent, favorable things may be said. These things must of course be brought out in debate clearly and vigorously. / But the essence of debate does not consist in bringing them out; it consists rather in clearing away such matter as quickly as possible, in getting at once to the points on which the two sides are opposed—in other words, to the issues in the question, and in showing that on these

issues one position is more tenable than another. Now, the art of thus meeting and overthrowing the arguments of an opponent on the issues of the question is the art of rebuttal. Clearly, therefore, rebuttal must be the essence of debate, and the essence of debate must be rebuttal.

The reason why college men are weak in rebuttal is not difficult to lay one's finger on; it is in large part due to their methods of preparation. College debates usually consist of two kinds of speeches: first, the main speeches, each of which is ten or twelve minutes in length; and, second, the speeches in rebuttal, which occupy four or five minutes each. In preparing the first, a speaker usually writes an argument which when delivered consumes nine or ten minutes—that is, about three fourths of his time. The remaining one fourth he expects to devote to introducing his remarks appropriately and to answering the arguments which have been brought against his side; this is all the rebuttal that he makes. Such rebuttal will *certainly* be inadequate. Under these conditions, all that is possible for the speaker to do is to refer in the most general, specious way to the points of the opposite side; of real refutation, the overthrowing of argument with argument and evidence with evidence, there can be none. In the shorter speeches, too, the methods used are not less ineffective. As his opponent proceeds the debater jots down the points to which he takes exception; then, when the time comes for his rebuttal, he attempts to make some short reply to each of these. He begins usually, "The first speaker said this, which is not true; further, he said this, to

which we have replied. The second speaker said that I said this, but I did not," and so on down the line. The most disjointed, ill-organized, inconsequential speech is of course the result; there is no logical development, no evidence, and, again, no real rebuttal. When, therefore, such methods as these are used, it is not singular that the two sides of the question do not clash, and that, with almost no exceptions, the contentions of each speaker remain practically unanswered.

To be sure, it is much easier to point out the obvious faults in refutation than to show specifically how these faults are to be remedied. What is to be said, however, may be placed under two heads: First, what should a speaker refute? and, second, how should he refute it? The answer to the first is clear. A speaker should refute only the salient points made by his opponent; by careful attention and analysis he must determine what the real issues are, and against these he must turn his logical batteries. Just here, it may be said, too, that this can scarcely ever be accomplished in a satisfactory manner by taking notes as I have described. This practice obliges the debater to remember chance points which his hearers have forgotten, and it draws him into replying to statements which have little weight in the discussion. What, on the other hand, the debater should do is, as I have suggested, to lay hold of the salient points at issue, certainly never more than two or three in a speech, the points which seem to carry weight and have influence with the audience, and direct all his attention to these. In passing, too, it may be noted that a point calls for refutation

for one of two reasons, either because it has real value in itself, or because it has been given fictitious value by the time spent upon it by the opposing side. It is also well to remember that a really valuable point may have been treated so inadequately by an opponent that it should be left unnoticed and allowed to sink, as it is sure to do, from the minds of the audience.

When we turn to the second question, how to refute, we find even more difficulty than in the first case in making categorical statements. Still, without in the least traversing the proposition that much depends on what the point to be answered is and how it is introduced, a number of suggestions seem possible. The first of these, and undoubtedly the most important, is that all refutation of opposing arguments should be prepared in advance. A careful analysis of an opponent's side—a process that enables a debater to determine with considerable accuracy what in all probability he will be compelled to refute—makes this preparation possible. It is a trite saying that in debate one should know one's opponent's case as well as one's own; this is the reason. A good debater will know his opponent's arguments; further, he will know how each of these arguments is likely to be put; and, finally, he will have prepared for each an answer concise and to the point. This statement does not imply necessarily that the answer shall have been written (although, since conciseness and compactness are difficult without writing, this is usually the best method), but it does imply that the phrasing and the evidence shall have been carefully conned and made familiar. Ex-temporary refutation is a snare and a delusion,

only possible for men of exceptional ability who have their case extraordinarily well in hand.

Having then seen that each point in the rebuttal should be prepared, we must next determine how these points should be presented. A full answer to this question would make necessary an explanation of the theory of presenting the positive side of a case, an explanation that is not possible here. But in general it may be said that a positive case should be brought out, not by consecutive preconceived speeches, susceptible of little change, but by a series of logically developed, well-rounded points. If this be done, and the refutative points are prepared as I have suggested, good rebuttal is an easy matter. A whole case, then, consists of two sets of points, one positive and the other negative, any of which each speaker should be capable of treating. The positive case must, of course, be developed with a good deal of fidelity to a prearranged scheme; but the negative points will be brought forward just as the speeches of the opposing side demand. Some of the points normally intended for the last speech may go in the first, others will be put into the middle of a speech between two positive ideas, while part of the material will remain unused—that phase of the question with which it had to do not having been touched upon. Thus the opposing sides will be framed to meet each other; there will be all the give and take, all the clash of argument, without which debate is not debate; but back of this statement and reply will be the facts and the evidence, which can only be had by careful preparation, and which give the discussion its real value.

Thus far I have had in mind chiefly the longer speeches in the debate; but what I have written applies also, with little restriction, to the shorter speeches in rebuttal. The rebuttal speeches should have the same care in preparation; the points, positive and negative, should be developed and presented in the same way; and each speaker should be able to treat all the material. The new aspects of the problem of refutation brought up by the rebuttal speeches may be set forth briefly. The function of these speeches is iteration and summary, and new points, since they are likely to bewilder the audience at this stage, should not, as a rule, be brought in, although new evidence under old heads may be used. The chief ends to be sought for in presentation are clearness and order in structure and development; there should be nothing fragmentary or scrappy in the treatment, and as only the main points, the wheat of the debate, are touched upon at all, these points should be backed up by something more than the statement that they have been proved. In college debates there are usually three of these rebuttal speeches. No precise rule can, of course, be laid down as to what each should contain; but some observation has shown that a usually effective arrangement is for the first to restate positive points; for the second to deal almost entirely with points in refutation, and for the last to deal with both as summary. This arrangement is, of course, subject to many exceptions, but it has the merit of covering the whole case a second time and of drawing a conclusion.

Such, then, is a brief exposition of a theory of rebuttal adapted to the conditions of college

debates as they are now carried on. It is by no means set forth definitively, for college debating is still in its infancy, and it is to be hoped that as the years go by and we have more experience, we shall improve our methods. Still, as rebuttal is and always has been rebuttal, and the limitations of college debating are not likely to change greatly, improvement, it seems to me, must come rather in details than otherwise. But the improvement in details is just what every one must wish for, every one who believes that the present interest in debating is something more than a fad, and that it is destined to have almost immeasurable influence on the future of public speaking in this country.

RALPH CURTIS RINGWALT.

POETS OF TO-DAY.

II. EDWARD A. U. VALENTINE.

Edward A. U. Valentine was born in 1870 in Bellefonte, Pa., of wealthy Quaker parentage. His ancestors came over with William Penn, and are among the earliest settlers of Philadelphia and Chester County. His father, appreciating the talents of his son, indulged him a great deal, and continually changed his schools and tutors. He prepared for college at Haverford Grammar School, and afterward entered Haverford College, near Philadelphia. He was not graduated from Haverford, remaining till his senior year in the Class of 1891. He then studied law for three years in the Old Maryland University, Legal Department, Baltimore. He took his degree and practised at the bar for a year. He soon tired of the law, and went to Mexico for six months on a ranch. Returning to New York, he began practising law again, but finally gave it up. He then retired into the mountains of North Carolina for a time; then became literary editor of the Baltimore *Evening News*, where he is at present.

He has published over one hundred and fifty poems in the leading magazines of the country, and has been compared with Keats—since he models himself more or less on Keats. He derives his great talent from his mother, the daughter of Joseph Nott, the artist.

In our judgment, while Keats is Mr. Valentine's literary father, Swinburne is also a near relation. He is a poet of music; his lines flow musically. Sometimes we would prefer that

he labored longer over his verses and polished them finer. Read his justly celebrated "Spirit of the Wheat":

THE SPIRIT OF THE WHEAT.*

Such times as windy moods do stir
The foamless billows of the wheat,
I glimpse the floating wings of her
In instant visions melting sweet.

A milky shoulder's dip and gleam,
Or arms that clasp upon the air,
An upturned face's rosy dream,
Half blinded by the sunlit hair.

A haunting mermaid 'mid the swell
And rapture of that summer sea;
A siren of elusive spell,
Born of the womb of mystery.

That, airy limbed, swims fancy free,
Glad in the summer's perfect prime,
Full-veined with life's felicity
And faith that knows no winter-time.

At eve, when firefly luster burns
On that green flood like mirrored stars,
Against the hush her faint voice yearns,
Breathed to a light harp's happy bars.

Till sinks at last in sunset slow
Midsummer's long, luxurious day,
And amber-red the ripe waves glow,
Ah, then it is she slips away!

For with the blighting dog star's blaze,
The reapers wade within the wheat,
And as they work in harvest ways,
What amorous sights their vision cheat!

For lo, upon some eddying wash
Or hollow of the wind-swept grain,
Her wafted fingers foam-like flash,
Her laughing body drifts amain.

It is the sylph's divine farewell;
A sighing ebbs along the wheat;
Borne onward by a golden swell,
She fades into the wrinkling heat.

and compare it with his "Silenus"—a pure

*From *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, August, 1894.

Keats picture. We note a Shakespearian touch here and there—something of other days. Our poet belongs to no modern precise school. He has great possibilities.

SILENUS.*

“Ho, Silenus!”

The dryads are calling,
The satyrs are bawling,
While red leaves are falling.

“Ho, Silenus!

Holloa, ho-o!”

Like glowing lava-streams the sumac crawls,
Upon the mountain's granite walls;
And starting through the shade
The maples raid
The pine-trees' gloomy porches
With countless flaring torches,
Till through the air, like cinders flying,
The leaves drop dying;
The purple asters glow like gems
On woodland hems;
Half shut in folds of tawny grass
The blue pool pictures in its glass
The swallows sweeping through the clouds
In twittering crowds;
The red fox strains his supple shoulders
To scale the boulders'
And taste the wild grapes' dangling crop;
The light-foot squirrels hop
Through rustling sedges
And bear the smooth white nuts to rocky ledges.
“Ho, Silenus!
Holloa, ho-o!”

Thus down the slope the chorus flings its voice,
And waits, impatient to rejoice
In all the Autumn's harvest pleasures,
And foot the measures
Timed to the tap of the nut on the ground—
Their chief not found.
“Ho, Silenus!
Holloa, ho-o!”

Down in the village by the cider-press,
The whole day long in idleness,

*From *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, October, 1894.

The orchard pillagers,
 The sun-brown villagers,
 Make merry 'round their final barrel
 Of ruddy juice with dance and carol.
 Silenus, thither strayed with wits half addled,
 The cask has straddled,
 And leads the music's jocund din
 With foolish nodding chin,
 Till o'er his flamy nose falls down
 His leafy crown.
 He leers with lips smeared 'round with lees
 At every buxom maid he sees,
 And waves the arm that would be placed
 Around her panting waist.
 "Ho, Silenus!
 Holloa, ho-o!"

From woody hills against the sunset red
 The sounds across the corn fields spread,
 And lightly touch his ears,
 Straightway he hears
 The summons from the voicing zephyrs,
 Two writhed horns like any heifer's
 'Gin sprout from out his brow, his ears to speak —
 An ere the folk draw breath to speak,
 Or start aloof
 At sight of shag and goatish hoof,
 Away the barrel on a hasty trot
 Has borne the sot,
 While all the honest people swear
 It turned a bear!

And idly there the revellers stand,
 Shading their eyes with arching hand,
 While through the stooks, now lost from view,
 Now glimpsed anew,
 He jolts along, the jolly knave,
 Shouting a stave,
 And o'er his steed his fingers snapping,
 And crook'd thighs to its plump sides clapping,
 Till in the dusk they disappear.
 The while the harvest moon's red bloated sphere,
 Like a great wine-skin, up the misty air
 Gropes slowly from the east. And they declare
 That 'gainst the forest's mystic portals
 Sylvan Immortals
 The truant wait, a half-nude band,
 With wreathed staffs in hand,
 And loose fawn hides and leafy dress —
 Or so they guess —

While evening winds toward them blow
The echo low:

“Ho, Silenus!

Holloa, ho-o!”

His “Helen” was favorably received in Boston when it appeared in the *Atlantic*, and we consider it one of his best.

HELEN.*

She sits within the white oak hall,
Hung with the trophies of the chase —
Helen, a stately maid and tall,
Dark-haired and pale of face;
With drooping lids and eyes that brood,
Sunk in the depths of some strange mood,
She gazes in the fireplace, where
The oozing pine logs snap and flare,
Wafting the perfume of their native wood.

The wind is whining in the garth,
The leaves are at their dervish rounds,
The flexile flames upon the hearth
Hang out their tongues like panting hounds.
The fire, I deem, she holds in thrall;
Its red light fawns as she lets fall
Escolloped pine cones, dried and brown,
From loose, white hands, till up and down
The colored shadows dye the dusky wall.

The tawny lamp flame tugs its wick;
Upon the landing of the stair
The ancient clock is heard to tick
In shadows dark as Helen's hair;
And by a gentle accolade
A squire to languid silence made,
I lean upon my palms, with eyes
O'er which a rack of fancy flies,
While dreams like gorgeous sunsets flame and fade.

And as I muse on Helen's face,
Within the firelight's ruddy shine,
Its beauty takes an olden grace
Like hers whose fairness was divine;
The dying embers leap, and lo!
Troy wavers vaguely all aglow,
And in the north wind leashed without,
I hear the conquering Argives' shout;
And Helen feeds the flames as long ago!

*From *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1894.

For so young a man, Mr. Valentine has made quite a name for himself. He has not shown, so far, a marked originality, but he has shown vigor, great productive power, enthusiasm for form, musical quality and love for archaic words.

Among our band of new poets who are pressing forward to the goal of greatness in this mercenary country, our poet has great chances of success. Study, work, midnight oil, poverty, and a little despair and hopelessness, he probably needs for his best development. We close with a pretty love poem:

A TRYST.

My love is a-foot in the nodding heather,
Her brown locks bringing the breath of the sea;
And she comes with lips of sunshine weather,
As fair as a flower the bourne of the bee.
And her heart is a hive of wilding blisses,
Of sweets enough for a life and a day,
She comes to me and a tryst of kisses,
Her mouth all moist with the salt sea spray.
And my idle love lets the brown sheep wander,
And her head leans back, and our hearts beat free;
And together we claim the whole sea yonder,
(A sail for her, and the gull for me)!
My Rose has a roof that the wild grass thatches,
Her mother-word is the sound of the sea.
Ah, where in the world is a heart that matches
The heart and the faith that she gives to me?
And we pledge our troth by the happy heather,
By the honest hue of its blossom-time.
And the brown sheep's bells that we hear together
Shall one day ring as our wedding chime!

SPEECH MADE AT THE BANQUET
OF THE WASHINGTON HARVARD
CLUB, FEBRUARY 3, 1897.

President Lander, after some humorous remarks about Harvard having been founded for the education of Indians and ministers, called upon J. Macbride Sterrett ('70) to respond to the toast "Religion at Harvard."

"MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-ALUMNI: I want to speak to the toast 'The Motto of Harvard College—*Veritas Christo et ecclesiae*' (*Truth for the sake of Christ and His Church*). I dare not trust myself to speak out of the fullness of my heart on this topic or I should weary your patience. I must confine myself to very brief and imperfect statements of only a tithe of what I should like to say.

"We are all of us loyal to one of the oldest, the biggest, and the best universities in the country, having in its two hundred and sixty-first year a total of nearly 5,000 professors, students, and officers. Though Dr. Conaty, the distinguished rector of the Catholic University, did not, in his inaugural address, include Harvard with the only two real universities in America, we believe that a more generous conception of what constitutes a university would rank *Alma Mater* as a most real and at the same time as a most 'catholic university of America.' Even defining a real university, as Dr. Conaty did, as one doing only post-graduate work, Harvard may claim the pre-eminence, having this year 295 graduate students.

"At least Harvard has done so much for

each one of us that our glad love and loyalty prompt us to hasten to repel any unjust criticism.

"Here is one of these unjust criticisms which always stirs my ire. It is often said that Harvard is a very irreligious place, a hotbed of scepticism and agnosticism, a bad place to send a young man from a religious home. When Professor Henry Drummond made his tour of the American colleges in 1887 he visited Harvard among the last. In one of his lectures there he said that he had been warned against Harvard as a school of atheism and a nest of infidels, but that he had never been more surprised. Harvard, he said, was one of the most religious colleges he had visited, and her daily chapel service the most religious service, public or private, he had ever seen.

"Now, I'm sure that every Harvard man who knows the better side of Harvard, and also knows the tone at other colleges, will heartily protest against such unjust criticism and assert that Professor Drummond's estimate is the just one. Indeed, if the vulgar prejudice against Harvard as an irreligious and infidel-breeding place were true, I should not want to send my sons there. I believe that the conscious relation of a man to his God is the most vital and valuable relation of all. No university, no school, no church is what it should be in the matter of religious training and life. But I believe that the religious tone at Harvard is of a high and broad, and noble and ennobling type.

"Some of you may not see the valuable and interesting *Graduates' Magazine* (you each

one should take it), or you may not revisit *Alma Mater* frequently, so I venture to give you a few of the bald facts in the case, which, however, are significant enough. Let me add that the Secretary of Harvard College will gladly send to any person's address a pamphlet on 'The Better Side of Harvard,' and one published under the University seal on 'The Opportunities for Religious Worship, Instruction, and Fellowship' in Harvard University.

"Harvard now spends about \$8,000 a year for religious services. You all know of the voluntary system there, and of the way in which the college pulpit is filled. Chapel services are no longer made a part of college discipline and compulsion, and have become esteemed a privilege and opportunity. Six of the foremost pulpit orators and thinkers from the various Christian communions are annually chosen to serve as preachers and pastors. Each one has six weeks of residence and service at the University, and besides preaching and having chapel services, he gives more time to specific pastoral work of the best sort than he would have time to give to his own flock. In the morning he is in the preacher's room — Wadsworth House, No. 1 — to meet the students for consultation and advice on matters of religion. Thus Harvard has a *Protestant confessional* where the student can receive as good advice and assistance from the intellectually and spiritually the most qualified — as good advice as could be received from any priest in any confessional in the land. The average weekly attendance at chapel is 2,000 persons, with fine music by a choir of forty voices. Again, the University strongly

encourages and fosters religious organizations among the students. There are now six of these religious societies, representing the various Christian communions, numbering some two hundred members each. These societies nurture the students in Christian fellowship and worship and teaching agreeably to the spirit and forms of their respective churches. Each one of them has, during the year, some of the most eminent preachers and teachers of its communion visit them and give courses of instruction and lectures. Again, the University provides seats for the students in the various churches in Cambridge, and encourages them to associate themselves with the life of a parish church. On this account Sunday University service is held in the evening. The University sends out a circular giving some particulars as to the work of these religious societies, and urges parents sending sons to Harvard to counsel them to unite in the work of communion and fellowship of these Christian societies. These societies also co-operate with each other in doing missionary and philanthropic work in Boston and its suburbs. In all this they are encouraged by the president and many of the professors of the University.

"I noticed in a newspaper last month an account of the establishment of a free reading-room at the T Wharf, Boston, by one of these student associations.

"Again, in the five years from 1889—93 the average number of students who became clergymen was 18.6, nearly one fifth of each of these classes. Here at our banquet to-night one sixth of us are clergymen. Some of us may be poor preachers, but none of us are the

worse clergymen for having been Harvard men. Harvard thus continues to exist to a fair extent for the object for which our president has told us she was founded—for the education of ministers.

“Again, there is the Divinity School, which is a great power for good in the religious life and thought of the University. It is an organic part of the University. The students of the Divinity School and College meet frequently in the same class-rooms, etc. It is non-sectarian both as to faculty and students. Considerably less than half of its students are Unitarians, the others being students for ministry of the various denominations. Its courses of instruction are largely taken by college and graduate students, while the divinity students are in frequent attendance in the college classes. In many ways it is my ideal of what a divinity school ought to be—at least of *where* it ought to be. Every theological seminary ought to be an organic part of a great university, or at least located at a university center like that of the Episcopal Church and also that of the New Church at Cambridge. Let preparation for the ministry be real university work, as it is at Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard, and not work done in some narrow denominational training school, unfairly keeping their students out of touch with the best thought of the day—keeping them from the broadest sort of university culture, and thus working them as well as their denominations in its best work—an injury for life. I have always advocated this. I’m glad that the Universities of Michigan and of Minnesota meet the Christian bodies more than half way

in offering room upon their campuses for divinity halls. The universities, it has been well said, are the true workshops of the Spirit. I regret that some of our own bishops prefer to foster very inferior sort of diocesan training schools for their divinity students. I'm glad to know that our Bishop of Washington has a high ideal of ministerial education.

"Again, the religious life and instruction so well and heartily nurtured by the University is, in the best sense of the term, non-sectarian. The fundamental unities are well brought out, and the accidental differences lose their prominence and importance. The University, while fostering all forms of Christian communities, is itself strictly non-sectarian. Harvard is a good place to learn to respect all forms of the Church, to learn to say with Schleiermacher, 'Woe is *me* if Christianity be not more than *my* system!' and with Bunsen: 'He who knows but one religion knows none.' Every form of Christianity has some errors. The purest of Puritanism was not without its 'wood, hay, and stubble' part. Again, religion is taught primarily in pictorial form. Figurative conceptions of Divine realities are accepted as literal statements. But the time comes when a young man, a student, must justly criticise the errors of his sect and the pictorial form of his early creed. It is a good thing for him to go this necessary stage of religious culture while at college. No university today can or ought to keep him from doing so. Now, I honestly believe that Harvard is one of the best possible places for this experience. There is a story told of a priest who had left the Roman Catholic Church and was about to

join one of the Protestant churches. The clergyman announced it thus: 'At the service this evening Rev. Mr. — will publicly renounce the *errors* of Rome for *those* of Protestantism.' Harvard is a good place for a man to renounce the errors of his Church without renouncing his Church. A student there may go through this phase of religious experience and still cling to the Church of his childhood, though he will have come to put away childish things and to think as a man, even in regard to religious matters.

"In fact, the whole University is now, in the best sense of the term, a Divinity School—a workshop of the Spirit. The high ideal view there presented of Science, Art, Literature, History, and Philosophy is of the very essence of religion, and helps bind a man to his God and to his Church—helps make him throughout life a true priest and prophet to his fellows, even if he be not an ordained minister. Harvard originated as a Divinity School. Its nurture and growth are largely owing to religious love and zeal. But Harvard has kept well in the front in the advance of the higher education of the country. She has broadened and enriched her *curriculum* and advanced her methods to keep pace with the ever-widening and deepening of the intellectual and religious moral streams that make for the kingdom of heaven on earth. She has ever been eager to hasten the advent of all that uplifts and blesses humanity. And in all this great growing work I honestly believe that Harvard has been loyal to her motto, *Veritas Christo et ecclesiae*. She has stood for the most free and untrammelled search for the truth that makes men free, and

for that freedom of search which makes men true. Truth for Christ and for His Church. To this motto she is as loyal and true as she was when founded centuries ago. But this is so, not in the sense in which these two terms, *Christ and His Church*, were held by Christians before the Reformation; nor yet as they were understood by the Puritans, nor by those Puritan scholastics, the orthodox; nor, again, as they were understood by those genuine reformers of orthodoxy, the Unitarians. No; Harvard today seeks the truth freely, not for the sake of Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Congregationalist, or any other form of the Christian Church. She seeks it freely for the sake of what we may term the essential Christ of history and for His kingdom—for the Christ who always has been the *Logos* of all nature, life, history, and religions, and for the sake of His Catholic Church—His kingdom of God among them, which embraced all the moral and religious forms of the good on earth—the one fold of the one Shepherd of the numerous flocks of His true sheep, under whatever name they may choose. Fellow-alumni, I am honestly and firmly convinced that the opportunities for religious worship, instruction, and fellowship at Harvard are at least fully equal to those of any other university. I am honestly convinced that Harvard is not a hotbed of agnosticism and irreligion, but that the moral and religious tone there is very good and high. Let us see to it, then, that we, at every opportunity, refute this unjust prejudice against *Alma Mater*."

J. MACBRIDE STERRETT,

COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"NEW ENGLAND'S PROSPECT."

BY WILLIAM WOOD, 1634.

"New England's Prospect, a true, lively, and experimental description of that part of America commonly called New England, discovering the state of that Country, both as it stands to our new-come English Planters, and to the old Native Inhabitants. Laying downe that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind-travelling Reader, or benefit the future Voyager, by William Wood. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes for John Bellamie, and are to be sold at his shop, at the three Golden Lyons in Cornehill, neere the Royall Exchange, 1634."—Such is the full title of the first known printed account of New England. Accompanying the book is the first map of Boston and vicinity.*

This book was reprinted in 1764, with a long preface by some learned college professor, containing latin quotations, and an essay upon the pilgrim fathers. It is full of the doctrines of "Liberty" and "Rights of Man", a discussion to result later in the clash of arms of the Revolution, but contains nothing further concerning the author. In 1865 the Prince So-

* *William Wood* came over from England in 1629 and settled in Lynn (see Lewis' Hist. of Lynn) which he describes (N. E. Prospect, Ch. X.) under the Indian name of "Saugus". He sailed for England Aug. 15, 1633. In 1635 William Wood with his wife Elizabeth, returned in the ship "Hopewell". He was representative to the General Court from Lynn in 1636, and in 1637 commenced with fifty others a settlement at Sandwich. His descendants afterward settled at Windsor, Ct.

Little is known of the author of this most curious book and by some it is doubted that the author ever returned to America, but Lewis seems to have grounds for being reasonably certain that the Representative from Lynn was no other than the author. The known facts point clearly to this conclusion.

Again, it is proved by his preface to the Reader, where our author says, "I have laid down the nature of the country and as being my dwelling place where I have lived there foure years (1629—34) and intend, God willing, to returne shortly againe." From this it would appear probable that the author returned the next year, in 1635, with Elizabeth, his wife, in the "Hopewell"—after his book was published. — Ed.

ciety of Boston republished "The New England Prospect" for its members. This edition is limited and is worth today about \$25, a copy of the edition of 1764 is worth about \$100, and that of 1629 about \$1,500. There should be a new edition with historical notes of this rare book, and we recommend it to some first-class publishing house. All libraries should be possessed of a copy of this first interesting book of New England.

The book itself is very quaint, amusing, and valuable. It is dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull my much honored Friend Sir Wm. Armyne, Knight and Baronet"—the patron and charitable friend who paid the printer's bills and perhaps some others. The "Courteous Reader" is also flattered in a short dedicatory preface, and told that he will be amused. "Now, whereas I have written the latter part of this relation concerning the Indians in a more light and facetious stile than the former (concerning the country), because their carriage and behaviour hath afforded matter of mirth and laughter, than gravity and wisdom—and therefore I have inserted many passages of mirth concerning them to spice the rest of my more serious discourse and to make it more pleasant." Does this not show the first historian of New England to have been a merry soul?—full of the laughter and good spirits which must have sadly shocked the puritan comrades who shared his wood life.

A friend "S. W." writes a poetic address to the author. Praises him for his "Short cut to New England", hinting at what all voyagers were then searching for—a short cut to the Indies.

The book is divided into two parts, the first relating to the country, and its new inhabitants; the second to the "Indians, their persons, cloathings, diet, natures, customs, lawes, marriages, etc." "The Indians," says kindly Wm. Wood, "take them when the blood briskes in their veines, when the flesh is on their backs, and marrow in their bones, when they frolic in their antique deportments and Indian postures, and they are more aimiable to behold (though only in Adam's livery) than many a compounded phantasticke* in the newest fashion."

The Indian's hatred of beards is spoken of. The hair "no sooner grows on their chins than it is stubbed up by the rootes, for they count it as an unusefull, cumbersome, and opprobrious excrement."

The origin of our word "Hubbub" is explained by the Indian *Hubbub*, a tray on which five bones are rattled and while the noise increases the Indian yells "Hub-Hub-Hub" at top of his lungs.

All of the author's accounts of the Indians are evidently truthful, and are extremely interesting. He catalogues fish as Homer catalogued the Greek ships, in verse.

"The chief fish for trade is the Cod, but for the use of the country, there is all manner of fish, as followeth:

The king of waters, the sea-shouldering Whale,
The snuffing Grampus, with the oyly Seale,
The storme presaging Porpus, Herring, Hogg,
Line shearing Shark, the Catfish and Sea-dogge,
The scale-fenced Sturgeon, my mouthed Hollibutt,
The flounsing Sammon. Codfish, Greedigut,
Cod, Haddock, Haicke, the Thorneback and the Scate,
Whose shinie outside makes him selde indate;

* Compounded phantasticke was the genial term in 1634 for "actor".

The stately Basse, old Neptune's fleeting Post,
 That tides it out and in from sea to coast,
 Consorting Herrings, and the bony Shad,
 Big bellied Alewives, Machrills richly clad
 With Rainebow colours the Frostfish and the Smelt,
 As good as ever Lady Gustus felt;
 These warterie villagers, with thousands more
 Doe passe and repasse neare the verdant shore.

KINDS OF SHELLFISH.

The Luscius Lobster, with the Crabfish raw,
 The Brinish Oister, Muscle, Perriwigge,
 And Tortoise sought for by the Indian Squaw,
 Which to the flats daunce many a winter's Jigge.
 To dive for Cocles, and to digge for Clamms
 Where by her lazie husband's guts shee crams.

Speaking of animals which inhabited the New England forests, Wood says: "Concerning Lyons, I will not say I ever saw any myself, but some affirm that they have seene a Lyon at Cape Anne, which is not above six leagues from Boston; some likewise being lost in woods have heard such terrible roarings, as have made them aghast, which must be eyther Devills or Lyons; there being no other creatures which use to roare saving Beares, which have not such a terrible kind of roaring; besides Plimouth men have traded for Lyons skinnnes in former times. But sure it is that there be Lyons on that Continent, for the Virginians saw an old Lyon in their plantations who, having lost his Jackal, which was wont to hunt his prey, was brought so poore that he could goe no further. But for Beares, they be common, being a great Blacke kind of Beare, which be most fierce in Strawberry time, at which time they have young ones."

Our author tells a bear story, good as any in a Sunday's *Sun*, of a man who shot a bear and "supposing him to be in a manner dead, ran and beate him with the hand of his gunne;

the Beare perceiving him to be such a coward to strike him when he was down, scrambled up, standing at defiance with him, scratching his legges, tearing his cloathes and face, who stood it out till his six foot gunne was broken in the middle, then, being deprived of his weapon, he ran up to the shoulders in a pond where he remained until the Beare was gone."

"A red calfe is cheaper than a black one" because the wolves mistake them for deare, and let a black calf alone. Wolves gnawed at the door of the New Englander then as now. A price was set on their heads "Yet there is no hope of their utter destruction the Countrey being so spacious and they so numerous. * * In a word, they (wolves) be the greatest inconveniency the country hath both for matter of dammage to private men in particular, and the whole Countrey in generall".

The author has a poem for every kind of bird, beast or fish. He ends his category of birds with

"There Widgins, Sheldrakes and Humillitees,
Snites, Doppers, Sea Larkes, in whole millions flees."

He says of certain false reports in England "So little is the poverty of the country that I am perswaded if many in *England* which are constrained to begge their bread were there they would live better than many doe here, that have money to buy it * * surely that place is not miserably poore to them that are there, when foure eggs may be had for a Penny, and a quart of new milke at the same rate, where Butter is Sixe-pence a pound and Cheshire-Cheese at five pence; Sure *Middlesex* affords *London* no better pennyworths * * In an Ill sheepe yeare I have knowne Mutton as

deere as in Old England, and deerer than Goatesflesh is in New England, which is altogether as good, if *fancy* be set aside." Of the "Musketoë" he says, "It is not unlike our gnat in England. In places where there are no thicke woods or swampes there is none or very few. These flies cannot endure winde, heate, or cold, and are onely troublesome in close, thick weather." Wood had not known the mosquito of New Jersey at this time!

"The occupations of the Indian women are to built houses whose frames are formed like our garden arbours, something more round, very strong and handsome, covered with close-wrought mats of their own weaving, which deny the entrance of any drop of raine. In summer to plant corne, or to fish and feed their lazie husbands." "If a husband have a mind to sell his wives Beaver petticoate, as he sometimes doth, she will not put it off until she have another to put on: Commendable is their milde carriage and obedience to their husbands, notwithstanding all this their customarie churlishnesse and salvage inhumanitie; not seeming to delight in frownes or offering to word it with their lords, not presuming to proclaime their female superiority to the usurping of the least title of their husband's charter, but rest themselves content under their helpless condition, counting it the woman's portion: Since the English arrivall comparison hath made them miserable, for seeing the kind usage of the English to their wives, they doe as much condemn their husbands for unkindnesse, and commend the English for their love, as their husbands commending themselves for their wit in keeping their wives industrious doe con-

demne the English for their folly in slaying good working creatures. These women resort often to the English houses where, *pares cum paribus congregatae*. In sex I mean, they do somewhat ease their miserie by complaining and seldome part without a releefe. If her husband come to seek for his squaw and beginne to fluster, the *English* woman betakes her to her armes which are the warlike Ladle, and the scalding liquors, threatening blistering to the naked runaway, who is soon expelled by such liquid comminations."

The author goes on to say that the Englishmen are not won over to the Indian view of the wife's true position—that of a servant. "I doe assure you, but the women find there as much love, respect and ease as here in Old England."

The Ruddy Englishman in Virginia where the hot summers "hath dried up much English blood, and by pestiferous diseases swept away many lusty bodies, changing their complexion not into swarthinness but into palenesse, so that when they come trading into our parts, wee can know many of them by their faces." In New England however "men and women keepe their naturall complexions" * * "Now the two chiefe messengers of mortality be Feavers and Callentures, but they be easily helpt, if taken in time, and as easily prevented of any that will not prove a meere foole to his body * * To my knowledge I never knew any that had the Poxe, Measels, Greene Sickness, Headaches, Stone, or Consumptions, etc.

A rumour having spread in England that women did not bear children in America the author shows this to be a "meere falsity" there

being as sweet lusty children as in any other nation, and, reckoning so many for so many, more double births than in England" and the author adds "I was brought up tenderly, under the careful hatching of my dearest friends, yet scarce could I be acquainted with health, having beene let blood six times for the *Pleurisie* before I went, likewise being assailed by other weakening diseases, but being planted in that healthful soyle and ayre which was more correspondent to my nature, (I speak it with praise to the mercifull God) though my occasions have been to passe thorow heate and cold, wet and dry, by sea and land, in winter and summer, day by day, for foure years together, yet scarce did I know what belonged to a day's sickness."

Can we not picture the English Wm. Wood—a puritan—but not of the strictest order. A broad minded, observant, quiet gentleman, in steeple crowned hat and dark brown cloak, knee breeches and heavy shoes and huge brass buckles.

How much he must have had to tell to his friend Sir Wm. Armyne and Lady Armyne, and their happy rosy children, as they sat in their great hall before the broad open English fireplace, of the "mirthful Indian" and his doings, and of the "new plantations" on the Charles. We can see him now as he sat in his high-backed chair, caressing his long brown beard, smoking his pipe perhaps, and relating in a deep steady bass his experiences in New England.

Evidently he persuaded "Elizabeth", a sweet fair young English lass, that America was not so bad a country as the "falsities" of certain ones in London had indicated. We can picture

William's departure from the Thames with his bride in the "Hopewell", on his return in 1635, to Boston, and can glimpse his wood-life in Lynn, and his old age in Windsor afterwards. Sons and daughters blessed the author's happy union. Honors hoared thick and fast upon him. He became the honored representative in the General Court at Boston. Possibly he looked with sad regretful eyes upon some Hester Prynne's original's disgrace,—surely he was no bigot—and he surely refused in his capacity as magistrate to listen to the silly witch tales of the old women of Lynn.

His mild and pleasant nature is shown in his *Prospect*. We cannot conceive of William Wood as other than a most agreeable and charming personality—a man of the world—and quite beyond the narrowness of early New England Puritanism. Mr. Choate says, that the hardships of the puritan women were greater than that of the men, for in addition to their cold winters and starvation, and Indians, they had to endure the companionship of the puritans themselves, who were the greatest prigs that ever lived. William Wood's book shows evidence that he was not a prig or a chump.

PHANTASY.

A nymph is in love with a shepherd who hath been drowned in the sea. She cometh with other nymphs, finding his body by the shore. She weeps and sings:

Lift him to the salty sand,
Shield him from the radiant gleaming,
Smooth his brow and take his hand,
He is only dreaming;
Ocean's spoil hath been mistaken,
He will sleep and dream and waken.

The figure of Death cometh down to the sea from a grove. He singeth a dirge—the other nymphs listen:

Death am I,
Sable Death,
Solitary, never-weary,
And I laugh to see you weeping,
With dead fingers in your hand,
With the spoil that I have taken
Lying grim upon the sand;
Death am I,
Sable Death.

But the nymph heareth him not. She singeth again, beseeching:

When the sun fled out of night
To the bosom of the day,
Thou didst see my loveless plight,
Thou hast seen me steal away;
Waiting here beside the sea,
If thou wouldst come down to me.

See, by sorrow's gulf I stand,
Sorrow's fingers write my doom,
Wilt thou not stretch out thy hand
But to hold me from the gloom?
Waken! Feel my stifling breath—
Surely thou couldst laugh at Death.

She heareth a laugh; looking, she spyeth the figure and the nymphs weeping. Death sings:

Death am I,
Sable Death,
Irremediable thy fears,
I have fed my soul with anguish,
Slaked my thirst with woman's tears,
And I laugh to see you mourning
Over phantom, loveless years.
Death am I,
Sable Death.

ROBERT L. MUNGER.

SOME PREVALENT IDEAS CORRECTED.

One of the subjects, which, as Saint Beuve said about poetry, is ever going around on a sort of unending, critical tournament, is this of the value of collegiate training. Much discussed as it has been, there are still those who refuse to yield their preconceived notions that cloistered halls are the devil's own dens of iniquity, and that, as for the knowledge acquired therein, it has little practical bearing upon the serious duties of life.

How frequently has the remark been made that the young man might better spend four years in the world, getting experience in the struggle of competitive efforts, than in obtaining an education at the university, so large a part of which he will find of no practical importance after being graduated. Such arguments have ever overlooked the fact, immediately apparent to those who have been in the whirl of life incident to a large university, that the opportunity there given the young man of measuring himself with others is nowhere equalled. To spend four years in an atmosphere of intellectual refinement, in contact with men of every degree of capability and ambition, to measure oneself with them in every department of college life, where, especially if the institution be a large one, competition is intense, this is the grandest opportunity our universities have to offer. There is, unfortunately, a notion prevalent among those who know little of the inner life of these institutions that it is mainly one of luxury and ease,

where the young man is sapped of his most telling energies in forming habits which, if not absolutely evil, are of a sort to unfit him for the sterner duties he may expect subsequent to his graduation. No conception could be farther from the truth. There is an amount of hard, conscientious work done in college which is little understood. The scapegraces of a few, carried too far by superabundant enthusiasm, reports of which travel rapidly from one end of the country to the other, and the knowledge that, for the most part, college men are what may be termed "good fellows", have led the more gullible portion of the public to believe that college life is light and flippant in its character, lacking in the solidity so necessary to success. A glance at some of the more important facts of the case will do much to rid the mind of conclusions drawn too hastily.

When the trembling freshman makes his entrance into the college world, he is literally carried off his feet by the whirl of the life about him. He is in a strange medley of lectures, recitations and athletic contests of all descriptions. If he is not acquainted, he is thrown very much upon his own resources in finding out what to do and what not to do, fearful that, by some breach of college etiquette, he may bring hundreds of eyes upon his absurd mistakes. From the first, thrown with men of the most diverse kinds, he is weighed down by the seeming insignificance of his position. What can he hope to do among so many hundreds! He is snubbed by those above him, he is timid and shy and the glorious dreams of his halcyon, sub-freshman days float away when some upper-class friend

of former times passes by him with a chilling bow. He is a mere atom in a heterogeneous mass, and, worst of all for his tender self-affection, he is made to feel this very keenly. It may be that his pride is severely wounded and he shrinks from the life he once thought so full of intense enjoyment. He turns, to himself, becoming more moody and thoughtful every day, and, before he knows it, the college vocabulary has branded him with the name of "dig". Why? Perhaps poverty made him hold aloof from others, not because it made him less agreeable to his fellow-students, but because his sensitive nature shrank from going where he could not "hold up his end". Perhaps he was obliged to "make his way" and lacked the time to associate with others. Or, again, of a retiring disposition, he cared little for society, found his pleasure in one or two firm friends and had no desire to be well-known or popular. Whatever may have been the reason, he is known as a recluse or may not be known at all until his college days are well nigh over. Whose fault is it? Probably there has been no fault—there may have been misfortune; or, if fault there was, it was likely enough his own. He lacked a certain something—perhaps what the world calls "push". Be that as it may, this is a phase of life—college life if you will, but wonderfully like that more real life of the world. Will his experience teach him wisdom? It ought, and, if it does, surely his four years were not spent in vain, for they have brought him lessons well for him to learn before being called into more trying fields.

But suppose there has been no tragedy of

this kind. As the early days of his college course slip away, he sees an order in the apparent chaos and finds the field of activity in which he chooses to engage. He looks with reverence upon those above him who are holding the highest honors of the university, in the study, on the athletic field or on the college journals. Perhaps he envies the captain of the eleven, the nine, the eight. In his eyes they are like old Homeric heroes and he longs to hold a similar position before the college world. He has some ability and plenty of enthusiasm, and goes in for some department of athletics. Immediately, he is thrown into competition with men of every varying capability, from the country boy whose muscles have become hardened by farm work but who has yet to learn that clumsiness is not a prerequisite to athletic glory, to the youth from some big preparatory school who has reduced his love of sport to a perfect science. The positions to be had are few, the contestants many. Will he succeed? It depends on himself alone. Hard work will tell.

Or, it may be, his ambitions lie in quieter fields. He is anxious to achieve distinction as a writer upon the college papers. What is before him? A severe contest with others who envy such a position as well as he and who, it may happen, possess abundantly more talent along with all of his determination. He is zealous to succeed, but so are dozens of others, and the struggle is sharp and trying. Or, again, he wishes to take a high place among the scholars of his class. Day and night he works with this idea in mind. There is against him the man from some noted preparatory

school whose habits of close study have been formed before he entered college. Then there is that naturally brilliant student, winning high honors with no apparent effort, and that earnest mind whose determination compensates for what he lacks in brilliancy. If he would win a reputation as a scholar, it means work, hard work of the most exacting and untiring kind.

These are only examples of some of the fields of activity in which one may engage. But, says someone, the numbers trying for these enviable college honors are small, while no account has been taken of the large proportion of a class which leads a life of ease, caring nothing for success, so long as its cup of pleasure is full. But the number trying for these college honors is not small. On the contrary, competition is often not only against superior talents but against large numbers too. For eight positions in a university boat, thirty men may be trying. The eleven men composing a college football team may be chosen from forty or fifty who are devoting two or three hours a day to winning the coveted positions. In baseball and track athletics the numbers are also large. The six men chosen to compete for the one hundred dollar gold medal given to the most accomplished speaker in the graduating class of one of our large universities are chosen on the basis of essays submitted by, it may be, forty contestants. Add to the number striving for university honors, those competing for positions on various class organizations, and we find the aggregate decidedly large.

But we will not even omit from our calculations those who have not striven for any success

in college. They, too, have learned valuable lessons for life—the best of which is that, in the words of one of our distinguished American men of letters “there is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry.” Such men came to the close of college, full of regrets for opportunities lost, yet having seen that unflagging effort is an almost certain forerunner of success. As the broader life of the world opens upon them, they know that then, if ever, they must enter into a race where victory is not only to the swift but to the persistent as well. Hard work will do anything. This they have seen equally with those who have achieved success, and it is a lesson learned early in life before its sterner struggles come on.

Considering the above, we can find little patience with those who decry a college education as a useless adornment to the practical man of the world, or with those who pronounce college life as an unsubstantial thing. To the superficial observer it no doubt presents such a face; but if one will look beneath the surface, or, better yet, if he will take his place within the influences of that life, he will soon learn that below its apparent flippancy there flows a strong, steady current of determined effort of which before he little dreamed. The best criterion of its value is always to be found among those who have tested it and know how much it means to them. By study, ideas have become broadened. In the true, life friendships formed, feeling has deepened. In the strong love and enthusiasm for the college, a noble spirit of patriotism has been engendered, invaluable to every citizen of our country. If there is one thing above another evident to

any one contemplating the complex questions of political and social interest which agitate us today, it is that we need more education and not less. Ignorance may be bliss, but it will never discover remedies for all the evils that infest our life. If true education, therefore, is to be the best means of bringing us out of darkness into light, the wisest plan is to get it and the best way to go where it is given. The college, by its systematic methods, offers the most direct road to an education, while the experience of those who have previously gone over the ground is a priceless aid to the students under their control. There are plenty of mistakes connected with the methods of instruction in a large university and there is plenty of misplaced effort. But they are mistakes which are disappearing more and more as those in authority gain experience in management, and as the generous support and co-operation of the universities' friends makes their remedy possible. Add to the intellectual culture which the college has to bestow that intangible something called college spirit—not definable, but of which those are so well aware who have been subject to its influence—and it is safe to say that no place is better fitted to prepare a young man for usefulness in life than our American universities. Once for all let us be rid of the too prevalent idea that the college student is no more than a social butterfly or a careless, pleasure seeking youth. He may be, but more often he is determined, thoughtful and full of a serious pride and purpose to do well.

RALPH REED LAUNSBURY.

SOME FURTHER YALE YARNS.

A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

"Great" Barrington usually spent his summer vacations with his family at St. Elmos-on-the-Sound. The Barringtons had a cottage there, not very far from the hotel, and from time to time he had, through the summer a number of his college friends visiting him.

It was a very agreeable place to visit. There were three Barrington girls, and as they were staunch Farmingtonians, they usually had a number of their school friends with them in summer, and they had a way of keeping the large comfortable country house in a constant state of "excitement". "Excitement", I believe, is what the modern American girl understands as pleasure. They had several good riding horses, a half dozen dogs, and one little kitten—when all else failed—the latter the especial pet of Miss Leila Barrington. "Great's" second sister, she had amused herself by teaching it a number of tricks.

She was a very charming, artless, happy-go-lucky young girl, who rode her wheel, and was a capital swimmer, and kept everyone interested in her and her love affairs. It was dangerous to flirt with her, for she usually made a good story of it afterwards. If the novice committed himself during the day, he found out his mistake, very likely, at the dinner table, and was made to blush and be embarrassed and confused to pay for it. "Boots" Paige had suffered untold agonies by reason of his first day at "St. Elmo's". Leila had quite

captivated him on his arrival, and they had spent the entire afternoon together in a canoe, and "Boots", as usual, had gotten spooney and had confided to her the desperate fact that life was after all a hollow mockery, and that she was the first and only girl he felt he could truly love.

"You felt you could not love the others?" she had asked. "Or that you could never love them truly—that is (indulgently) be perfectly constant—"

"I could never feel that I could love at all—"

"Let us plainly understand one another, Mr. Paige, for this is quite an important matter, and I dare say that you, having now arrived at junior year—the age of discretion—you naturally look forward toward settling down in life—"

Paige had looked at her a moment with the pleasant disarming smile—the smile with which he had disarmed many a hard-hearted tutor, and had said: "Miss Leila, I think you are a very smooth little girl—"

There had been a little silence after that, Paige said afterward, and then she had looked up artlessly and said coldly: "I hardly think you mean to flatter?"

"No; you are one of those rare spirits who despise it."

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean, I think you clever."

"Well—I am—so, if you commit yourself—look out—I may like you a great deal more—or less, than you think!"

At dinner that night "Boots's" feelings could hardly be described, when Miss Leila

asked her father, a hale ruddy-cheeked old gentleman, across the table: "What do you think, papa, of an enterprising young man who asks you to be his wife two hours after meeting you?"

"I think he is an economizer of time," replied the old fellow laughing.

There, to Boot's confusion, (she had an astonishing memory) she detailed the entire conversation. It set the table in a roar.

Paige put on as brave a face as he could under their guying,—it appeared that at the Barrington's there must always be a scape goat for that sort of thing (he found that they are always joking some one)—and tried to laugh it off by saying that "Great" had told him that one of Miss Leila's little foibles was that she demanded an avowal from all her brother's friends, and that he had simply tried in his feeble way to do his duty.

Her two sisters were much quieter than she, but they had the family love of fun, inherited probably from their jolly father. Mrs. Barrington was a little deaf, and rather inclined to be serious and matter-of-fact. The elder Miss Barrington had a school friend,—a Miss Standish, of Boston,—a great beauty, visiting her, and Paige with a view to punitory measures devoted himself to her during the evening.

It was clearly evident that Miss Leila did not particularly enjoy this desertion. She made her lonely way to the piano after awhile and played with great animation a Mazurka of Chopin. It was a light jerky sort of tune, and "Boots" and Miss Standish were presently to be seen in the remote dimness of the drawing

room dubiously endeavoring to dance a waltz to it.

As soon as Miss Leila was made aware of this terpsichorean attempt, the mazurka was suddenly changed to the prayer from "Der Freishütz". As "Boots" and Miss Standish were earnestly engaged in conversation, they hardly observed the substitution. Miss Leila thereupon arose silently and sedately from the piano stool and entered the library.

Finding themselves entirely bereft of music, Miss Standish took her partner's arm, and they strolled out upon the moonlit piazza.

Half an hour later Miss Leila was observed to walk upstairs with a novel under her arm, complaining of a headache.

The next day Miss Standish left for Newport, and "Boots" hung about the house all the morning gazing vacantly at the blue Sound over the top of a magazine. He absolutely refused a round of golf from old Mr. Barrington.

Barrington drove Miss Leila's two sisters and Miss Standish to the station, and to do some shopping at X——, and left his friend in the charge of his younger sister.

Miss Leila swept through the room once in which "Boots" was sitting, but scarcely deigned to notice him.

On her second passing, he dropped his magazine and said, casually:

"Do you think it kind to give me away so at the dinner table?"

"I despise insincerity in men," she answered.

With that she swept out of the room again with considerable dignity.

"Oh, if you but knew!" he sung out after

her, in a voice full of "suppressed" feeling, just as her light skirt whisked against the door and she vanished.

After a proper interval "Boots" rose, yawned, and went out on the piazza, from whence he looked up and down the coast a long time, thinking that he had heard Miss Leila's step on the gravel path leading to the beach, but there was not a "bonnet in sight" as the Scotch Marmion observes. The day was beautifully serene; a gentle air was stirring; the trees before the house invited to their genial shade by means of two very comfortable hammocks. Still Miss Leila was conspicuous by her absence.

He began to think he must have really offended her in some way.

Had his devotion to Miss Standish, the night before, been a source of annoyance to so clever, so charming, so equable, so unprejudiced a person?

If anyone was to feel offended, surely he had reasonable grounds. She had made open fun of him at the table. How could she now justly mount her high horse and appear provoked, when she really owed him an apology? Not an apology exactly—for she had given him away in such an arch, amusing way that, good fellow as he was, he was perfectly willing to laugh *at* himself. But at all events she had done the wrong! She had no right to be offended. He hoped she would appear again and permit him to relieve himself of his apparently strained position with her.

But he could see her nowhere. The house seemed deserted. That model chaperone, Mrs. Barrington, was away making a call on a neighbor. Mr. Barrington was down at the stables.

"Jove! A morning wasted!" he said somewhat irritated. He then lit a cigarette.

"She thinks I am insincere because I indulged in a mild flirtation with Miss Standish. But if I was insincere with the Boston 'queen', then I was not so, was I, with her in the canoe? She cannot have considered this matter carefully and I have only to show how bored I was all the evening with Miss Standish."

"I beg pardon."

"It's nothing."

She had come around the corner of the piazza suddenly, and the white parasol had nearly put his eye out. Luckily, it just missed his eye.

She walked on toward the beach rapidly without another word.

Should he follow?

Why not? But then, also, *why?*

"Miss Leila," he called, "do be careful, won't you, the sea-serpent has been seen about this morning, and please don't go near the water."

"Another of your little insincerities?"

"Pon my word and sacred honor."

She walked steadily on, indifferently, and he followed. As he came up with her, he said: "I merely thought I'd push along and protect you from the sea-serpent and incidentally tell you how perfectly lovely you looked this morning."

She gave him a forbidding glance.

"Let us be serious," she said.

"Let's—if we can."

A little pause.

"I wonder you can exist without Florence Standish."

"I have you."

"Me?"

"I'd like to have, I mean."

"Some of us would *like* to have the moon."

"Those who already have 'de eart'—"

"Don't be silly."

"Why not? It's only you and me and the sea."

"Don't judge me by yourself and the sea."

"We are older than you, Leila—"

"Miss—please."

"We know, oh, so much, the sea and I."

"You owe so much—do you? The sea only owes sailors a living. What do you owe?"

"We owe, together, the sea and I—let me see, a dinner on the last ball game Harvard won."

"And what beside?"

"My tailor's bill."

"Is that all?"

"Do you remember the Prom. last January?"

"I owe a grudge to that."

"What for?"

"I lost my heart there."

"And never found it?"

"Yes, I traced the thief."

"She's now 'doing time'?"

"She's doing *me*—"

"Oh—so I have your little heart, have I?"

She glanced at him curiously.

"Yes; and my life and soul with it."

"Is that an avowal?"

"A poetic form."

"Then take back the heart that thou gavest me."

"Thanks—with interest for the loan—my sweet little jew-el?"

"Without interest."

"And is it all over between us?"

"It never began."

"Ah—if you only knew!" (a sigh).

"Pish!"

"What are you two doing sitting on the sand in all that broiling sun?" called down a voice from above them—"Ain't you afraid of sunstroke?"

"I am not likely to be son struck, Mamma". said Miss Leila, confidently.

"Will you bathe?"—

"When the others come back".

"Boots", in his white flannel tennis suit and his broad brimmed straw hat, was in as little actual danger from the sun as was his pretty companion.

Mrs. Barrington joined them on the sand and they strolled along beneath their sun umbrellas toward the boat house, which was also their bathing establishment.

"The duties of a chaperone at a bath are sometimes to prevent nudities" said poor silly "Boots".

"What did he say, Leila?" asked her mother with the unconscious insistence of a deaf person.

"He said—that punning is not forbidden in the ten commandments —" she shouted.

"Why should it be?" asked the mother.

"Because it is vulgar", she replied, "Vulgar and detestable—"

"I love them—"

Then the model chaperone took herself away, to the other side of the bath houses.

Mrs. Barrington's record as a champion chaperone was really something remarkable. She once, with her husband, had the extraordi-

nary luck to commit three couples to eventual matrimony upon a two weeks' yachting cruise. She thought nothing of a single engagement. It was not only that she heard nothing, saw nothing, related nothing, but she was a most admirable confidante and always said to a girl when asked for advice, "He appears to me to be a most excellent young person,—a young person of high principle,—I can read it in his face". She said this, and nothing more; this was her formula for all the young men with whom she was thrown in contact. When her vivacious and pretty Leila complained, one day, that she had said this indiscriminately of every young man—and instanced a certain Willy Batterson, who had turned out to be a drunkard, and whose face Mrs. Barrington had deemed to be especially full of principle, her mother said of him kindly, "Poor empty boy!—no wonder he drinks—he wants to be full of *something!*"

She laughed off her mistakes (she rarely made them) by saying, "Do you think that I want to make enemies for life? Do you think I want to have them marry and hate me? I made that mistake once, I shall never make it again. I once wrote a letter to a girl friend who asked me my advice, saying all the meanest, most spiteful things in the world I could against the man who was really engaged to her, though she denied it. They married—and both have hated me ever since!"

Leila at this kissed her mother with the affectionate statement, "No one knows you and hates you, dear".

When Mrs. Barrington moved away, "Boots" Paige stretched himself on the soft,

white sand, pulled his straw hat down over his eyes, and observed, "I wonder what *she* thinks of me?"

"I know—absolutely—but it cuts no ice with me."

"What does she?"

"You appear to my mother to be a most excellent young person—a young person of high principle. She can read it in your face."

Page laughed, "She has told you?"

"No."

"It's your own idea of me?"

"Do you want *my* idea?"

"Yes."

"I think you—detestable!"

"Oh—that's horrid of you—"

"That's *my* idea—detestable to flirt and make love to every girl. Is there nothing *serious* in life?"

"Yes; but it's Night-blooming—" he drawled lazily.

She arose and left him, scornfully.

The others came down presently and bringing with them several people, who had come to bathe. There was a pretty, and somewhat frisky young married woman—A Mrs. Grace—who, as Mr. Barrington put it, was generally "partial" to students. She shortly became very partial to the handsome "Boots", and in a stunning costume *de la mere*, she glided gracefully about with him in the water, and finally sat and chatted on a raft some 100 feet from shore, dangling her feet in the waves.

"Why do they call you 'Boots'?" she asked.

"Because in freshman year I kept singing

until I wearied everybody. (Sings at the top of his lungs):

“I hear those boots upon the stair,
Those ba-ba-ba-ba-bu-boots,
Fra diavolo—the opera!
Fra diavolo—the opera!
I hear those boots—those boots—those boots—
I hear them on the stair—
(*Altissimo.*) Fra—javelo—the opera—
Coming up the stair!

As he finished he observed Miss Leila, apparently much disgusted, was walking off toward the house, at only a *moderate* rate of speed.

“And do they call you ‘Boots’ for that?—How funny!”

“They had to give a poor devil like me some sort of a name!” he said, looking deeply into her rather nice eyes.

“Why—*poor* devil!”

“Because, Mrs. Grace—I know I’m poor—and I feel that I am very wicked.”

“Why so?”—

“Oh, I’m up to anything, don’t you see?”—

“Go away then, you bad, bad man!” she laughed.

He gave her another penetrating look, shook his head, sighed, and leapt into the sea, without a word.

All that day and the next it was but too evident to all that Miss Leila and “Boots” were out.

She scarcely looked at him, even during meals. She never spoke to him. When he sought her out, she rose abruptly and left the room. It was evident that she was mortally and irreparably offended this time.

“Boots” took his usual facetious view of the situation and began to do extensive and ex-

tremely pronounced acts of pining in public. He would be seen to burst into tears with a great flourish of his handkerchief whenever he caught a glimpse of her. At last he consulted Barrington and they together put up a most fiendish and utterly reprehensible practical joke.

"Boots" kept his room the next morning, and had his breakfast served in bed. He lounged luxuriously about in his pajamas, smoked the cigarettes of Egypt, and read the *Sporting Times*. But Barrington went about with a grave face, and dropped mysterious hints of his friend showing symptoms of "breaking down".

"He acts very odd—as if somebody had queered him" he said, "He won't eat a thing," ("Boots" had put down oat meal, a brace of chops, stewed potatoes, coffee and six rolls and half a watermelon for his breakfast) he just lies there and sighs ("Boots" was laughing over the Dolly Dialogues at the moment) and he keeps talking about some girl all the time."—(*i. e.* Leila—but she pretended not to listen).

He didn't come down to lunch and "Great" had to skirmish around to get him enough to eat, as the ladies were for sending up only the most delicate little dainties to "tempt" his appetite, such as a little wine jelly and a bowl of beef tea, accompanied by the usual tea and toast.

Things grew worse in the afternoon, and they sent for a young doctor, a friend of "Great's", and who had to be horsed by the two conspirators in order to carry out their diabolical scheme.

When the doctor came "Boots" got into bed, and groaned with pain "in his head". He gave a most contradictory and ridiculous number of symptoms, and laughed loudly and rolled up the whites of his eyes.

"What is it, doctor?" asked "Great" anxiously as he came out of the room.

"I think he has some very severe mental ailment—his brain seems affected—he has no fever, but there are signs of grave mental disturbance and hallucination."

"In other words, he's going out of his head" said "Great".

"Great" got the doctor to leave some "quieting" powders, and to relate what he said before his mother and sisters.

"Great" noticed that Leila seemed deeply agitated by what the doctor said. Anyone but a brother would have let the sensitive girl alone after that. But men in pursuit of a practical joke are usually blind.

"Great" came down later and said that Paige showed signs of desperation, and he couldn't tell what the consequences might be. He thought one of the stable men ought to be called and have handy in the house in case of necessity. His anxious mother readily assented to every proposition, ridiculous and otherwise, which he thought fit to make. "Great" asked that everyone would "kindly" speak in whispers about the house, and that no one touch the piano, and said that he himself would telegraph for "poor Boots'" father and mother before nightfall.

All that afternoon he and "Boots" worked like Trojans in the latter's room making up a life sized figure of Paige with a pillow for a

body, a basket covered with cloth for a head, and legs and arms of hay. They had John, the stable man, to help them; the latter being ostensibly employed in "keeping Mr. Paige quiet", *i. e.* sitting on his head, as the ladies feared.

The figure was dressed in "Boots'" well-known tennis suit and blazer of Yale blue. His hat was sewed on with careful stitches, and his feet were encased in "Boots'" boots, *i. e.* a pair of tan sheepskin pointed toes.

The face was freely sketched in to look like "Boots"—but it looked like no one in Heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. However, when all was ready about six o'clock, "Boots" put on his evening dress, and made ready for dinner, "Great" went downstairs to reconnoiter and found all was as he wished.

The family and several friends were seated on the piazza, discussing the gravity of poor "Boots'" sudden attack. Leila was next to her mother, looking a picture of wretchedness. The "friends" were relating anecdotes of persons suddenly gone deranged, with a view to cheering their host, who, it appeared afterward, suspected a hoax all along and said so.

"Great" went back upstairs and said everything was all right, and they might as well go ahead.

"Boots" thereupon went downstairs and concealed himself, in readiness to appear when "needed", and to watch the event.

There followed then, according to the report of the Barrington girls, a tremendous stamping and shuffling up in "Boots'" room; loud cries came out of the window, such as "Don't

do it!" "Think of your mother, 'Boots'!" "Oh 'Boots', don't throw yourself down!" For God's sake, 'Boots'!" Then an insane "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha", as of a laughing lunatic; then followed stamping and shuffling on the piazza roof as if they were doing their best to hold the madman back. Then "she no longer loves me!" and with a wild shriek, down came the figure of "Boots", and fell from the piazza roof above them in a horrible heap on the lawn in front of them. Leila rose aghast, screaming "He's killed! Oh, Mr. Paige, have you done it because of me? Oh, what *have* I done!"

Then she ran out and before anyone could stop her threw herself madly on the man of straw, whose legs and head were doubled under him in a most horrible manner.

Then "Boots" walked out laughing and the truth dawned upon her agonized mind. She rose with dignity, her cheeks flushing: "I shall never forgive you in the world, Mr. Paige!" she cried, and ran past him into the house. "Oh, Mr. Paige, how *could* you startle us so!" cried the Barrington girls in angry astonishment,— "and it's all a hoax!"

Only Mr. Barrington and "Great" laughed until the tears ran down their faces.

"The sight of that figure flying headlong through the air!" he roared, "and the way it looked—and poor Leila was utterly deceived! Ha, ha!"

But the next day "Boots" said to "Great" gloomily: "I say, we're a couple of bloomin' fools; I meant to just have a little fun and here Leila has gone and taken it seriously and has

gone away for a week. By jove, I almost wish it had been me instead of the dummy!"

"Cheer up, 'Boots'—she'll come 'round; I know her," said her brother.

"I'm dead stuck, old man," said "Boots" gloomily.

"I know it, she'll come 'round;" said "Great".

And so Miss Leila did, later on, in the ensuing fall. The mock suicide was never mentioned between them,—but she "came 'round"! And now—well—"Boots" writes her every day from college, including Sundays.

J. S. WOOD.

IN AMORIS HORTO ANTIQUISSIMO.

When that most ancient garden heard thy words
Light as thy footfalls, with attraction quaint
The flowers leaned theowards and the mated birds
Knew thee and lingered — while, with small restraint
Of bodies, those Greek souls, the butterflies,
Played near and fanned thee with familiar wings;
Then zephyrs, envious of such enterprise,
Woke and usurped that office — till those things
That are most dreamlike, clouds, in shape of ships,
Brought treasures of cool shadow to invite
Thy soul at noon to slumber's weird eclipse.
For thou wert Nature's darling; Day and Night
Being but angel-slaves of thy delight
And the God, Love, himself, a creature of thy lips.

HENRY AUSTIN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Science.—Is Christian science true science? The *Popular Science Monthly* has an excellent editorial on the foolishness of the fad—"Christian Science". We have for a long time questioned a "science" which had for its foundation—mendacity. "There is no such thing as pain." "You are not suffering." Christian science "affirms the thing that is not, and denies the thing that is," hence, as it repudiates *fact*, is hostile to true science, which holds closely to fact.

Dreamy, spiritual women are inclined to Christian science because they love to exalt the spirit and depose the body. They cannot reason logically, but they can stick to their fad in a most astonishing way in face of fact. For example: A child whose head was covered with a herpetic eruption was taken to a Christian science doctress, who looked steadily at the head and declared positively she could see no eruption! False "science" such as this can do nothing for the world except to encourage good spirits, hopefulness, and a tendency to make light of ills.—This is the only good of "Christian science". But after all, its encouragement of mendacity must be taken as a sort of counter balance.

* * *

PROF. ALFRED BINET has analyzed blindfold chess-playing. He describes a certain form of visual memory as geometrical. The three principles of blindfold chess-play are erudition, memory, and imagination. This latter is what psychologists call "visualization". Macaulay

had this to a great degree. He could glance at a page, shut his eyes and report the words in order. Dickens cultivated the habit of looking a moment at a shop window, shutting his eyes and naming every article in it. The image as seen by the chess player is geometrical-fixed positions and possible movements. It is an acquired art and requires long practice.

* * *

A NEW transatlantic cable is being laid this summer by the French Atlantic Cable Co. between Brest and New York. Its length is 3,250 nautical miles, making it the longest cable ever laid.

* * *

ALFRED NOBLE, the inventor of dynamite, left a bequest of \$10,000,000 for the advancement of science, literature and art. The Swedish Academy of Sciences will award three prizes in chemistry, in physics, and in ideal literature. The Carolina Institute of Stockholm will award a fourth prize for the most important discovery in physiology and medicine. The fifth prize will go to the person who will have exerted himself the most for Peace of the world, the suppression of armies, etc.

This was a splendid idea for the inventor of dynamite!

* * *

"SEEING SNAKES" in delirium tremens, is caused by the small blood vessels of the retina becoming abnormally enlarged, and turbid with congested blood. Their movements appear like those of twisting snakes.

* * *

MRS. PROF. TODD, of Amherst, describes the

expedition to Japan, to witness the eclipse of the sun (Aug. 9, '96), at Esashi, in the September *Atlantic*. Unfortunately a mist prevailed just at the time of contact, and clear photographs could not be obtained. In January, 1898, an eclipse will be visible in India; in 1900, the Southern states; in 1901, Sumatra and Celebes, "will be the scientific Mecca for six wonderful minutes of totality. Somewhere the shadow will be caught, beneficently falling through unclouded skies."

* * *

PROF. MEUNIER, of Paris, has put forth a theory that the parallel canals of Mars are mere reflections, on a thin partly transparent atmosphere.

Athletic.—W. A. LARNED, who defeated Nisbet easily at Hoboken, was defeated by him in the semi-finals, at Newport. Larned lost his nerve after he had won two sets. Eaves was finally beaten by Wrenn.

* * *

THE TROUBLE with the League Base Ball this year is: too much noise and too much disputing the umpire.

No lady or gentleman cares to visit the polo grounds if she finds she has to submit for two hours to the yelling of

- (1) Pop and soda water men,
- (2) Gum selling boys,
- (3) Score card boys,
- (4) Cushion selling boys,
- (5) Yells and shouts of rooters,
- (6) Horn-blowing rooters,
- (7) Bell-ringing rooters,
- (8) "Coaching" of team captains on the lines,
- (9) "Cussing" the umpire, by both nines.

Just imagine a game of base-ball where there was a semblance of decency and quiet, where no impudent fakirs sold you anything you didn't want, and where there was a rule that the umpire's decisions be received in silence and quiet as far as the two nines go. Would *it* not be astonishing? No "kicking" must be allowed.

Base-ball will never be popular—except with the lower classes—until quiet and decency is restored. There must be a better atmosphere engendered. Fakirs must be kept off the grounds. The rowdy element must be suppressed.

Otherwise base-ball is doomed. The *Sun* is to be praised for taking this matter up.

* * *

IN A college game the same trouble about noise is experienced. It is not fair to get a pitcher out of his form by yelling at him. We have seen many a man "talked" out of a game of billiards, and many a pitcher lose his nerve from the shouting.

The English are far in advance of us in this particular.

* * *

YALE'S SUPREMACY in foot-ball was yielded last fall to Princeton. In base-ball to Princeton and Harvard. In rowing, to Cornell.

* * *

WILL YALE ever be supreme again as in the past?

We think not, because her coaches cannot be got together as formerly, and other universities now know all Yale knows about training, diet, tricks, and science.

Next year we look to see Yale ahead in

boating, but beaten in foot-ball. She will win from Harvard in base-ball, but lose the series again to Princeton.

In foot-ball Yale will win from Princeton, but lose to Harvard.

In the race at New London, Yale will win, Cornell second, Harvard third. Let us see how accurate our prophetic vision is. We picked Cornell this year to win the boat race, and Princeton to beat Yale at base-ball.

This is to be said for Yale—she sets a good standard always, she rarely “falls down” except by accident. If Greenway had not been sick Yale would have kept very near her standard in base-ball,—but without a pitcher what could the nine do?

* * *

The great boat races of the year in June, resulted as THE BACHELOR had predicted. Cornell won, and her crew pulled in fine form. The question of the race was, however, left undecided by the finish. Suppose Yale had had the faster outside course which Cornell had, and suppose she had been ordered to watch Cornell and not Harvard? Would Yale have won?

We are inclined to think she would have beaten Cornell by a boat length.

* * *

THE MIDDLE or outside course at Poughkeepsie is not always the faster course, but it was so on the day of the race, as was evident from Cornell's easy gait. Then, too, every crew which had that station won; viz., Cornell, Yale Freshman, and Cornell Freshman.

* * *

CORNELL pulled the Yale stroke of 1891 lengthened out, and Yale will go back to it next year.

* * *

THE TALK about superseding Bob Cook is ridiculous. He made only one mistake in '97; he told his crew to pass Harvard and let Cornell alone. He feared the Harvard crew, as did everyone, and when Harvard went to pieces no one was more surprised than Cook and Lehman. But what other mistake did Cook make? It was the best policy in the world to go to New London, and his crew might have won if they had had orders to hold Cornell down, and had not been deceived by the extensive preparations of Harvard.

* * *

POOR, DEAR old Harvard! Our hearts bleed for you,—you deserve a victory,—and you did make such a dreadful showing! Why even last years' crew of '96 would have beaten Lehman's crew. It was pitiful to see the general breakdown and the utter collapse at the finish.

Yale, at the moment, were spurting and gaining—Harvard was pumped. Let us see if we can account for the reason of this.

In the first place, Lehman exaggerated his stroke and "overdid" it a little. The reach was too far extended, and the men could not row it out. Then it really takes two or three years to acquire the proper stomach muscles for that long swing of the Thames stroke. We Americans need a few years more of education for it. Then, again, Harvard's stroke oar was weak and poor all through. He demoralized the crew, as we saw it. He was not

fit to row the race, and ought to have withdrawn and allowed some other man to take his place.

He was "game" to the end, however, and in his poor condition fainted as he crossed the line.

Then, lastly, English "easy" methods won't work in America. We require much harder preparatory practice. Mr. Lehman did not *over* train his crews, but did not handle them severely enough. We think, however, that the chief trouble was the stroke. Mr. Lehman is coming again next year and will undoubtedly have better luck, but he will never win in America. * . *

IT WAS laughable to see the gross miscalculations of the knowing ones. Julian Hawthorne's name is tabooed at Ithaca, because he said "things" about their splendid crew. Messrs. Cook and Lehman were "way off". Mr. Burr McIntosh can never hope to report another race, if what he vowed and declared can be relied upon. * . *

AS FOR Pennsylvania—they swamped again this year and made a very poor exhibition. We advise them to get a non-professional coach. * . *

WE ADVISE Harvard to drop the English stroke, and get Courtney to instruct them for four weeks before the race. As sure as fate, Mr. Lehman will never lead them to victory over Yale. We picked the winner this year—Cornell—and we pick Yale for '98, whether Cornell rows or not. Yale will have probably the fastest eight next year, that ever sat in a blue boat. * . *

MR. LEHMAN is not the man to lead Harvard to victory, although he is so much of a gentleman, and is the best coach in England. He could coach an Oxford crew to beat Yale on the Thames, but Cook can down him, crews and material being equal, every time in America. Whether he could coach an Oxford crew to beat Cornell or Yale at New London is doubtful. But it is just another piece of Harvard's hard luck to engage him at this time. Aside from this victory, his coming will do Harvard and all the rowing colleges a great deal of good. He is a prince of amateur rowing men, a man of the highest sense of honor, and a gentleman—but Harvard will never *win* under him, of this we feel assured.

* * *

WE SAW Messrs. Eaves, Mahony, Nesbit, Larned, R. D. and G. Wrenn play their matches at Hoboken, and began to wonder whether Sears and the Renshaws would not be "in it" with the moderns. We saw the Renshaws play at Homburg in '86, and our recollection of their games—witnessed each day for a week—were that they were quite as "fast" as Larned's.

Yet the current of opinion among tennis-players young or old is against this. New cuts, new drives, new shoots and new manœuvres might possibly defeat the Renshaws in the first few trials. The Hoboken games seemed rather slow to us. The misses were very many. We remember Wrenn's third set with that genial Dr. Eaves, where he almost failed to get a ball over the net properly.

* * *

HOW TENNIS has gone out! Yet it is the game of games. Golf is the game of the year

—but the golf craze shows many signs of waning. The ladies complain that it is tiresome and a bore. The men profess to enjoy it—but—the lack of variety in the game is beginning to tell. The “troubles” of the game are really greater than its pleasures. The ball is always getting lost, or when a good score is progressing, getting into some absurd quagmire, and making the deserving golfer hot under the collar.

* * *

AFTER ALL bicycling—passing through new scenery, enjoying pleasant companionship, stopping at jolly little inns, seeing the life and gaiety of the road—is the sport of sports. Don't you believe it, old MacGolf? Go down and ride the beautiful Rumson road, from Red Bank to Seabright and the road from thence to Asbury Park. There is no sport like wheeling (until your tire bursts). The break in prices makes a good wheel possible for every one. Try it, old man of 60—or old lady of 70! There is nothing like the wheel, for fun.

We read not long ago of the terrible “nervous strain” of keeping the wheel perpendicular. We answer that no one thinks of the matter of keeping perpendicular. It becomes a second nature. The only needs of the wheel today are (1) a safe changeable gear for hills, (2) better saddle and spring seat, (3) more durable tires.

And all the dealers are certain they are going to get there, in these details, in '98.

* * *

AT PHILADELPHIA, August 13 and 14, occurred the National Amateur regatta, and there was some very first-class rowing. The oars-

men individually, however, were, as it seemed to us, not all what we would call "Gentlemen Amateurs". They appeared to be rather men who worked with their hands—at carpentering or machinists. Dr. McDowell and Ten Eyck did not row.

* * *

IT MUST not be understood that we deplore the mechanic his sport. Pluckier races than were rowed on the Schuylkill were never rowed anywhere. Good fair sport it was, but it was not the sort that prevails at Henley, nor at Poughkeepsie. There was nothing snobbish about it. The men were genuine honest oarsmen—but they not gentlemen—except, say the Weld eight oared crew of Harvard, and the Penn. crew and the N. Y. A. C. crew.

* * *

IT IS evident that the regatta proposed by us—"An American Henley"—is not covered by the National Regatta. It was openly asserted that the old tub that got in the way of the N. Y. A. C.'s eight when the latter was coming fast, was hired to do this by a rival Philadelphia crew. We can't believe this possible. Yet why should this old tub have rowed out just at the time the N. Y. A. C. crew were passing? It looks suspicious. We happened to follow the crews on our wheel, and although it was rapidly growing dark, it was not too dark to see that the interference with the New York crew was very deliberate.

This could not happen if all the contestants were gentlemen.

* * *

THE ROWING was mostly patterned on the professional "get there stroke". N. Y. A. C.'s

crew rowed Cook's stroke of '91. The Newark Institute's rowed a similar stroke. The Weld crew did not row Lehman's stroke—not an especially significant fact. It was second to the Philadelphia Barge Club crew. Penn. came third.

* * *

THE INTERNATIONAL small rater yacht races at Montreal between Glencairn II. and Momo, were won by Glencairn, in three straight races, Momo winning the first. The heavy wind and high seas each day favored Glencairn, and it is conceded that if the weather had been milder Momo might have won.

* * *

THE ADVENT of Nisbet, Mahony, and Eaves has given brilliancy to the tennis season. It does not appear likely that the Englishmen will carry away many prizes. Larned, R. D. Wrenn, and other tennis cracks seem to be their superiors. Mahony admittedly is "off his game".

* * *

WHEELMEN MUST ride upright in Washington, D. C., and an ordinance to this effect should be passed in this city also. Except in racing or training on a track for racing the wheelmen should face where they are going and look out for the road ahead. The *Herald* says:

"Very few wheelmen will object to the rule passed by the District Commissioners requiring all cyclists in the streets of Washington to ride with the head erect. On the score of appearance, health and safety it might be well to incorporate a similar regulation in the rules of the road for New York. Let the ram's horn handle bar and the accompanying 'monkey back' go!"

College Notes.—PRESIDENT ANDREWS of Brown University has resigned from that institution, and has accepted the presidency of a new “university” to be started by John B. Walker, editor of a magazine.

The new university is to be modeled after Chautauqua, and is akin to the university extension idea. It is to be located at or near Yonkers, and will be an aid and adjunct to the circulation of Mr. Walker’s magazine.

Pres. Andrews’ silver craze ideas and his socialistic views will endear him to Mr. Walker and the new “university”—conducted through the mails—will doubtless result in becoming a sort of “Literary Bureau” for the dissemination of the new social views. We have no doubt, but that Mr. Walker is sincere in his motives, and that he really intends to benefit “the people” as he says.

* * *

MEANWHILE BROWN University is to be congratulated that Pres. Andrews, “a preacher of sedition”, has quietly resigned. There is no more conservative class in the world than the dyed-in-the-wool Brown baptists, and when it was rumored that they were not only advocating silver notions but about to lose \$250,000 from Mr. Rockefeller through Pres. Andrews antics they held up their hands in holy horror.

Now, Mr. Rockefeller, Pres. Andrews has gone—will you draw your check as soon as convenient, and while you’re about it, make it \$500,000! Brown needs the money.

* * *

APROPOS, THE *Sun* says: A Sunday school superintendent in Wichita proposes to conduct his school by telephone.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

That seems to be the way in which that distinguished "martyr" of plutocracy, Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, is going to conduct the Hon. John B. Walker's "university".

* * *

BROWN UNIVERSITY affairs cannot be mended until Sept. 1, when it's corporation meets. The *Sun* says:

"Various reports regarding the probable result of the action of the Brown professors in sending out their open letter criticising the trustees of the university for their treatment of President Andrews are in circulation. It is, of course, easy to jump at the conclusion that some, if not all, of these professors will leave the university, willingly or otherwise, should Dr. Andrews's resignation be accepted. There is no foundation other than surmise, however, for the assertion that there is to be an exodus of professors from Brown.

The corporation of the university will meet on Sept. 1, and all talk as to the outcome is idle speculation. Most of the members are out of town on their annual summer vacations, and it is altogether unlikely that any two of them have met to talk over the matter since Dr. Andrews caused the correspondence to be published. Nothing is more certain than that the resignation will be accepted, and it is also natural to suppose that some of the young men who were instrumental in working up the open letter will follow him. Most of these men were brought to Brown by Dr. Andrews, and it would not be surprising if their places should be vacated after his departure from the university.

A petition to the Brown corporation is being circulated among the alumni of the university for signatures. It recites among other things:

'The recent correspondence between a committee of the corporation and President Andrews has rightly or wrongly been interpreted to mean that the President and faculty of Brown University are called upon to renounce their cherished rights of freedom of thought and speech, and that the propriety of their expression of opinion is to be measured by its pecuniary value to the university. This interpretation is giving Brown University a widespread reputation for intolerance and mercenary standards inconsistent with her history and damaging to her good name and usefulness, and is further giving color to the charge that our universities in general exist for the propagation of ideas favored by certain

classes, rather than for the discovery and dissemination of truth.'

The petition then calls upon the corporation to 'announce by emphatic vote that enlightened toleration shall be the guide of our alma mater in the future as it has been the dearest tradition of her past.'

We advise Brown alumni not to sign this petition. Now that Dr. Andrews is going away, it is for the interest of Brown to let the whole matter drop. The point is this: Pres. Andrews is not prevented from *free* speech, but from bad, immoral, erroneous speech.—Speech *contra bonos mores*.

* * *

WE HAVE spoken elsewhere (Book Notices, Soldier of Fortune) of the American High Caste. In the education of the *nouveau riche*—how much he is indebted to, suppose we say, *The Ladies Home Journal*. In Ruth Ashmore—doubtless some very knowing elderly lady, and not by any means the young and dashing mustachioed swell, as some would have her—the newly rich have a discerning friend. In Ruth Ashmore, too, we readily perceive one of the enemies of our Democracy. Her advice to the *nouveau riche* is distinctly the advice of a lady of just the next higher social set, that we may rest assured that Ruth has at least a "buttons" and hopes shortly to drive her own carriage. She knows "what's what". Among common folk, a girl may perhaps be escorted home from a tea-party by a friend she meets there. But Ruth shows the proper way:

"*Sybil*—*An Evening Escort*. Etiquette demands that when you go out to spend an evening you do not depend upon a friend to bring you home, but that you should be accompanied by either a member of your own family or a maid."

In a thousand little ways Ruth shows the novice the art of living like "the best" and

gives her many examples of good taste. We feel assured that an uncouth widow from Kalamazoo could learn almost enough to get her up one social grade, from Ruth Ashmore alone. For example:

"Narka, Rings and Dresses. Good taste does not permit a widow in deep mourning to wear any other ring than the plain gold band that tells of her marriage. (2.) An ostrich feather boa or feathers of any kind should not be worn until mourning is taken off, and what is known as black is worn."

As (aristocracy is very feminine) the little indicia of "good form" are carefully announced from time to time by Ruth to the social strugglers of small towns—all of whom are presumably profiting by it,—we may expect to see the *élite* or the "society set" as the reporter has it, growing steadily and pushing to the front.

* * *

AND WHEN the commoners are all polished, refined, educated, etiquetted, and we may add coiffured and manicured up to a dead level of elegance—what then?

It has often amused us to see a college boy who as a student was more or less of a rough diamond, after a little success in the city, put on clothes, airs, manners and graces in his efforts to rise socially. He was a "good fellow" once. But now he stands in awe of some Tom Noodle who is the son of somebody, of Noodle Villa, Hastings-on-Hudson. He is as much of a snob as Thackeray ever admitted himself to be.

To him Ruth Ashmore and Walter Germain (who is Ruth again neatly disguised for men) are highly necessary assistants. Cards, handkerchiefs, jewelry, everything the "smart set" conceive of as necessary—they learn from

"Walter Germain", or his like. We recently received some verses from a college man (who by means of swell friends in college, is easily in the smart set of M. and drives a very fancy dog-cart, having married the second daughter of the rich firm of R.'s, the soap people,) on honest Carl Bunce, once a poor and friendless classmate, a Yale man, who struck it rich in Colorado, came on here, and is a great devourer of books of etiquette, and who has hopes of getting into the smart set of M. some day. You will find Carl Bunce any day pouring over *Vogue* or *The Home Journal*.

Here are the doggerel verses:

"All men are equal" says the Constitution.

Well—I've heard such rank absurdities

Prated oft with constant repetition

On July 4th—and how absurd it is!

What are we here for? America's a nation

We'd not be proud of were it not for Newport.

Our swells in London give us occupation,

Reading news of royal patronage and that sort.

And here's poor Carl Bunce! So dreadful common!

Rich as Cæsar now, they say, and once a poor lot.

Must we take him up at M. ? and dine him ?

Mere money's not enough, they say, at Newport.

And down at M. we have to be exclusive,

Careful whom we know—and carefuller

For our wives and daughters' sake inclusive.

By Jove! Carl Bunce is *not* the sort of feller!

He's not the sort—*our* sort—our smart set crowd

Would wonder where I picked old Buncey up—

His talk and waistcoats too, are much too loud,

He's not the "right sort", though not a dunce or pup.

Nor is he chump or cad, but honest as the day,

And now he has his money, feels ambition's prod;

He wants to push up higher, so's to say

He's in it with the "very best"—Well—let him
push—by G—d!

Here's to you, Carl! You've mon. to buy a yacht
 And drive about in dog-carts — keep a "man".
 Why arn't you good enough — eh, why not?
 Rise, Sir Knight! You're welcome to our clan!

You've college education — and you have the dollars,
 Push up! old man, wear only clothes from Bond
 street —

And do be careful how you soil your collars,
 Be quiet and exclusive — bored by all you meet. —

Unless they are the very best, the smartest of the smart,
 Yale's a good stepping stone, you'll find, to social
 honors;

If you, of your hair are careful, man, to part
 In midmost middle — and be sure to crease your
 trousers.

Welcome to M.! Attend our swellest functions,
 Dance with our daughters, wives or sisters;
 Marry old Blue Pill's daughter — but no instructions
 Now are needed. You are landed! Go it, youngster!

* * *

CAMBRIDGE HAS refused its degrees to women,
 and, on the whole, we ask why are not the women
 content to receive its "certificates" of due
 examinations, instead? What talismanic effect
 is there in an A. B. or A. M.? The *Nation*
 says:

"The crushing defeat of a progressive party is a thing
 that must always furnish food for gloomy reflection to the
 victors. For, if we have read our modern political history
 aright, recovery and reaction are the portion of the minority;
 it is your sweeping majority which straightway goes and
 loses prestige. In the Senate of Cambridge University, last
 Friday, the votes were cast three to one against the accept-
 ance of the resolutions offered by the syndicate appointed
 to consider the question of further University recognition of
 the students of Girton and Newnham. Those resolutions,
 which were discussed in the *Nation* for March 25, were made
 by a body of Cambridge dignitaries, including the Vice-
 Chancellor and the Downing Professors of Laws, whose age
 and standing were a security against hot-headed legislation.
 Since our notice of their proposals, a debate has taken place
 in the Senate, which the brilliant and persuasive oratory of
 Prof. Maitland could not save from rancor and bad taste.
 The syndicate were invited to reconsider their report and the
 arguments used in the discussion, and on May 4 they pre-

sented a second report, in which they adhered to their recommendations. They were convinced that their plan of giving 'titles of degrees' to women could be adopted without detriment to the University; they added a proviso expressly excluding women from membership of the University.

Meanwhile, the undergraduates, in order to emphasize their informal vote of last year, prepared a memorial expressing 'the conviction that the giving of titles of degrees to women would prove injurious to the position and efficiency of this University as a University for men'; of 2,856 in residence, 2,130 signed this memorial. This unequivocal expression of opinion, combined with the open threat of secession to Oxford, had undoubtedly great weight with the wavering members of the Senate. In regard to members in residence, the balance was tolerably even, but the ultra-Conservative party at Cambridge has always a strong provincial reserve to be called out in such emergencies, and the majority on Friday was secured by the flocking of large numbers of graduates, chiefly country parsons. For, owing to the curiously democratic government of the University, any curate who has scraped through a pass degree—that is to say, has never aspired to the Tripos, or honors degree, the only examination for which women have the wish or the right to enter—has as good a vote in the Senate as the oldest resident Don or the Vice-Chancellor himself. It is thus that the careful considerations of a syndicate can be overthrown, and the work of months stultified by a mob of men whose only reflections on education have been due to anxieties as to a possible 'plough'.

It does not at all follow that this is an outbreak of old-fogyism. It is astonishing how quickly the native crust of British prejudice will harden in the atmosphere of an English village. Moreover, your Cambridge young man of today does not see visions; or, at any rate, that of a woman in bloomers on a bicycle—a combination which he has certainly never beheld out of a nightmare—is a convincing enough vision for him. So it happens that, while even Vienna has this year granted women degrees for the first time, and the German universities are, one by one, admitting them to full privileges, Russia and England are now the only countries that refuse to make concessions.

Cambridge has sunk in the estimation of the outside world rather by the spirit and manner than by the fact of its refusal; one wonders whether women will hereafter be so eager to enter a university that conducts its voting with rotten eggs and fire-crackers; just as, in the political world, one marvels that any one not born a Boer should wish to be a full-fledged citizen of the Transvaal. Cambridge is in a

critical condition financially, and has been making appeals to the public. Now, the British public loves fair play, and we believe that the Senate would have won pretty general approval by the granting to women of the 'titles of degrees'—not as a right, but as a *quid pro quo* from a university that has received more than half its endowments from women. Whether English women will take a hint from this side of the water and buy their way in—it is a good moment for buying Cambridge—or whether they will wait for time to right all, remains to be seen. Against them are the sympathies of the Boers, the Russians, and 1,700 English Mrs. Partingtons. With them go the good wishes of the civilized world, and especially of all Utlanders. After all, who can doubt with whom the future lies, in the Transvaal or at Cambridge?"

* * *

THE *Lafayette* has obtained somewhere a valuable list of the universities of the world having more than a thousand students in 1895:

Paris	- - - - -	11755
Berlin	- - - - -	9375
Madrid	- - - - -	8527
Cairo ('95)	- - - - -	8437
Vienna	- - - - -	7012
Naples	- - - - -	4956
Budapest	- - - - -	4407
Moscow ('94)	- - - - -	3906
Munich	- - - - -	3736
Harvard	- - - - -	3600
Athens	- - - - -	3258
Oxford	- - - - -	3256
Leipsic	- - - - -	3157
St. Petersburg	- - - - -	3102
Chicago-Evanston	- - - - -	3000
Cambridge (Eng.)	- - - - -	2951
Havana	- - - - -	2924
Ann Arbor	- - - - -	2916
Edinburgh	- - - - -	2850
Pennsylvania	- - - - -	2811
Prague	- - - - -	2767
Minneapolis	- - - - -	2467
Yale	- - - - -	2415
Cornell	- - - - -	1900
New York	- - - - -	1873
Chicago	- - - - -	1732
Toronto	- - - - -	1350
Delaware	- - - - -	1271
Boston	- - - - -	1270
Heidelberg	- - - - -	1179
Princeton	- - - - -	1088

A COLORED girl recently spent four years at Vassar without the students' or authorities' knowledge of her race. Miss Anita Hemmings is, it appears, a very light mulatto. She is now employed in the Boston Library.

Does Vassar not admit colored girls? If not, then we cannot but willingly pardon Miss Hemmings in her efforts to gain a first-class education. At all our schools and colleges the negro should have an equal opportunity to sit in the class-room, if not occupy the dormitories of the institution.

At Yale negroes are permitted to attend all recitations and examinations. Why not at Vassar?

Music and Drama.—The Fall opening of Daly's Theatre occurred last week. The "Circus Girl", with some new scenery and new jokes, begins again, and is very well worth seeing a second and even a third time. Miss Nancy McIntosh plays her part with all the pretty innocence of an *ingénue*. Powers is perfect, and the great wrestling match is one of the funniest pieces of business ever seen on a New York stage.

* * *

WHAT WE find especially good in this piece, besides its very finished acting under Mr. Daly's care, is its refined tone. It is delicate and not at all jewy like the average Casino play. "Jewy" may not mean vulgar—but it is something very close to it. Perhaps we may call it Mr. Isidore Hockleheimer's idea of wit. The New York public is quite ready for something fresh and new—and not jewy.

"NEVER AGAIN" is on again at the Garrick. How Mme. Katzenjammer can double herself over as she does and be hauled about as a lifeless corpse by Fritz Williams, is astonishing to see. Miss Grace Kimball has assumed the role formerly taken by Miss Ward.

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MRS. FISKE will open again in "Tess", at Buffalo. The season will be taken up with the large towns.

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MR. MAX BLEIMAN'S "Southern Romance", at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, we fear is somewhat too sentimental to wear very well.

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THE HERALD says: The Professional Woman's League had their August "drama day" at their house in Longacre square. The attendance was the largest ever known on such an occasion. The programme, which was in charge of Mrs. Sol. Smith, included songs by Miss Marie Millard, a paper on Garrick's Shakespeare jubilee of 1769 by Mrs. Alice Butler, recitation by Mrs. Harriett Webb, and a monologue by Mrs. John E. Ince. It ended with the reading of a short drama by Sedley Brown, entitled "One Hundred Years Hence", in which the woman's rights question was cleverly and inoffensively treated as a theme. The ladies taking part in it were Mrs. E. A. Eberle, Miss Elizabeth W. Aldrich, Miss Stella Kerney, Miss Jennie Christie, Miss Sara Cameron and Miss Ellena Maris. Mme. Cottrelly was stage manager.

The annual bazaar will be held at the Waldorf during the second week of December, but the date of the talked about "dramatic pag-

event is still indefinite. The affair will, at all events, not occur before next spring.

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THE MADISON SQUARE Roof Garden Orchestra has been a great boon to summer residents. Classical and popular music—if not of the best kind, very near it—has delighted many a poor college man forced to remain at work in the city.

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AT KERTH's they have put on "Rally Round the Flag"—a war drama.

* * *

THE GROWTH of the "music hall" idea in New York may well be traced in the career of Albert Bial, who died on Saturday last. Koster & Bial's was the first variety theatre in this city that corresponded in any respect to the "music hall" of the European city. Indeed, the term music hall, which has since become fixed in our theatrical terms, was unknown then. It was not until the thing itself arrived that there was felt the need of a word to describe it specifically. The old-fashioned American variety show was something very different. It was made up largely of native performers, who exploited mainly Irish, negro, and Yankee humor, with the dancing and singing of the old-time serio-comic. Barring the Yankee humorists, who have practically disappeared, these features survive still in some of the variety theatres of the country. But they are very sparingly represented on the programmes of what are known as our "music halls".

The commencement of the Koster & Bial place in West Twenty-third street followed the old-fashioned lines very closely. The perform-

ers there at first—after the instrumental concerts were abandoned—were native, and the burlesques at the close were the only novelty of the enterprise. There was, indeed, such a wholly American institution as a wine room adjoining the stage, and that Western adjunct to a theatrical entertainment never prospered anywhere else in New York so well as it did in the Twenty-third street resort. But this was abandoned after the foreign actors were imported to the place, although it continued almost until the downtown place was abandoned. The importation of the foreigners really began there. The continental aspect of the vaudeville stage, as it had begun to be called, was first seen there, and as the natural result all local elements of the programme disappeared gradually. Music hall programmes in Europe, from Stockholm to Naples, vary as little as the bill-of-fare of a table d'hôte. Marie Vanoni, Fougère, Dufour, and Hartley, Paulus, and then Carmencita, were particular instances of this new policy.

It was Carmencita, indeed, who made possible the music hall as it exists today. For the first time it became evident that the prejudice against the variety theatre did not hold against the "music hall", with its more cosmopolitan character. A music hall like the present Koster & Bial's could not have existed before the kind of people who came to see Carmencita first commenced to go to such resorts. The old building was not suited to audiences of the class which Koster & Bial had learned could be relied upon to come to see foreign celebrities to the accompaniment of smoking and drinking. Luckily, the Twenty-fourth

street building was then available, and after Koster & Bial moved into that New York had the music hall just in the sense that the European cities have this institution. Koster & Bial's meant the same to New York that the Empire does to London, the Polies Bergere to Paris, or Ronacher's to Vienna.

The Koster & Bial name had represented the growth of the music hall system here through every stage. New York demanded the new institution and it prospered. Oscar Hammerstein, who built the Olympia, has announced his practical withdrawal from the same field, and the beautiful theatre he built for a music hall will be devoted to other purposes. This will leave the original establishment practically alone in the field. The music hall idea prospered in its particular field, but it did not spread. There are today four or five theatres devoted to a similar form of entertainment, but the European music hall as it is represented by Koster & Bial's has not spread. The American taste goes rather to the variety theatres that retain a stronger local flavor in their programmes. New York has one music hall which is as fine in every detail as any in the world. But it is evidently satisfied with only one, and it will support only that one liberally. —*Sun.*

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS deserves the hearty support of all college alumni, and it asks that as many as possible subscribe to at least one share of its stock, par value \$10 per share. There are probably four hundred thousand alumni living in the United States alone—if

only a few take a single share of stock the magazine will be enabled shortly to get on a paying basis.

* * *

WE ASK everyone who reads these pages and wishes to see the magazine a success to purchase one share of stock for ten dollars. The magazine will then be sent such purchaser for one year.

Good times are coming! Alumni will not regret giving their support to a first-class magazine for their own class.

* * *

A PERSON named Ferguson, who pretends to have been something of a poet, but who, it appears, is really nothing but a common-place leather dealer in the "Swamp", has taken umbrage in *life* at our efforts in behalf of the minor poets. Ferguson sent us a poem on "Spring Daisies" last December, expressing a hope in his accompanying letter that his poem would be received by us in ample time for our April number. It was needless for us to assure Ferguson that he was sufficiently previous. On the return of his poem he wrote us a scurrilous letter intimating that we were no judges of good poetry, and blackguarding our best printed poems. What was our surprise, recently to receive a large envelope containing Ferguson's complete (rejected) poems, and a twelve page detailed account of his life, "to appear", he wrote, "in our 'Poets of Today'". Angered at our rejection of his life and poems, he has recently added insult to injury by a deeply dark and well-covered attack in an esteemed contemporary upon our generous poetical scheme.

Ferguson must return to his leather. Shoemaker, stick to your last! Poets are born, not made by self-advertisement.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. James Lane Allen's Kentucky books are being "pushed and trumpeted" by the publishers, trades papers, reviews, and newspapers generally to such a extent that they literally "force themselves upon the ear"—as did Mr. Pickwick's expressions of anxiety for Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Allen must in truth have "something in him" to make all this noise. Curiosity leads us to examine one or two of his books in order to discover, if possible, the source of his popularity, if he is popular, and to discover wherein lies his new "note"—his Kentucky wild wood note, which differentiates him from ordinary scribblers.

His *A Kentucky Cardinal*, or red bird, is intended to be a little piece of *genre* painting—very fine and delicate. The love of an elderly man and a spinster. This little book is delicate, sweet, and sentimental.—But it is not very original and has its origin in France,—and is slightly "affected",—does not ring true. His *Summer in Arcady* is the love of youth. Daphne and Hillary are warm-blooded, under twenty, and both beautiful. They wander about in the woods, after the manner of the French Paul and Virginia only they are not yet *wholly* lovers, and blush a great deal before the arrival of their wedding eve after an elopement.

The Choir Invisible is the love of a deserving young man for a married woman, whose husband finally dies, but the dutiful John Gray has meanwhile pledged his troth to another woman and marries her,—he's so noble.

Mrs. Falconer is of course rarely beautiful, with a "wonderful figger, Sir," as they say in Kentucky, and she is a sensible person as well. A Charlotte to the woodman Werther. She went heroically on with her household duties—cutting bread and butter—while John's passion boiled and bubbled. When they part the following dialogue takes place:

"Always be a good man," she said, tightening her grasp, and turning her face away.

As he was hurrying off, she called to him in a voice full of emotion:

"Come back!"

He wheeled and walked towards her blindly.

She scanned his face, feature by feature.

"Take off your hat!" she said with a tremulous little laugh. He did so, and she looked at his forehead and his hair.

"Go now, dear friend!" she said calmly but quickly.

Thus they parted as a mother parts from a son after seeing if his hair is brushed. This is the culmination of the story. When her husband dies, years after, Mrs. Falconer is pleased to receive John Gray, Jr., as a guest, "The image of his Pa."

Mr. Allen is, we feel sure, very little of a dramatist. His stories lack form and plot. He is a dreamy essayist. He loves to turn aside and prose away about being good, and trying not to be bad, and having the right ideals, and loving the right sort of women, and generally, the need of being in love all the time, *de die ad diem*.

In this he is a Kentuckian, a cavalier, a hero—among women. His heroines are luscious animals, and yet controlled by the most spiritual ideals. They are fond of the men—but they are fonder than anything of prosing. Some-

times they prose for pages—then Mr. Allen takes up the thread and proeses on—and on—about purity, constancy, nobility, manhood, etc. Sometimes it is very hard to tell who is talking—a character or Mr. Allen.

This is all very southern and Kentuckian. It's the sort of "literature" that country people love,—morality and religion combined with a light flimsy love story, gracefully written, delicately drawn. E. P. Roe made a greater success with his highly moral tales, but Roe had a dramatic instinct, and Mr. Allen has none.

Mr. Allen is a pious essayist, forced into writing novels. His literary father is the sentimental Donald G. Mitchell. Are you fond, my sweet girl, of ideals, moonlight, sunday talks, sentiment, unfortunate love, and sturdy manhood? Read the new Kentucky sentimentalist, who discourses of birds, beasts, flowers, love, and women—and tells you nothing new about any of them—yet fascinates you by his delicate style. Mr. Allen is never coarse or rude. The relations of the sexes is never dwelt upon with amorous motive—yet in the conduct of Daphne and Hillary there is considerable "warmth",—their voluptuousness is nicely glossed over, and the cheek of the average maiden need not be incarnadined in reading it. We must praise Mr. Allen for his sense of the truth in the relationship of the young male and female at that age of burning desire. So many of our novellists ignore it. In the South, probably, a literary artist sees the *indicia* signs of intense passion more frequently than at the North.

Is Mr. Allen a great creative artist? Do his characters live? We are obliged to say that most of them seem very hazy if not moribund. Amy in *The Choir* is touched with life, but the sketch is very lightly done. Mrs. Falconer is very noble, and yet the effort to make her live and *be* is evidently too great a strain for the author. She is a bundle of good traits and nothing more. O'Bannon is a character sketch, the country lout and bumpkin Joker, an attempt at characterization,—and a failure because the lout *says* nothing, he is merely described. Amy is the only person that talks her character. The scene between Amy and John (pp. 220-221) is an unfortunate attempt to indicate power, the author merely shows his dramatic weakness,—but he does in this give a good interpretation of Amy. John is always the prig, always the noble believer in "Man's high faith, the beauty of the right, and the divine supremacy of goodness".

Mr. Allen is hardly a novelist of character, but he is one of the new essay school. It must pain Mr. Howells greatly to see the growth of this school. He abhors Thackeray for his "endless discourses". He must weary of Mr. James Lane Allen, the preacher, *sui generis*.

Yet, if we must have our sermons in stories—Mr. Allen has taste, refinement, delicacy, if he has no genius for characterization, and no sense of local color. He is essentially the preacher for women, for his sense of the *ewige weibliche* is accute. He loves them, but he does not quite paint them. Love begets understanding, and some day he may learn to give us not "bundles of goodness", or "flirt baggages", nor mere faint images—spirits of dead good women—but the reality.

If he is popular, he deserves it. He hits the great religious middle class, and his books will be liked by most respectable women. But alas for the hard fine lines of

genius—the lucidity and dramatic grandeur of Hawthorne, the character painting of Cooper, the psychology of Howells, the metaphysical depth of James—novellists of whom Mr. Allen has been called the superior by pushing advertisers. No, James Lane Allen is not a new great one come among us. Without the chief mark of a great novelist—humor—Mr. Allen can only hope to be classed with Cable, Mrs. Foote, Davis, Miss Murfree and a dozen others. We devoutly wish it were otherwise. His knowledge of nature is at first hand—perhaps he will give us something *a la* John Burroughs later on. But if John Burroughs wrote a novel he would write one quite as sentimental, probably, as Mr. Allen, but he would not turn out a book so devoted to pious homologies. It would be a literary work of real merit; a book in which his sermon would be the more artfully concealed.

We have spoken at length concerning Mr. Allen because his books have been so universally lauded. The truth is his novels will be very apt to bore an ordinary person. They are dull, prolix, there is a lack of wit, of humor, of everything, but descriptions of birds, beasts or scenery and pious exportation. One wonders why they sell—and the publisher answers, "Because they are pious tales and fit to be placed in the hands of youth". We can answer that *In Arcady* was hardly a Sunday School book, yet it had the dull tone of one; and this dull tone is what the great majority loves.

Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. (Harper & Bros.)

Mr. Harry Peck's article in the *Bookman* has had the effect of ranging Mr. Davis, and we now view him as the prophet and poet of the new American High Caste.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlin in the *Contemporary Review* (copied into *Littell*, Aug. 12) prints a careful and intelligent article on the American Caste, and points out how far the real life of the average well-to-do family is from the old idea of "Fourth of July" equality. Mr. Chamberlin treats the matter seriously—Mr. Peck humorously. Mr. Chamberlin attributes to women the chief cause of our aristocratic tendencies. They are ignored in politics—they retaliate unconsciously by changing absolutely the nature of our social life.

The history of our country shows, however, that our aristocratic notions were directly derived from Europe, as in Virginia, and in Massachusetts. The French uprising of 1790-99, and the liberation of the people, made us all equals in theory if not in practice. Today we are not theoretically equals in all that makes life; we all have one vote, that is all. But when it comes to social life we find that we are "excluded" from the "smart set". An insuperable barrier prevents us from attending certain balls, parties, dinners and festivities, or from knowing certain men and women. We find that they are beyond us—they may not have more money than we have—but they are hopelessly "beyond us"—as the English aristocracy is hopelessly beyond the tradesman.

We were amused not long since to observe at a nearby coast watering place, as a lady put it, that possession of "double-chain" harness and a valet constituted the outward and visible signs of the new aristocracy of the place. Four of the handsomest cottages belonged to pill venders, two to soap advertisers; but their trade had no effect upon their

social rank. They drove double chain harness, and were accompanied by footmen, etc., and they rigidly "excluded" the lesser cottage people, and looked with scorn upon the "hotellers". This case was a simple one. The smart set of M. could not hope to commingle with the smart set of Newport—and yet in its own dunghill it is supreme enough. The men are met at the station by dog carts and double chain harness and footmen, etc., and everything is as it should be.

And the women are to blame. No woman was ever a sincere believer in equality. Her husband or son was always superior to her neighbor's, and in every position she is ambitious to lead. Man, in his supposed political sagacity, made a constitution a hundred years ago excluding women from all political participation. Woman has ever since been quietly upsetting it. We now laugh at 4th of July orators—we are engrossed by our efforts to get into the next higher social order, and excluding the lesser lights from our society. If we can sport a valet, our success is reasonably assured—up to the *real* swell set—the set led by Mrs. Astor.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, then, is the apostle of this class which is striving to reach the real smart set. His Van Bibber and Van Bibber's class is easily not the very best; but it is an earnestly pushing class and may get there in time. Meanwhile, it has its valet, its bobtailed horses, dog carts, double chain harness, footmen, etc., and lives in close imitation of the best English style—quite as well, in fact, as that of the smartest set in Newport.

The artist of this class is *par excellence* C. D. Gibson. His girls are very well gowned and his men well dressed. But he is something greater than a fashion-plate sketcher—his faces have souls. He is entitled to rank as the artist of really the smartest possible set—of the Prince of Wales' set, or the best in France. His men are real aristocrats by birth and by feature. Mr. Davis' men are aristocratic in their tendencies so far as can be seen in their annexation of valets, footmen and the like; but they are not of the first water, they are quite too self-conscious, and one feels that their clothes are not worn with the easy freedom of a *real* lord on Regent Street, or Pall Mall. Mr. Davis, as Mr. Peck relates, has been a newspaper reporter all his life and hence is hardly responsible for absolutely correct notions of the manners and customs of our "quality".

We might add that Mr. Davis was graduated from a small fresh water college, where study and work were made more of than clothes and social life, as at Harvard or Yale. Had Mr. Davis been graduated at Harvard, it is doubtful whether it would have promoted his own social rank especially, but it would have given him a stronger light upon our new High Caste, the sons of which are likely to habituate the portals of the Porcellian Club. Not only women, but the college has had an enormous effect upon stimulating our aristocratic tendency. Mr. Davis, however, is fairly outside this; he perceives simply the social tendency of our cities and our suburban Paradises.

In his *Soldiers of Fortune*, Mr. Davis has placed his new aristocrats in perilous circumstances, and surrounded them by revolutionary catastrophes—they never cease to be "Ladies and Gentlemen"—they joke and conduct themselves in a refined way, perfectly allied to the best of the conduct of the Newport set, or the Prince of Wales' set, or any good English set. The valet appears. The clothes are *comme il*

fast. The string of medals across the hero's shirt front are as honorable as any medals worn by a foreign diplomat. We deal only with the new aristocrats, and we observe in what a "stunning" way they conduct themselves in peril, and how incidentally they amass their fortune.

So then, an end of our early "equality"—and a beginning of our "quality", and Mr. Davis is quite capable of enthusing us to such a degree that we will gladly stand one side, take off our hats—*nouvelle noblesse oblige!* The scramble to get into the smartest set of the vicinage is now going on. Watch the manoeuvres of Mrs. Dash and Madame Getthere. Note the scheming mothers who send their little girls to the very swellest dancing classes, at the swellest hours. Observe the new aristocracy, and the way their doings are written up in the yellow newspapers.

Meanwhile, to be strictly serious, the common people are supposed to be growling and boiling and bubbling very much after the manner, say, of the *Sans Culottes*, of Paris. Some day, in a vast seething upheaval, this new aristocracy will have a tumble, and a new Robespierre will gleefully proceed to guillotine the heads of some of the Vanderbilts and Astors, and burn some of the pretty cottages at Newport. Edward Bellamy, prophet, is sure of this; Mr. Harding Davis, *raconteur*, is unmindful of catastrophe. As our "best" people are today, he and Mr. Gibson see them with remarkably accurate eyes.

Some Modern Heretics. Cora Maynard. (Boston: Roberts Bros.)

Here we have a "Complete Encyclopedia of Modern Fiction."—They are all here! The grasping conscienceless millionaire, the coldly fashionable maiden aunt, the worldly young daughter, also the noble and beautiful daughter with aspirations towards a higher life, the dissolute young man of fashion, the injured and innocent working girl (victim of dissolute young man of fashion), the religious fanatic, the passionate young painter, the Salvation Army enthusiast, the patriarchal father of the "Hazel Kirke" type, the unscrupulous litigant with spurious claims, the desperate victim of unrequited affection; and lastly, the modern apostle of all that is highest and noblest and best in literature and art and ethics. The last enamoured of the beautiful daughter of the grasping millionaire.—This may sound like a base plagiarism on "The House that Jack built", but perish the thought.

Vida Radcliffe, the heroine, the pampered child of wealth and fashion, has a series of the most thrilling and remarkable adventures that it is possible to conceive. Her first escapade is to be rescued by the apostle, etc., from a brutal ruffian while sitting on a public bench in Central Park in the middle of a spring afternoon—(Oh! where, oh! where had the "Sparrow Cops" gone?) Her next hair breadth escape is from a burning theatre.—She is then thrown violently from a carriage, but fortunately sustains no injury to her beauty. Then at great personal risk she saves two children from drowning. Growing more ambitious, she rescues a young woman who is attempting suicide. She has innumerable stormy scenes with the different members of her family, presumably just to keep her hand in for fear she should forget to "aspire":—were she not a "heroine" of such very lofty aspirations we should be tempted to call them "squabbles".

There seems to be nothing that Miss Cora Maynard does not touch, though it cannot be said she adorns all she touches.

Politics, law, ethics, socialism, religion, art, literature, economics—none of these seem too lofty or too intricate or too sacred for her to grapple with; even the much discussed divorce question has a hearing. As for the plot, if one can call such a lagging sequence of events a plot, it is involved, tiresome and uninteresting both in conception and in treatment. Such slight action as the story might possess is constantly interrupted by long dissertations on the aforesaid "topics of the day".

And so the book maunders on through some 380 odd pages of very beautiful type on very good paper; the whole having an extremely tasteful cover and a most artistic title page that is worthy of better things.

Ugly Idol. By Claude Nicholson. (Roberts Bros., Boston.)

This is one of the books that seem to have absolutely no *raison d'être*; it is neither entertaining, edifying nor instructive. It is the story of a most unpleasant, selfish old man, who ruins the lives of everyone with whom he comes in contact, for which inestimable kindness he is adored by everyone in return. There is also a young artist who figures as "first walking gentleman"; a most impossible and objectionable person, whose genius privileges him to divorce a beautiful young woman in order that he may study the expression of despair on her seraphic countenance and perpetuate it in paint.

The whole book is morbid and unhealthy in tone, forced and artificial in manner. Of course, all the people in the world are not good, nor are they all interesting; but when we select a few and group them into a novel, in Heaven's name let them be one or the other. The characters in "Ugly Idol" are mostly bad and entirely dull; they are all elusive, intangible and artificial.

If only the whole book had been up to the level of the first few pages *there* would have been life. Those people passing in that crowded street, of whom we catch but a passing glance, *live*—we see them, know them, *feel* them with far more conviction than all his characters that he has been at such pains to elaborate. Only a passing touch, only a hurried glance, but it bears the ring of truth, and that is what the rest of the book lacks. Mr. Strode and his son Gilbert do not ring true either in their vices or their virtues, they are false, inartistic and unnatural. There has been an attempt to create an artistic atmosphere in which the bourgeoisie wife of Gilbert Strode should appear awkward and out of place; this is a most dismal failure.—The wife of Gilbert Strode would seem out of place in any atmosphere, and anyone, bourgeoisie or otherwise, would seem out of place in the unwholesome, degenerate atmosphere of this most unnatural book.

Estabelle, and other Verse. John Stuart Thomson. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto)

Mr. Thomson is a young minor poet from Canada, whose verse in the *Chap Book*, *Peterson*, and other magazines has given him a modicum of fame. His verse is refined, delicate and graceful, as for example:

"The holy note of Summer bird
The rare, suspended hour of noon,
The noiseless straying of the herd;—
These consecrate the month of June.

The poets flourish, they say, on hard times. The hard times which are *still present* have not furnished a better poet of feeling than Mr. Thomson.

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THE BACHELOR OF ARTS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO UNIVERSITY INTERESTS
AND GENERAL LITERATURE



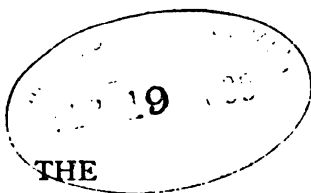
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BACHELOR OF ARTS.

VOL. IV.

February, 1898.

No. 6.

THE AMERICAN HENLEY IDEA.

THE BACHELOR OF ARTS first suggested the plan of an American Henley at New London, in June, 1896. We then said:

"We would like to see a week of rowing in which, as at Henley, the crack amateur crews of Canada and the United States could have a place in competition with college crews. The American Amateur Association now holds its regatta in August—too late for college crews. We would like to see any college crew of four, six or eight compete against any amateur crew, and we would like to see the occasion made an annual affair. It could be held after the college long vacation had begun, and there would be no interference with study. 'Varsity crews could enter, if they desired to do so, as individuals. Class crews or club crews in college could enter as at Henley. The stewards could be chosen from among responsible New London citizens and college alumni."

This plan we followed up with an article by S. Scoville, Jr., in the August number of 1896.

The *Harvard Crimson*, of December 10, published a communication from Coach Lehman on the subject, as follows:

"With regard to what is called an 'Ameri-

can Henley,' I note that various opinions and declarations have been attributed to me, all more or less incorrectly. One of the Boston papers this morning quotes me as having made certain remarks on this point. I never made them. Indeed, I have not been interviewed with reference to the subject since I landed, early in November.

"Those who speak of an 'American Henley' do not appear to me to understand quite what our English Henley is. The regatta in England is not held jointly with any collegiate association or any special body of affiliated clubs. Subject to the amateur definition, the big events for eights, fours, pairs and singles are open to the whole world. The colleges (but not the university boat clubs) of Oxford and Cambridge compete at Henley. So does the Leander Club, which is formed almost entirely of Oxford and Cambridge men. Among other competitors may be mentioned the London Rowing Club, the Thames Rowing Club, the Kingston Rowing Club, the Moulsey Boat Club, the Royal Chester Boat Club, and the schoolboy clubs of Eton and Radley.

• "The course is 1 mile and 550 yards long, and the water is non-tidal. The level of the water is, therefore, during the regatta unvarying, and the direction of the stream is always the same. The race between Oxford and Cambridge over the tidal course, from Putney to Mortlake ($4\frac{1}{4}$ miles), is held just before Easter. The college races at Oxford are held toward the end of May; at Cambridge in the beginning of June. Henley regatta usually begins about July 9. There is, therefore, plenty of time for colleges which have been successful in their local races to reform their

crews and send them to Henley. These university men, who may not be rowing in a college crew entered at Henley, can be and often are drafted into the crews of the *Leander*, London, Thames or Kingston clubs.

"Though it would undoubtedly be possible to establish in this country a series of college races which should result in bringing together the two best college crews of the year over a four-mile course, these contests would not in any way resemble the Henley regatta. The nearest analogy to our Henley would be brought about if, for instance, the rowing colleges of America were to enter crews at the annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen of this country. I do not express, nor have I expressed, any opinion as to the desirability of establishing an 'American Henley' or a general intercollegiate regatta. There are obvious difficulties in the way, and not the least of these is the lack of any general desire among American university men for the establishment of such a regatta."

We are of the opinion that if an 'American Henley' was once established, the college rowing men would be very glad to avail themselves of it. Of course, as is well known, college men are apt to be very conservative in athletic matters, and such an annual affair would have to be the result of the enterprise of New London people. Gradually one college after another would enter crews, in order to gain the prizes offered.

We feel certain that a regatta week, energetically conducted, would very soon become a success. We have advocated it because we believed it would be the very best thing for American rowing, and in the present agitation

in its behalf we wish to add our word of assistance. Mr. Lehman voices the feeling of Harvard men, but not necessarily of Yale or Cornell men. As we have said, if New London will offer proper inducements, build suitable boat-houses and accommodations, and offer first-class prizes, the new American Henley is bound to be a success.

We ardently hope that the colleges will agree to send crews to New London, and that the big university races will ultimately be made but one or two days' part of the week's contests.

By all means let us have a regatta week at New London!

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Maligned and laughed to scorn by servile rote
Of those who hold the nation's shame their due,
Serene, like great men, hero of the Few,
Thou dost abide the Many's final vote.
One of the people, thou couldst never dote
Upon their whim, to their best moments true,
Loving King Demos and his fickle crew,
Couldst take him by the hand or by the throat.

Guiding the Many thou hast also led
The Few to share thy quenchless faith in man;
Children of those who scoff with reverent head
Will follow whither thou hast shown the van.
Believer great, since Lincoln's spirit fled
First democrat and First American!

WILBUR LARREMORE.

THE NEW SOUTH.

PART I.

A few months ago I re-read "Uncle Tom's Cabin", and again admired the power of the gifted New England woman to depict the phases of the old Southern life before the war—the St. Clares, the New Orleans social life, the ruffian Legree, the varieties of slavery's details of horror—and from the way the book kept me reading, nearly all one night, I may say, in spite of its preaching and its overdone little Eva, I felt that there was reason enough for its wonderful vogue in years past. The book hit fairly and squarely the heart of the American religious people, at a time when "society", so called, was purely sectarian. The slave, viewed as possessing a soul to be saved, and one who "across the river" would be likely to wear as brilliant raiment, and twang as loud a harp as any white slave-owner, was a new person, a new idea of a soul,—Uncle Tom with his Bible caught the public religious eye—and Mrs. Stowe ought to be immortalized for this alone. It was not until the religious element perceived the value of these souls as souls that agitation for their emancipation began.

What occurred? The Civil War, the bitter punishment of the South in loss of capital and blood, the terrible retribution for the one hundred years of slavery was considered as the direct infliction of a just God. The kind-hearted and the brutal slave-owner suffered alike. Houses, lands, property, life were destroyed. What is called the New South has

grown up the last thirty years, and few traces of the old slavery horrors remain. One may travel through the Southern States and see many signs of new half-baked civilization, the new enterprise backed by Northern capital, the new life of white and black, and observe few traces of the old *régime*. The negro is still regarded by the white citizen as inferior, lazy, thievish, and without any ambition. In most States free education is now afforded the negro for at least three months of the year, but in few is education compulsory. The result is that the negroes, some few of them, eagerly accept the opportunity of self-improvement, but most remain but a short time in the schools, as the steady effort to learn soon becomes wearisome. This is also true of the poor white population.

Of one hundred negroes of thirty years of age, in North Carolina, for example, perhaps five may know how to read and write. The rest are no further ahead, as far as education goes, than they were in 1860. They live in little log-cabin huts, do odd jobs, sometimes own a little land, which they cultivate; but how they manage to support their families, sometimes of six, eight, or a dozen children, it is difficult to say.

We stopped and went into one of these negro huts near Webster, in Jackson County, N. C. An open fireplace afforded the good-natured old negro mammy her culinary opportunities; a half-dozen little pickaninnies hid behind their mother's skirts, a box, a broken settee, a cupboard, some kindlings heaped in a corner, a bed covered with old and dirty bedclothes. The rough board door with

leathern hinges opened into another room, where one could see another box-like bed filled with more dirty old bedclothing. The floors of the hut were planks laid on the earth.

A pretty little woolly-headed pickaninny, holding a clay bank in her hands, barefooted, and yet cleanly dressed, begged us for pennies.

"What for, little girl?"

"Fo' de Baptis' church."

"Where is the church?"

"Ovah on de hill, sah."

"Are you a Baptist?"

"Oh, yessah. We's all Baptists, we is."

"Where did you get that clay bank?"

"Brudder Pearce, he give it to me, sah, fo' to rase de mon foh de chu'ch, sah."

We gave her a small piece of silver, and her black eyes glistened. A cunninger, more fascinating little darky girl never lived, yet, poor child, how sadly futureless!

Now and then a negro will get together a little property, perhaps a thousand dollars or so, a team of mules, a few cows, a dozen chickens. He is the exception. His reputation among the poor whites and other negroes will be of the first quality, but it tends to isolate him, and many of his race regard him with disfavor as being "uppish".

A native told me (between liberal squirts of tobacco-juice) that when a "nigger" got sent to the penitentiary for stealing it was usually "a stepping-stone for political preferment, sir." When the negro returned from prison he generally became a noted character, and so turned politician.

An old inhabitant said: "I don't think the

negro, in many ways, is any better off than in slave times. He won't work unless he is starved into it. He is shiftless and lazy. He's got to be kept under, sir. You've got to make him see you're his master. He can be trusted up to a certain extent; but go off an' leave him in charge of your house, sir, and in a little while he'll be wearin' your clothes, sir, and smokin' your cigars, an' lord-in' it over everybody. It's his nature, sir. He hain't got any original moral sense. No, sir."

Some of the negroes we saw were handsome, even magnificent specimens of humanity. Emancipation and the franchise have given them the privilege at least of growing up perfect human specimens—magnificent bronzes.

A girl servant in a house where we visited attracted us by her really beautiful figure and proportions—tall, Amazonian, handsome, a princess of her dark race; the most splendid teeth, unmixed African features; no white blood in *her*. Of another sort, I learned the following to be a true story, which occurred only a few years ago.

THE STORY OF ROSE DURHAM.

As I have premised, this is a true story (except names and places), vouched for by worthy and respectable people, and I can see no reason to doubt it, anyway. It seems real enough.

The old Durham seat near Raleigh, like that of Westover or Brandon, near Richmond, is famous the world over. The large brick mansion stands on an elevation above the Neuse River, and its white cupola can be seen for many miles around above the tree-tops. The name Durham is familiar on packages of

smoking tobacco, and has descended to a most aristocratic breed of cows; but the old primal race in North Carolina is now extinct, except, it seems, in one branch of the family which still lives in sight of the old white cupola, though distant several miles to the eastward—the branch that a hundred years ago filtered into the slave Emma, a queen once in Africa, a person, it was said, of most distinguished ebony presence, and bore final fruit in the beautiful Rose Durham.

The name Rose was appropriate to her. Her complexion was fair as many white girls'. White blood ran in her veins at the exact ratio, to put it mathematically, of 16 to 1.

In the immediate neighborhood where Rose was brought up her family held an honorable position. Her father was State Senator for two terms.

Yet they remained in a curious class by themselves, not visited by the best white families, and not, of course, visiting the blacks. Rose was well educated in a Northern school, where she lived three years and was considered and believed to be a pure white. She enjoyed life, flirted with several students, fell in love half a dozen times, and fell out again, and finally returned to the North Carolina home with rather a sad heart. Her father was unwilling to have his daughter and only child support herself by teaching as she wished to do in a Northern city. He could give her a comfortable home, besides, he was ambitious and growing well-to-do. He had his eye on Congress. Rose could only return his generosity to her in giving her a finished education by living at home and doing her parents credit. His

ambitions led him to hope that one of the aristocratic scions of the old house of Durham, or some other scion of ancient lineage, might some day marry her. This was his dream. He counted on his daughter's well-known beauty and on her new education for attracting the young men. A great many called when she returned — almost no women, but the men were enthusiastic.

Her social position, her father realized after a time, was not much improved by her education in New England.

Women are usually severe upon other women, and Rose met with cold stares, and in one or two cases open snubs. "The idea of a niggah-gal puttin' on such aiahs!" they said, "an' holdin' herself out to be white, like we-uns!" Her father was obliged to order one Ned Scovel, a rakish, daredevil sort of a fellow, son of one of the F. F.'s, out of the house one evening. Scovel was intoxicated, and said and did things that were unbearable. Rose escaped upstairs to her mother. Her father had "words" with Scovel, and the latter cut him across the face with his riding-whip.

Mr. Durham had a good quantity of old Kentuck fighting blood in his veins, and he thrashed Scovel thoroughly and threw him out. Scovel swore vengeance. His friends took his side. Stories harmful to Rose's character began to be circulated.

A young neighbor by the name of Kemble became infatuated with Rose, and yet when marriage was talked of delayed matters.

Rose was a dashing rider, and were it not for the "taint" in her blood would have been the toast of the county. As it was most of

the men stood about waiting, as they said, to see her "bolt" some day. They knew very well that no native would ever offer her lawful and honorable marriage.

Kemble pleaded on his knees, but Rose sighed, and answered with, "If you love me, you'll marry me;" and Kemble was more than half minded to risk the innuendoes, the covert smiles—yes, the social ostracism of a marriage with a "niggah".

She was really a charming girl, fond of society, fond of having a good time, and entirely innocent. At the North she had had things socially all her own way. She longed to return and escape the odium of the "taint".

"Would you conceal your blood," asked her father one day, "if you should go North again and become a teacher, as you wish to do, Rose?"

"I should not say a word about it. It has done me harm enough," she replied.

"But if a gentleman should offer to marry you, would you tell the truth?"

"If I loved him and he me. I would wait a long time until I could know that he would not give me up if—"

"It would be your duty, my girl, to tell him the truth."

"The truth! What a horrible thing it is! I don't believe I shall ever marry at all. Is it a crime to be descended from a royal African line? Cleopatra was an African."

Her father bowed his head on his hands. Their pleasant home and comfortably furnished house, full of books and pictures, and all in excellent taste, he had toiled and struggled with his wife (a full-blooded white woman

of respectable farmer family from Illinois) to establish himself where he was born and his fathers before him—white men, all of them—and he had succeeded at least financially.

"That's the reason I can't live here," she said. "How has it been the last two years? The men follow me like so many dogs. The women tell lies about me. I hate the place. Poor father! You built all your hopes on me. Well, you see how it is. You and I cannot help it. But is it not better to give me up? Let me go North, where I am unknown. I will make a good match. I will bring my husband down here for them to see. He shall have money. He will be rich enough to make them all respect him. Depend on me, my poor, dear father!"

Her father looked at her steadily a few moments.

"You are beautiful," he said. "You are worthy of the love of the best blood in the South. Yes, and some of the best blood flows in your veins, too!"

"But would you use me as a lever to pry up this undying prejudice?"

"By God! No! You are right. You must not stay here any longer to be insulted. I am satisfied of that. But I am unwilling to leave. I am well off. I want to stay and fight it out. My political prospects are very bright. Republicanism is gaining ground in the South, which is beginning to see that it wants what New England wants—protection. The solid South is splitting up. Now you might compromise by going, we will say, to Asheville. Nearly all Northerners there. You and your mother quietly go there. We will see to it

that no one here shall know where you are bound. We will say a week in Washington first. You can forward your letters to your Uncle Henry, who lives there, to be sent to me."

"Asheville? I should love to visit Asheville, with its beautiful scenery."

"Very well, you shall do so for a year. And if in that time you marry a Northerner, an honest, manly, loving, and honorable young man, I don't care whether he is rich or not. But, my dear Rose, I speak plainly. I am anxious to have you marry a Northern white man. The perils which surround you here are very great. I lie awake long nights thinking of you."

"My mother married you, dear father. If a negro whom I could respect—"

"No! No! That I can't endure."

"Father, have you not this same prejudice of race which you affect to despise in others?" And Rose caught her father's head in her arms and kissed him, laughing merrily. She had no thoughts of marrying an African.

So it was arranged that Rose and her mother should visit Washington and Asheville. They stole away from home secretly, going direct to Washington, where they spent their first week in sightseeing.

In Washington Rose said: "What a relief it is to be in a place where there is no cloud! I think in Raleigh I feel very much as a girl must feel who has been disgraced. I know it is not a disgrace, but yet I feel it so. Here I am every girl's equal."

It may be said that in Washington the

mother and daughter indulged in some new clothes as well.

They met many people at their hotel, and instantly Rose's beauty made her friends. Flowers were laid at her breakfast-plate. Her mother played the dragon to perfection. Their stay was enlivened by theatre parties, riding parties, boating parties. Rose was presented at the White House by a North Carolina Senator, who good-naturedly kept her secret. He felt proud of the lovely girl, "as a Noth Carilanny product, sir."

She was a clever girl, high-spirited, charming, and "good company". • She could imitate the darky dialect to perfection. Yet in the midst of the greatest jollity sometimes she would rise and leave the room with a sad face. The feeling would come over her. "How unreal it all is! I am acting a lie. They would despise me if—"

She was glad when they left Washington for Asheville. In Washington there were beginning to be complications.

Harold Weston, a young graduate of Harvard, was visiting a classmate whose father was a member of the Cabinet. He first saw Rose one afternoon as she entered the portals of the magnificent new library of Congress. He saw her face light up with wonder and appreciation of the beautiful interior.

The golden afternoon sun was pouring in the gorgeous windows, and gave Rose's face a tint of gold as she entered. Harold said to his friend:

"There's a girl whose face is more beautiful than any painting in this building."

"That's not saying much!" said the friend.

He stood about at a respectful distance watching her and her mother and a friend who was playing the part of cicerone, and who spoke of the decorations patronizingly.

He felt that the girl's extraordinary beauty deserved respectful worship. Whoever she was, she was unique. Her coloring was something wonderful.

Harold came from a long line of Puritan ancestors. He was rich, a student, fastidious, and yet susceptible. He claimed to be a connoisseur in girls, and to have learned to despise most of them as silly creatures.

He contrived to follow her up to the marble staircase, so that she would not see that he was following her. But she turned, and taking her stand upon the patterned and incised inlays of brass, she stood surveying the gorgeous entrance. The large raised disk or conventional sun she stood upon with her two small feet, as if finding in the yellow brass something sunlike and golden like herself.

Harold was noticed. Rose turned her back on him abruptly. She wore a new and becoming gown, and her figure was charmingly rounded. Among all those rather robust portraits of "Painting," "Architecture," "Religion," and the like, florid maidens with dark skins, she stood for Harold a model of all the beautiful train. She held the handbook of the library in her hand, and was engaged apparently in most intent study of the elaborated balustrade. Harold smiled.

A negro, a swarthy African, but well enough dressed, brushed past her. She drew in her skirts disdainfully and joined her mother, looking casually at Harold.

He thought: "She's Southern, and disdains the negro. What pride in her glance! She is stunningly handsome. This library has educated me up to her with all its varieties of female form divine! *She* is the climax! The New South is in her veins. She walks like a goddess; and, too, an intellect there."

"She certainly is Southern," said his friend, joining him, "but her forehead is high, and she isn't *all* feeling—I should say Northern blood and Cuban."

"A lovely Creole!"

"No, her features are too regular. I should say she was Georgian. I've seen that complexion in Savannah—matched it in New Orleans, too. I like the girl's *élan*, yet I dare say she is a flirt. She looked at me out of the corners of her dark eyes."

"She probably thinks we are very impertinent."

"She will prefer to be noticed rather than suffer our indifference."

"I wish I knew her."

"I know the gentleman with her and her mother, but not well enough to ask him to present us."

Harold Weston expressed his regret.

The two young men followed the Durhams up the splendid staircase. Harold repeated one of the mottoes on the walls, "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.' Ah, that is she—the girl is truth." Yet his eye fell on Reid's picture of "Touch," a girl whose features were not dissimilar to Rose's, but whose expression betrayed a lower nature.

Presently *their* friend spoke to Harold's friend. Names are unimportant. They chat-

ted. It was found that Harold was bound for the mountains of Asheville. Miss Durham was going thither. An introduction followed.

"From Boston! I was at school in Massachusetts," exclaimed Rose.

"But you are Southern?" asked Harold.

"North Caralinnny. Isn't the library heavenly?"

"Yes, peopled by you and—all the other Graces!"

"Do you see my portrait?"

Harold wickedly picked out a lovely nudity by Kenyon Cox.

Rose fired, then said calmly: "I notice that everything in art and science is feminine. Not a man to be seen."

"The girls, one may say, are the flowers of all things under the sun—the flower of art, poetry, the most beautiful and satisfactory end of everything man does—his *finale*, as it was that of the Creator once upon a time."

"This library decoration then, is men's compliment to us. Men mean that we are merely good for models, mere pictures. Men do the work." She smiled.

"And women sit about and criticise."

"We are useless beings!" she sighed.

"You keep art alive."

"We are passive instruments. We wish to be more active; but if we are active, we don't succeed."

They proceeded around the already famous corridors of the second story, through the lovely pavilions—the pavilion of the Discoverers, of the Seals, hardly noticing the walls or ceilings. The others were left far in the rear.

"I like to think I first met you in this temple of loveliness," he said.

"It will be pleasant to remember always," she replied.

"We will discuss the æsthetic details at Asheville," he laughed.

"Yes, but I fear our memories will not have died out by that time."

He gave her a glance full of meaning.

The others joined them. Rose's face was beaming with animation. Harold Weston was a tall, handsome fellow. He was the "kind she liked". Athletics at Harvard had left him uninjured, for they had not coarsened his nature, and he showed in his face gentle breeding, if not great strength of character.

He was a Harvard man with the distinct finish and cultivated manner that Harvard gives. His clothes were quiet—English like. He spoke in low gentlemanly tones.

They parted at the Library door with mutual admiration.

PART II.

The North has only a personal and physical race objection to the negro. The South has not this prejudice, but has a political and social objection. The South rears its children in the old "Mammy's" lap, and it is used to the negroes and their peculiar habits, animalism, odors, and the like.

The negro's present condition is that of uncertainty. Thirty thousand have been graduated from college since wartimes by the expenditure of Northern capital. These college graduates have a hard time to make a living since race prejudice prevents competition with white professionals. They would be better off

if taught and given industrial and mechanical training. The army, the navy, the law or medicine seem to offer closed doors to negroes.*

Recently a colored lad was appointed to a cadetship at Annapolis. He failed on a competitive examination. As long ago as 1874 Yale graduated a negro, who was tolerated in his class by reason of true merit.

The Yale negro did not mingle socially with his classmates, but lived at home with his mother, and attended recitations merely.

A few years later, a white student at Harvard made himself disliked by his advocacy of negro social equality—which theory he practically illustrated by rooming with a negro and losing caste thereby. All the societies considered him socially disgraced. Students from all the states of the Union agreed on one thing, twenty-five years after the war—for and on account of the negro—was over, that race prejudice was a reality—and this was concurred in by their parents and guardians.

The colored cadet at Annapolis will have a hard time of it we predict. At Yale a negro could live apart in the City of New Haven. At Annapolis the negro cadet must have his room with some white classmate.

But let us return to our story of Rose Durham.

The fifth day at Asheville was fair and the flowers were out in the woods. The leaves had that first freshness of Spring in which yellow predominated over green. The grass

* Negroes are eligible to West Point and Annapolis, but they are not desired.—Ed.

was velvet under their feet. The skies very blue—the Smoky Mountains lay like a vast heaving sea in the grey distance.

To them both love—romantic love—was dawning. Love in which passion plays a part. Love which feels—does not discriminate. He was not accustomed to the feeling. It was new to him. It seemed as if he was on the eve of being absorbed. His boy loves had been far from being “passions”,—owing partly to the correct deportment of young girls in New England—and to his own nature, inclined to be cool.

Here was a beautiful girl whose lips, eyes, full bosom, and expression spoke of human passion and love. She blushed or smiled quickly, her eyes danced as did her little feet. She undulated through the tall grass as they walked together, full of happy laughter and absurd speeches.

How becoming was that slight yellow tint in her as in the leaves of Spring the tint of yellow in the green!

Did her very voluptuousness—the South in her veins warn him? He found that he wished that it need not be cold-blooded marriage If he was too inexperienced to realize that intense zest for a woman to be won without her interposing the icy river of “Conjugal Relations”—and the other relations—aunts, uncles, a father, a mother; had he the knowledge of 40 with the eagerness of 25!—yet he seemed to realize in this girl that it was not the daily married life, the Home with her, he sought.

Wholly the temporary possession—without a care as to the resulting consequences to either, flowers—scents—music—love—passion’s fire

—an anthropological desire for her, the glorious young woman, ripe for love!—seized him. A youthful, natural desire—even if deemed improper by everybody.

Yet he restrained himself, talked of the climate of Asheville as they walked; its stupidity; the prevalence of consumptives. Her answers, like his, were laughably inconsequent. The undercurrent of love for the first man she felt she 'could let herself go' with, yes, his self-repression egged her on. Had he not told her he planned to go to Florida?—and here he was still in Asheville! He was handsome—athletic—a young man of the world. As different from the swash bucklers of her native state, as man from the Angels. No coarseness in him; no too great fastidiousness. His silver cigarette case and monogram, his match-safe of gold; his well fitting English clothes,—the cut of his hair, well smoothed down from its middle part; his hands, strong, as if he had worked hard—*not a hoe-handle*—but an oar!

He brought a breath of swelldom to her starved life. In him she pictured yachts, horses, country houses, the life of great cities. He was in her dreams since the day she had met him in the New Library. His honorable wife would delight in returning to North Carolina, and flouting and disdaining the Raleigh belles and beaux!

Everything whirled her along and yet kept her mouth closed. He seemed to be in love,—he had followed her. Climbing the zig-zag railway grades up the mountains to Asheville they had stood alone on the back platform of the car and watched a lovely fountain, rain-bowed in the sunlight, from a dozen points of

view far below. Once he had put his arm about her to "steady" her, as he said, and she had nestled to him, while he talked of grades, and engineering. She had wished he would whisper a little love. She reasoned that his engineering talk probably meant love,—but it was so dry!

Now on the second day in Asheville—and he had not proposed—she would delay no longer. She would force him to declare himself. Yet he seemed stubborn—she was almost going to say, "He's a chump." He *would* talk of distant subjects. They came in sight of Biltmore, the caprice of an American prince. The turrets and towers of the distant grey stone chateau seemed to draw his attention to a new idea. He dilated upon the wisdom of founding a family and uniting wealth in one channel. There was a Miss Paulina Griggs at the Kenilworth Hotel, who was reputed to be worth several millions.

"You—you ought to be talking with that adorable Miss Griggs at this very moment," she said.

"She squints—she's a fool besides—"

"But wealth. I am not worth while—"

"You are exquisite this morning—in that white dress—"

"You would soon tire of good looks—and yet—"

She turned aside her head, deftly.

"What, Rose?"

It was not the first time he had called her by her first name. But she blushed with pleasure.

"I thought you were different. I said,

‘*There is a man who is above money, above everything that is common.*’”

“Above good looks?”

“Yes.”

He put his arm about her as they advanced beneath some scrub pines. His face above hers, he said: “Above beauty!” and they kissed.

It was what she wished!

A few moments later, Rose said, “It is wrong. We must be more distant. It won’t do. The first thing we know—”

She paused, looking down, blushing.

Her hat he held in her two slender hands. Her beautiful dark hair shone in the glancing sunlight.

He gazed at her as if he already owned her—had but to say the word, and she was his. It provoked her to a lie, to test him.

“I must not, I am another’s. A man in New Orleans. He loves me. Awfully rich.”

“No ring?”

She held up a small diamond, her father had bestowed.

“It is small,” she said, “because I wished it. Later on there will be plenty.”

“Oh Rose—I love you so!” His face was full of despair.

The game *was* a success! She blushed.

“You must not!”

“You shall be my wife!”

Rose sang the verse of a song. “Wife” sounded like such heavenly, enchanting music!

Harold was very much in earnest now. She was then no ripe cherry ready to drop. “She belonged to another.” He would crush the hopes of that “other”, in New Orleans.

There followed another kissing bout. Her arms stole about his neck. "I love you," she whispered, "but it is all so wrong."

"With this man—"

"My mother insists, he is my father's friend. She will not hear to my marrying you, or anyone else, Harold."

"Well," he said, rather meekly, hesitatingly. Her eyes flashed indignantly a moment. Her fish was not very gamey, it seemed. A chump!

She walked along a little pathway, and they came suddenly, behind some bushes, upon a party of young men from Asheville engaged in a sportive cock fight. As this had to be conducted surreptitiously for fear of sheriffs, the young fellows had sought this particular out of the way patch of pine woods. Harold nodded to one or two friends, several came up and were presented to Rose. They begged her to stop and see the pride of Jackson county—a black beauty of a "chicken", taken down by the "red hero of Asheville". A saturnine gentleman in top boots was engaged in fitting steel gaffs upon the heels of the Jackson County bird, and who, they said, had recently served a term in jail. The Asheville red hero was already booted and spurred, and crowing. Here were forty gentlemen—many guests at the hotels—engaged in this unlawful destruction of game cocks. The bloody bodies of four birds lay under a tree, the hound sniffing at their gallant butchered bodies. Rose, Southern bred, saw no reason why they should not stop and see the fight. Harold was for going on.

A very "sporty" gentleman from New Orleans, a Mr. Black, a wealthy planter, bet \$100

on the Asheville bird, and everyone else began to bet at once eagerly.

Jackson County was represented by a Colonel Parris, a thin, dyspeptic, keen-eyed, lank young man who might have been, for all the world, a Connecticut Yankee schoolmaster.

"I'll put up \$25 for the lady—extra," cried Mr. Black to Colonel Parris.

"Cert., for the lady, \$25," remarked the latter, letting fly a spurt of tobacco juice.

"So, Miss Durham, you will be \$25 better off whichever way the fight goes!" laughed Harold.

"Asheville forever!" cried Rose, clapping her hands. "I'm for the sport! The birds like it!"

Mr. Black and "Cunnle" Parris were each duly presented. Mr. Black remarked that he liked a girl with true sporting blood in her veins. "Cunnle" Parris offered a glass of punch, which Rose tossed off, with a fine flourish, not turning a hair.

That this was displeasing to Harold could readily be seen. Rose had little sense of propriety—a wife who would lead him a dance!

The birds were set opposite one another by their handlers. They stood for a moment beak to beak. Then they flew up in the air striking rapidly, like keen swordsmen. The breasts of both were soon bloody. But round first ended with both birds "even"—i. e., neither had given the other a deadly thrust. Both badly cut, however, and bleeding.

More bets were made, while the handlers lifted their birds' beaks, stretched their necks, and got all the air into their lungs and whis-

key into their stomachs possible, and the fight was renewed.

A desperate onset led to the combatants being "hung"—that is the gaff of the red hero of Asheville was driven through the back of the Jackson County bird, and as it penetrated no vital part was carefully drawn out again by the referee, and the fight began again.

But not for long. Jackson County got his spur through the red hero's throat and the latter choked, rose, fought, choked, fell, got up, drove his spur in a dying effort into Jackson's heart. Both birds fell over. Then a queer thing happened, the Asheville hero got up, and standing on the conquered body of the Jackson bird, crowed twice and fell over dead.

"By God—that's sporting blood!" cried Mr. Black. Rose Durham clapped her hands.

"Splendid! Brave old bird!" she cried.

"Cunne" Parris handed her twenty-five dollars which she pocketed, nonchalantly. Quite Southern,—entirely proper!

This was more distasteful to Harold, who had his ideas as to women's betting. In Boston, Rose's conduct would have been declared "*horrid*". The fights were soon over, and he tried to get her away. But a pretty dashing girl must have her homage from these brave sporting men. They surrounding her, toasted her, sang a jolly song around her, and would hardly let her go.

Mr. Black insisted on driving her home in his carriage. She laughingly consented. Harold looked daggers. She went, nevertheless, throwing a kiss to him.

Harold looked a personified curse.

That night there was a ball at the Hetherington Hotel. Rose went with her mother. No girl ever was prettier, more charming,—more of a belle. There were beauties from Richmond, from Baltimore, from Philadelphia. Rose outshone them all.

Harold was graciously given a dance or two. But he wasn't the "only pebble on the beach", as Mr. Black observed, laughingly.

Upon the veranda, out under the glorious moon which made the night day, and caused Harold to say prosily, "Your shoulders shine like marble." Rose said, after a pause:

"I fear we must part. My mother is going home day after to-morrow. *He* is coming . . . I shall be married in a month—"

"Rose—"

"To a man I never can love."

"Rose—I—can't let you—"

"You! You haven't the spirit to prevent."

Her dark eyes taunted him.

"Will you dare what I dare?" he asked, excitedly. He'd been in a fever all day.

"What is that?" she asked, demurely.

"*Will you run away with me?* We can be married in Knoxville or Chattanooga."

"Have you the courage?"

"Courage! Courage to win the dearest girl in the world—"

Oh, if she had dared to tell him the secret of her birth *then!* He might have forgiven it—possibly. He was very eager—insistent.

"I love you, Harold!"

"Well, then, it's settled."

"Do you love me, truly?"

"You are beautiful, my darling."

"Have you the courage to love me—always—no matter what is said?"

"What a queer question, Rose. Do you doubt my pluck? I'm not Southern but—"

"I don't care for that. What I mean is—"

"You *do* doubt my pluck. Very well—go pack your trunk to-night and meet me to-morrow at the station, the noon train."

She hung on his neck. "To be my husband—you do need pluck! I will try you. I will be there, I will go away with you. No one shall know."

Her face had a strange pallor. "If it only were to-night," he said, slowly.

They separated and Rose went back to the ball room. She danced with Mr. Black of New Orleans, who, in his evening dress, looked particularly handsome. He whispered words of love and passion in the girl's ears. She did not resent them. They soothed her spirit. She wanted to be beyond reason—to live in a dream until the passion of the honeymoon was over.

Then, some day, she told herself in her anguish, she would confess to her husband that she was only an odious negress—a daughter of the most despised race on the earth—a woman unfit to tie his shoelaces—a trickster who had betrayed one of the scions of one of the proudest families of Boston—a knavish woman who out of her false ambition had done an abominable and horrible thing!

Meanwhile, in the crowded ball room of the great hotel, the violin music vibrated through her very soul. She danced the last dance. It was already morning. She could not go to bed. She drove to her hotel silent by her

mother's side. The full moon was sinking in the west. The distant majestic Mt. Pisgah shown like a pillar of silver She sat at her window and watched the flushing sunrise.

The dawn of the day when she would be a white man's bride! She trembled as the sun showed its rim in the east,—a fateful day for Rose. The sun entered, immediately, a dark cloud.

PART III.

Everything conspired to make their *escapade* unnoticeable. The golf tournament drew nearly every one at noon to the golf links. Harold and Rose appeared at the Golf Club separately, spoke together, parted, and no one of course suspected them.

At noon, Harold was at the station and procured tickets for Chattanooga. He was not well pleased to find Mr. Black at the station also. A telegram had compelled the latter, he said, to return at once to New Orleans. He was going south by the next train. He would be delighted to have the company of Mr. Harold Weston, they would have some good smokes together.

Harold figetted about. Should they wait over a day? Should they go north—to Richmond? While he was walking to and fro on the platform, pale and excited, as a bridegroom should be, Mr. Black eyeing him amusedly from a distance, Rose appeared, breathless and agitated, valise and umbrella in hand. She looked like a princess.

"Let's go north," whispered Harold, "that beastly Black is on the train, dear."

"The train north has gone half an hour ago."

"So it has—"

"Do you wish to retreat, Harold?"

The quizzical look came into her pretty face again. He remembered the word *Coward* on her lips. The very recollection was a poignant sting to him.

And she looked very lovely and loveable in her stylish hat and trim tailor jacket.

"I wish Black was in Hades, where he belongs," said Harold. "But come along, we're not going to take a step backward."

On the train as it rolled into the station was another "friend", whom Rose did not see, a Mr. Scovel of Raleigh.

He saw *her*,—Rose Durham—with a white gentleman—evidently a Northerner. One of the northern swells who frequented Asheville in the springtime. He despised them!

He had intended stopping over a train; he had heard of Rose's success at Asheville. He wanted "to take a look at her", as he said. But now she had saved him the trouble. He need not leave the train.

There she was, getting on his car with her swell friend and looking very handsome, too, with very pretty roses in her cheeks.

Where was she going? Was it a runaway? It was difficult to believe that she was not white, and undoubtedly the young gallant with her thought so.

Were they merely bound to Hot Springs, a watering-place down the road? He consulted a time table, and it was made certain that they could not return from the Hot Springs that day, if they were destined thither. Where was Mrs. Durham?

Scovel whistled a low tune.

Was Rose going to Raleigh? This was not probable. The shortest route was north. It was matter for a puzzle. He rubbed his long skinny (and dirty) hands as he realized that he had hit upon an incident in Rose's life which would afford him considerable interest. His snaky eyes gleamed.

It was five minutes before the train was to start. The conductor, in blue coat and brass buttons, stood watch in hand on the station platform. *Scovel* knew him. The conductor had sat in the seat with him and they had talked of old times in Raleigh. The conductor had never known Rose Durham, but they had mentioned her father.

"That d——d nigger'l be in the Sennut next," cried *Scovel*, angrily. "He's the pushinist nigger I ever see."

"The niggers air smarter in Raleigh than they be up in the mount'ns," observed the conductor. "*She's* white herself—you'd never know she want full white. Well, by God!"

It was then that *Scovel* saw Rose hurrying along the platform with her New England lover.

The negro blood betrayed itself only in one little hardly noticeable article of dress. She wore orange ribbons around her neck, not flauntingly, but the "Yaller" was there. A mere bit of color. A darkey girl with the thick African lips and flat nose was decked out gorgeously in ribbons of the same rich color. Rose haughtily passed her sister by. What a difference between them! Rose, educated, accustomed to good society, refined, quick of perception, a lovely and loveable girl, a most adorable bride—as she felt herself to be that sunny day at Asheville. The negress,

wedded that day to an unintelligent jolly colored barber, was happy, too, and with nothing weighing down her homely, uneducated heart! With Rose, it seemed as if all the earth knew and shouted, "*Nigger, nigger, never die—black face and shiny eye,*" to her. Negress! Revolting word! Would Harry kill her when he came to find it out? She did not much care, *then*.

But she felt she *must* marry him! No slips now! Even a short marriage would be better than none! He might try to be divorced. She would oppose it. She would always be "Mrs. Harold Weston", always until her death. She would have a right to his name,—a white husband—a white child, perhaps. She was willing to die—afterwards.

Oh, the bliss of dying a white wife! That is, if she could not attain the glory of living one!

Reader, do you know how strongly the colored race yearn to be white? Not long ago the newspapers described the case of a poor colored girl in Augusta who bought one of the many quack lotions for whitening the skin prescribed by some rascal and ruined her health. There are many of these quacks who earn their precarious livelihood by preying on this desire of colored women. The desire of the impossible—of the leopard to eliminate his beautiful spots. Oh, to be white! to be white!

The train moved off. The wildly beautiful valley of the French Broad River opened southward. They swung from curve to curve, and spanned the river in sudden flashes.

"Darling!" he whispered, as she sat near him, her head on his shoulder.

"It will be in all the papers," she murmured, delighted if it was blazed abroad.

"We must keep it out," he said.

"No!" she protested. Then after an indefinite period, "Yes."

Now that they were alone—so alone—together, she began to love her Harold as she never loved him before. *Her husband!* A soft flush mounted into her face. The car was so full that in their rear seat they felt a lover's seclusion. Their lips met. Instantly they had a stronger sense of being alone together. Some girls giggled in a seat opposite. They paid no attention, heard the remarks "bride and groom, I reckon," as from some distant remote region.

Now and then the foaming current of the river, with its remarkable little uprising of still waters above the general level—a point so astonishing in these waters of the French Broad that the conductor, proud of his scenery, felt bound to draw their attention to it. Here and there the Painted Rocks—precipices of black granite "painted" with white marble, rose quickly before them and flew behind. People of the region got on and off. They only felt that beamy Heaven of first love. Their eyes heavy, half-closed, in the catalepsy of sensuous anticipation.

"We are made for each other," she laughed.

"I shall bring you to Boston and they will forgive me," he replied. "You are so lovely!"

The thought of cold Boston gave him a new vista of disagreeable pictures. His stately mother with her infinite power of withering condescension. His father, polite, finished—

a bundle of sarcasms—would remind him that he was jilting a very rich and aimiable girl, and enquire how he proposed to live. His sisters—sisters would not, he knew, bring themselves to admire his Rose's *abandon*, which he thought so Southern and so pretty.

How would they live, if his father took an adverse view?

He would get a "position" somewhere—somehow. His college friends would befriend him. He tried to put these sordid details out of his mind. He had four hundred dollars in his pocket. New Orleans—a city he had worshipped from afar since he had come to manhood. A city devoted to love, and music, and beautiful women. Nothing businesslike, commonplace, "disagreeably American", about New Orleans! Their honeymoon would be spent there. The city of Passion. There, he would receive the letter from his father in reply to his announcement of marriage, and his plea for suspension of judgment.

PART IV.

Meanwhile the train sped on. It grew dusk. The state line into Tennessee was crossed, as imperceptibly as a soul passes into Purgatory, or a pebble sinks in the sea.

Mr. Scovel, whose uncalled for and *unglücklich* presence on that train was yet unknown to Rose, emerged from the smoking car, and sought the conductor.

"Do your duty, McNish," said Scovel, urgently.

"But they're a billin' an' cooin' like two turtledoves. Mr. Scovel, I hate—"

"Air you in Tennessee now, or air you not?" asked Scovel, scornfully.

"But she's almost white. She looks like a Baltimore belle."

"Is it *you* to say? Is it in the Constitution, or ain't it?"

"It's there, but I can't do it to a lady like *her*, Mr. Scovel."

"She a lady! Hoo! hoo!" laughed Scovel. "Say, I mean business—I'll report ye. She's a d——d nigger—"

"Say, now don't you go to makin' yeself disliked," said McNish. "I guess I know my business."

"She's no right in that car; that car's for white folks. The Constitution of Tennessee says so. She's got to go into her own car with her own cul'd folks; yes, sir."

"Say, Scovel, what's the matter with you anyway? What do you care? She's stood you up?"

"No matter what she's gone an' done. She's in the wrong car *now*, I reckon. *She* purtending to be a white gal—hoo! hoo!"

A grey-headed passenger looked up from his paper. He was an upright and honorable Tennessee judge.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"I'm complainin' he don't put a yaller gal in the nigger car where she b'longs," said Scovel. "I reckon it's the law of this State."

"If a passenger complains—your duty is clear," said the elder gentleman, gravely.

"But, Jedge, she's as near white as she can git."

"The law of Tennessee by its Constitution

says all of colored or African descent. You havn't any other course."

Poor McNish grew red in the face, beneath his trim conductor's cap.

"I'll complain on ye, if ye don't, sure," said Scovel. "I know the gal, an' her father's a nigger; I'll swear to ut."

"Say, Scovel, you look sorter hard up. I'll give ye five to shut up; I can't take that gal out that car from her feller."

"Oh, he'll go, too!" laughed Scovel. "Why—it's plain what he's out for! I wish I was in his shoes myself! Oh, her feller—he's all right."

The conductor whistled. At least he was a moral man with a family.

A moment later the conductor was standing at Harold Weston's side.

There was no drawing room car on the train, otherwise it is probable the lovers would have sought the retirement of a private section. As it was, Harold held his expectant bride close to him, her head resting on his shoulder. Her eyes were closed, she had fallen asleep, amid blissful dreams.

She was a very lovely, sweet young bride!

What a pity to wake her up! What a pity to confront her with such a tragic request: "You are African—get out of this car, and enter the ill-smelling third class car set apart for negroes—leave the decent white women and well dressed men and sort with mule drivers and drunken barbers where you belong! Get out!"

Poor McNish knew that the gang of rustabouts in the "nigger car" was to-day especially rough and tough. A colored prize fighter was

on his way to Atlanta, and his seconds and backers had passed the bottle around a number of times.

Still he knew his duty under Tennessee's Constitution! Besides morality demanded—.

There can be no distinction between a lady and a thick-lipped coon. "All coons look alike," as the song goes. All Africans must herd together in a vile hole of a car—so, McNish touched the lady on the shoulder.

"What are you doing?" growled Harold.

"Sorry—but she's got to go—"

"Got to go where?"

"She's got to come with me."

Awful visions of some hidden crime in which Rose had been in some way a participant, came before his wrathful eyes.

"You are a dep'ty sheriff?"

"No, sir—only conductor, sir."

Rose wakened.

"What is it?" she asked, sleepily at first.

"What is it?"

"He wants something; I don't know. Tickets? Here they are—Knoxville," said Harold, extending them.

"No; she's in the wrong car."

"She? How?"

"The car ahead—"

"The smoker? She doesn't smoke," and Harold laughed uneasily.

"The smoker's only half the car," said McNish. "The colored folks—"

"Well—what—what in h—l! This lady —"

Harold looked at Rose. His blood froze. Her eyes were dilated. Her gaze fastened

upon a thin snaky-faced man standing in the aisle, grinning.

"What do you want here, Mr. Scovel?" she gasped. "Harold—that man's a scoundrel!"

"What do you want?" cried Harold.

"Oh, nothin'," he grinned. "*She* knows—"

"What is it?" asked Harold, blindly. "What is all this infernal—"

"Let me speak to you a moment alone, Mr. Scovel—*please!*" cried Rose, rising.

It was a last desperate chance. She would bribe him. She felt Harold slipping from her.

"Why alone?" asked Harold. "Do you know that beastly looking cad—"

"I can't tell you *now*; I'll tell you some time. Mr. Scovel, just one word now."

Scovel turned and stared at her tearless agonized face, as a butcher would gaze at a lamb. Everyone in the car turned around. The train slowed up for a way station.

Harold grabbed her hand. "I insist on knowing what this is all about, Rose," he said. "Something you've done—"

"It is something in which my father was concerned—I'll tell you later."

Terror and desperate calmness mingled in her beautiful eyes!

"He?—a prison bird?" he was about to say.

His excitement calmed the girl's fine nerve.

"No, no!" she said. "It is nothing; I'll be back," and she entered the aisle.

Scovel's first remark indicated the man he was. A Southern gentleman, indeed!

"Say, Rose—I'm in luck. I swore I'd get even with you some day and here's my chance. You an' I know I got to shoot your old man

some day—an' I'll do it like a gentleman. Meanwhile I've got you fixed I reck'n!"

"I have about a hundred dollars—"

"Say, this ain't no hold up."

"Call off that conductor." Her dark eyes implored.

"Rose, you're jest a beaut!"

"You refuse?"

"Cert. Say, Rose, I'm a gentleman—"

"If I had a pistol—I'd kill you—you fiend!"

He cowed before her gaze. But she knew she could not move him. He would not be bribed. A new plan flashed in her brain. Should she jump from the car? It was slowing up—would Harold follow her? She was desperate and ready for any scheme by which she could keep him in the dark, but leaping from the train in motion confessed something terrible. And Harold?

Another plan to avoid that inevitable disclosure was to keep Scovel engaged till the train stopped, then drag Harold off with her, let the train go on with Scovel grinning out of the rear platform. There might be a clergyman at the small town they were approaching.

But all the plans were ended at once, for Harold hurried forward and heard Scovel's fatal words, "Rose Durham, your father's a nigger—an' you know it!"

Rose drew back.

"By God—is that so?" cried Harold of her. "So, this is why—"

"Harold, you—"

"You would have had me *marry* you? Oh, Rose, Rose!"

Scovel laughed. "She's a case, sir!"

Harold Weston covered his face with his hands and sank back into his seat.

Rose, pale as the palest white girl in the car, suddenly blushed red. She saw that Harold's love was not superior, after all, to his prejudices. She looked at him, scornfully :

"I thought so—I knew you—you coward—you cur!" she cried. "I give you up. What is your love, your protests worth? Because a strain of African blood is in my veins! I'm your equal in the eye of the law—am I not?—and in pluck. Bah! Yes, I own it; I'll gladly go to my own race in my own car. Come, conductor!"

Poor McNish, who had remained silent during the unpleasant scene gently pressed forward and led Rose out, carrying her valise. The train came to a stop at the way station.

Mr. Black followed them into the "colored" section of the smoker. No one else.

"I'll never go back—I don't care—it's fate. That Scovel should see us—I—I—I don't care much what becomes of me." And Rose looked drearily out of the window.

Black took his seat quietly by her side, among the colored rustabouts in the dingy car.

"At least I can protect you from *them*," he said.

Shortly after, he began to describe New Orleans' gaities She would enjoy the high life, the races, the excitement. There was the Mardi Gras—

New Orleans was the American Paris. Always amusing itself—always *en fête*.

"I don't care now . . .," said Rose. "I thought he would at least knock that Scovel down . . ."

"Mardi Gras week next week—you will let me provide you with a becoming dress. A necklace of pearls would become you, Rose—I think I can see you already in a stunning black satin gown with red roses. We have only a few more miles in this beastly pen. By waiting at Chattanooga for the through express—the drawing room cars are excellent—New Orleans to-morrow."

Rose began to sob quietly. "I can never go back," she said. "I am a daughter of my race. But my mother—my poor dear father—"

"Rose, I swear to you you shall some day be my wife; *at present*, that is impossible."

He then referred to his extensive income. He casually mentioned his wife.

Rose was silent a long time.

The man by her side was dark complexioned, possessed the keen eyes of a Spaniard, heavy black moustache, fine long delicate hands. On his left hand he wore an enormous diamond, set in a heavy gold ring. This caught the eyes of a desperate looking ill-favored negro, one of the gang of the prize fighter. He made a grab for it. Black caught him quickly by the throat and pinioned him over the back of a car seat, and drew a revolver, as the rest had risen.

"The man that moves—dies!" said Black, quietly. "Sit down!"

The negro fighters and their gang resumed their seats.

Then he let his man up and reprimanded him.

At Chattanooga, he turned the negro over to the police.

Well—Rose admired Black for that incident. A woman may come to love a hero. New visions filled her heart, as Black told her, too, she would be the most beautiful woman in New Orleans.

“I don’t care; I’ll never go back!” she reiterated. “It’s fate—my African blood—”

There followed an agreeable Champagne supper.

In New Orleans her racial “defect” has been a well-guarded secret.

When Harold Weston returned to Boston, he renewed his attentions in an old quarter. The girl is very rich. His family are delighted. He looks back upon Asheville and shudders.

About a year later, Kemble, an old flame of Rose Durham’s, saw her in New Orleans where she was a noted and beautiful *declassée*.

He gave her the first information of her father’s death from a gunshot wound perpetrated by “person or persons unknown”. He also offered to marry her. He was still much in love. But he had delayed matters—too long.

Rose replied, “It’s not God almighty’s plan for black and white to marry. What sort of a wife would I be for you, Mistah Kemble? Dahnin’ yo’ socks an’ nussin’ a darky baby? Then—you always a sayin’—g’long dar, you nigger!”

She had lapsed into her dialect purposely. She dismissed him with a laugh. She did not dismiss the thought of revenge upon that wretch Scovel. She had wealth and power now. She was the spoiled favorite of a great and wealthy man.

E. M. HARLAND.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

The laugh of a child ! How the merry notes tinkle,
How fresh from the heart rings the cheery refrain !
How the knitted brow smooths and the cheek drops its wrinkle
As drooping age wakes to its music again !
The gladness of youth lights the eye that was dimming,
And lips stern with life part in smiles warm and mild.
What messenger stirs the pool full to the brimming ?
That beautiful angel, the laugh of a child.

Whence comes that pure joy without shadow of sorrow,
That wandering waif in this grim world of ours,
Whose glory of yesterday gilds our to-morrow,
Whose deep root of rapture is quickened by showers ?
From the unknown behind to the unknown before us,
Through light and through gloom leads the devious way,
And the laugh of a child, when the tempest breaks o'er us,
A rift in the cloud, brings the brightness of day.

'Tis the child ever drinks from the stream that is purest ;
He leans his head closest on Nature's soft breast :
His innocent trust yields the peace that is surest ;
The springs of his joy lie in infinite rest.
O life with the sparkle still on it, O laughter
That runs over golden sands, free, undefiled !
Though gloom gather round, as the long years roll after,
The sunshine of God is the laugh of a child.

CURTIS MAY.

BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

The so-called Bayeux Tapestry is in fact a piece of embroidery on a linen band 20 inches wide, and 230 feet long. It is history in pictures.

The original embroidery, framed and covered with glass, is now in a small museum, to which it was removed from the Cathedral, in the little Norman town of Bayeux. It is an authentic work of the latter part of the eleventh century or the beginning of the twelfth, though its actual authorship is a matter of conjecture only. Some authorities attribute it directly to Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, assisted by the ladies of her court. Others assign it to English workmen, acting under the direction of the Empress Matilda, granddaughter of the Conqueror. The best authorities, however, attribute it, largely on the basis of certain internal evidence, to Norman workmanship under the direction of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother of William, and believe it was made for the decoration of the Cathedral of Bayeux, which was rebuilt by Odo in 1077. The last theory is the one maintained by Freeman in his "History of the Norman Conquest." In any event, how-

NOTE.—The tapestry, of the exact size of the original, has been reproduced by the autotype process, and being colored by hand, the reproduction presents a most striking resemblance to the original work. The plates are in the possession of the British Government, but are loaned from time to time for the purpose of making copies.

One of these reproductions is to be seen in London in the South Kensington Museum, and in this country there are two copies, one in the Pennsylvania Museum, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and the other in a small museum recently established in Southampton, New York.—*Ed.*

ever, the tapestry is generally believed to be a practically contemporary work with the events it so rudely and yet so graphically describes. It remained in the Cathedral of Bayeux for about four hundred years before exciting sufficient attention to be mentioned, at least so far as any existing record is concerned, as the earliest reference to it now known is to be found in an inventory of the effects of the Cathedral taken in 1476. In the next two hundred and fifty years nothing is heard of it outside of the Cathedral, where it was used for decorative purposes on certain feast days. It was then hung round the nave, and being exactly sufficient to go around the walls, the basis on which its length was originally determined is thus indicated. In 1724 it came under the notice of the French Academy of Inscriptions, when its extraordinary historical value was at once recognized, and from that time to the present day has excited the greatest interest as being for practical purposes the most valuable document that has come down to us of a period so unfortunately lacking in authentic historical records. It is divided into seventy-two scenes, each scene being separated from its neighbor by trees or a building, embroidered simply for the purpose of marking the dividing line. The original is done with a needle in eight different colors of worsted, and gives a history of the Norman Conquest of England from a Norman point of view, taking care to emphasize the points making for the justice of William's claim to the English throne. By the crude employment of the different colors, an attempt is made to create some sort of perspective, otherwise lacking. It will be noted, for instance, that a green horse will

have his off legs painted red, while those of a yellow horse will be blue. In addition to its interest as a pictorial narrative of events, it has an especial value as furnishing us, in however rude a form, with a fairly accurate idea of some of the costumes, as well as the architecture and arms, of the time of the Conquest, including points of especial interest to a seafaring people in those scenes which represent the embarking of Harold and the boat-building of William. In these respects it closely resembles some of the most ancient Egyptian Mural decorations, particularly those to be seen in the rock tomb of Beni-Hasan on the Nile. One of the features of the tapestry is the embroidery of a superscription, in Latin, above each scene, giving a short, simple and at times almost quaint description of the scene represented underneath. A short outline of the pictorial story is as follows:

In the first panel Harold, son of the Earl Godwine, and brother-in-law to the English King, Edward the Confessor, appears before the King in his royal palace at Westminster, and is evidently being sent by the King on a mission to William of Normandy, presumably to inform the latter that, upon the death of Edward, William shall succeed to the throne of England. Harold then starts off gaily with his retinue, and on their way to the south coast of England to embark for Normandy, a spirited hawking scene with hounds is shown on the embroidery. Arrived at his Manor of Bosham, Harold goes to church to obtain a blessing on his journey, but quickly returns to the manor house for a carouse before setting sail. He and his companions are seen pledging each other in bowls and horns of wine. The next

scene is one of the most interesting of all, showing Harold and his companions in the act of embarking. These panels should be studied carefully, as giving a most interesting exhibition of the construction of the ships of the period. Being driven by a stress of weather on the coast of France, the English party are taken prisoners, in accordance with the inhospitable custom of the time, by the lord of that part of the country, a certain Count Guy, of Ponthieu. Several panels are devoted to this portion of their experiences. William, however, hearing of Harold's unfortunate position, sends messengers to the Count and commands that the prisoners be set free and conducted to him at his capital of Rouen. They arrive at Rouen, and, after some interesting scenes at the Norman Court, accompany William on an expedition against the Count of Brittany. During this expedition, Harold has occasion to show his great strength, for which he was famous, by rescuing some soldiers from certain well-known quicksands which the company were obliged to cross. The following scenes represent the defeat of Conan, Count of Brittany, by William's troops, and Harold, for his bravery, is knighted by the Duke. They then return to Bayeux, when Harold takes his celebrated oath. The tradition is that Harold swore to marry William's daughter, and to give his own sister in marriage to the Norman Duke, and uphold the claim of William to the English throne upon the death of Edward. On the embroidery is shown the chest which William caused to be filled with the holiest relics and then covered with a pall. Harold has his hand upon the chest as he takes the oath. The ceremony finished, the chest is uncovered,

and the relics then shown for the first time to Harold. The next scene represents the return of the Saxon Earl, Harold, as he embarks for England in a ship manned by Norman sailors, the difference between Saxon and Norman almost throughout the tapestry being denoted by certain distinguishing marks, particularly the arrangement of the beard, the Saxon wearing a moustache, while the Norman is clean shaven. Upon his arrival in England, Harold rides post-haste to Westminster to report to the King, and is received by Edward, represented as enfeebled by age and nearing his end. The King is seated upon his throne with his scepter reversed in his hand. Harold, conveniently forgetting his oath, in the presence of certain friends, whom he has assembled around the deathbed of the King, prompts one of his friends to urge Edward to name him, Harold, as his successor. The King replies that he has already named Duke William. Harold himself then personally urges his claim, and the King in his feebleness replies: "Let the English name the Duke or Harold, King, as they please; I consent," and saying this he dies. Upon the day of the Confessor's death Harold is chosen King, and two of the nobles notify him of his election, and bring him the crown and official axe, and he is crowned as represented in the scene. Then follows the incident of the comet, this illustration being the earliest known pictorial representation of this celestial object, and supposed to be ominous of the coming invasion of England. The news of Harold's coronation was forthwith carried to Normandy, and William, with his accustomed decision of character, at once sets about to build ships for the descent upon

England. The men bring stores and provisions for the ships, which are being hauled down to the sea, and the Duke embarks in the historical ship "Mora," given him by his wife, and the next morning, being the 28th of September, 1066, lands in England, at Pevensey, unopposed. Then follows the disembarkation of the horses and men, who start out to forage for breakfast, and we see the lasso being used for this purpose. The country people fleeing from their homes at the approach of the Normans, the foragers find it an easy task to collect material for breakfast, and the following scenes tell an interesting story of the preparation and enjoyment of the morning meal. Bishop Odo, William's half-brother, a very notable person in those times, is seen seated on the Duke's left hand, and asks a blessing. Then follows a council of war between William and his two half-brothers, the Bishop and Count Robert, of Mortain. As a result of the council, orders are given to build a fort at Hastings, and we see the orders being carried out. After some intermediate scenes the great battle of Hastings is begun, and at one time Harold is shown alone wielding his two-handed battle-axe against fearful odds. Bishop Odo is also seen clad in armor, seeking to rally some of the Norman troops who had been seized with panic. The report having gone abroad that William had been killed, and the Normans wavering, the Duke rushed into the midst of the fight, and, raising his helmet, exclaims, "I am here!" or perhaps makes use of the very words embroidered on the scene, "Hic Est Wilel Dux!" When the Normans at this time were hardest pressed, William gave his celebrated order, "Shoot *upwards*,

Norman archers!" Of the falling arrows one pierced the eye of Harold, while valiantly wielding his axe in the thick of the fight. As he sought to pluck the arrow from his eye, the shaft broke, and he fell mortally wounded. The English, demoralized by the loss of their King, flee, as represented in the scene and the battle is over and the story of the tapestry is told.

S. L. PARRISH.

TO MY BRIAR.

Tried friend of many crucial hours,
Accept this tribute to thy worth.
A solace, thou, when trouble lowers,
Ready too to share my mirth;
Loyal always to my mood,
One by whom I'm understood.

Whenever mounts thy fragrant smoke
The goddess, Fancy, smiles on me.
With thee I oft the muse invoke,
Since conscious of thy mystery.
Despite all change of fortune sent
With thee, good pipe, I'll be content.

POETS OF TO-DAY.

III. SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Samuel Minturn Peck was born at Tuska-loosa, Alabama, and is the youngest son of E. Wolsey Peck, Chief Justice of Alabama. Mr. Peck's father was born in the State of New York, and his mother, Lucy Randall Peck, was a native of Connecticut. His father was a descendant of William Peck, who came from England to Connecticut in 1638. On his mother's side he is descended from the Randalls, who came over in 1640 from the mother country to Rhode Island.

He went to an old field school in Alabama, and later obtained the degree of M.A. from the University of Alabama at Tuska-loosa. Afterward he pursued the study of medicine at Bellevue Medical College, N. Y., but finding the profession of medicine uncongenial, he renounced it after taking the degree of M.D. and entered upon the literary life which was more to his taste.

He did not begin verse-making till his twenty-fourth year, his first poem, a lyric entitled "The Orange Tree" appearing in the *N. Y. Evening Post*. From that time he has been a frequent contributor of verse to the American magazines.

He gained recognition first by his *vers de société*, but since then his chief successes have been won by his songs and lyrics of nature. At the outset he acquired ease and flexibility at his art by essays in the old French forms, and that *part* of his work is well represented in the well-known anthology compiled by Gleeson White, "Ballades and Rondeaux, etc."

Being fond of out-door life and of wandering in the Alabama hills and swamps, whose picturesqueness has not received its due attention from the Southern literary folk, it became his great joy to sing of Southern nature, the pine hills, cotton fields and cypress swamps of Alabama. He hopes to continue his work in this direction.

He lives in the house where he was born, and old-fashioned home on a plantation near Tuscaloosa. It is embowered in cedars, myrtles and fig trees, and wreathed about with jasmines, honeysuckles and Cherokee roses. He is unmarried.

He is the author of three volumes of verse, viz., "Cap and Bells" (1886), "Rings and Love-knots" (1892), and "Rhymes and Roses" (1895). The first volume has passed through six editions,—an unusual number for a volume of poems.

Mr. Peck's poetry is full of music and has a lilting quality which causes us pleasure outside of the thought it carries. It is spontaneous, fresh, birdlike and delightful. It is not deep, over thoughtful, or especially rare.

The great English poets of to-day are not more attentive to the ear than Mr. Peck. They may surpass him in thought, but not in melody. He may be said to be of the old-fashioned type—seeing poetry in birds, beasts and the fields. The more modern poet sings of the soul, and the man and his problems.

A great poet to-day must be a student, a philosopher, a historian, a man of letters.

But here is Mr. Peck delighting us with his fresh, airy, charming verses,—the verses of a healthy plowboy-like Burns.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

AN ALABAMA GARDEN.

Along a pine-clad hill it lies,
O'erlooked by limpid Southern skies,
A spot to feast a fairy's eyes,
 A nook for happy fancies.
The wild bee's mellow monotone
Here blends with bird-notes zephyr blown,
And many an insect voice unknown
 The harmony enhances.

The rose's shattered splendor flees
With lavish grace on every breeze,
And lilies away with flexile ease
 Like dryads snowy-breasted.
And where gardenias drowse between
Rich curving leaves of glossy green,
The cricket strikes his tambourine,
 Amid the mosses nested.

Here dawn-flushed myrtles interlace,
And sifted sunbeams shyly trace
Frail arabesques whose shifting grace
 Is wrought of shade and shimmer;
At eventide scents quaint and rare
Go straying through my garden fair,
As if they sought with wildered air
 The fireflies fitful glimmer.

Oh, could some painter's facile brush,
On canvas limn my garden's blush,
The fevered world its would hush
 To crown the high endeavor;
Or could a poet snare in rhyme
The breathings of this balmy clime
His fame might dare the dart of Time
 And soar undimmed forever!

MIGNON.

Across the gloom the gray moth speeds
To taste the midnight brew,
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
 On rosaries of dew.
The stars seem kind
And e'en the wind
Hath pity for my woe,
Ah, must I sue in vain *ma belle*?
 Say no, Mignon, say no!

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The keenest joy that mortal knows
Is always half a pain.
So life and death combine their art
To charm the ear and eye,
And lovely pathos wins the heart
When Autumn passeth by.

A KNOT OF BLUE.

(For the Boys of Yale.)

She hath no gems of lustre bright
To sparkle in her hair ;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks a-float
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.
A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams —
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane
Beneath the apple-tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my Love and me ;
And what I said, or what I did
That morn, I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.
A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true,
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part,—
That little knot of blue.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation
Under the arching blue ;
Where the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild-birds sing,

I dream and sigh
 For the days gone by
 Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out—o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
 Back—to the moss-grown trees;
 I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
 As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
 The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
 I longed for no angel's wing;
 I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be
 Swinging in the grapevine swing.
 Swinging in the grapevine swing,
 Laughing where the wild-birds sing,—
 Oh, to be a boy
 With a heart full of joy,
 Swinging in the grapevine swing!

I'm weary at noon, I weary at night,
 I'm fretted and sore of heart,
 And care is sowing my locks with white
 As I wend through the fevered mart.
 I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
 And fame seems a worthless thing.
 I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
 And a swing in the grapevine swing.
 Swinging in the grapevine swing,
 Laughing where the wild-birds sing,
 I would I were away
 From the world to-day,
 Swinging in the grapevine swing.

TO A CRICKET.

Piper with the rusty quill
 Fling on a windy hill
 In a dusty coat;
 Saddened by the fading glow
 Softer measures seem to flow
 From thy russet throat.
 Perched amid the withered grass,
 Like a friar singing mass
 O'er the blossoms dead;
 Hauntingly a note of woe
 Echoes from thy tremolo
 Mourning beauty fled.
 As I listen fancy strays
 Backward through the summer ways

Prankt with nodding flowers ;
And anon the fragrant night
Rich in song and rare delight
Opes her musky bowers.

Glowworms glimmer, fireflies speed
Lighting Puck and Mustard-seed
And their pixie crew.
Then the darkness flees, and Morn
Peeping o'er the popped corn
Becks to pleasures new.

Dimpled daisies, laughing, toss
Kisses o'er the dewy moss
At my wayward feet ;
While the lays of bees and birds
Sweeter than all carolled words
In soft chorus meet.

Rising from the lap of Noon
Comes a drowsy breeze to croon
Mid the new-mown hay :
As thou pipest, thus I fare,
Fancy led to visions rare
Down the summer day.

When the winds from arctic waves
Wailing o'er the flower graves
Glass each shuddering pool ;
Minstrel, flee thy frozen nest !
I shall wait thee ; be my guest
On the hearth at Yule.

THE CAPTAIN'S FEATHER.

The dew is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And the captain's waving feather
Proclaims the hour is high,
When some upon their horses
Shall through the battle ride,
And some with bleeding corpses
Must on the heather bide.

The dust is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And about the captain's feather
The bolts of battle fly :

But hark, what sudden wonder
Breaks forth upon the gloom ?
It is the cannon's thunder —
It is the voice of doom !

The blood is on the heather,
The night is in the sky,
And the gallant captain's feather
Shall wave no more on high ;
The grave and holy brother
To God is saying Mass,
But who shall tell his mother,
And who shall tell his lass ?

LITERATURE AND THE COLLEGES.

The men who created an American literature during the first two generations of the present century were, nearly all of them, college bred. Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Thoreau, were graduates. Cooper, Bryant and Poe studied at Yale, Williams and the University of Virginia, respectively, though they left before taking a degree. The only important exceptions were Irving and Whittier. I purposely confine the comparison to writers in the department of *belles lettres*, or imaginative literature. If orators, historians, etc., were included, the case in favor of the colleges would be even stronger.*

It needs but a glance at the names which have come to the front since the civil war to assure us that this state of things has changed, and that now just the reverse is true. The men who have been making our literature during the last thirty or forty years are, as a rule, not college graduates. Bayard Taylor and Walt Whitman, who belong, as to date, on the border line between the older and younger generation—Bret Harte, Clemens, Howells, James, Cable, Burroughs, James Whitcomb Riley, have taken none but honorary degrees. This list might be indefinitely extended without greatly influencing the generalization. Thus, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Edward Everett Hale and Mr. Warner are college men; Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Gilder are not. And if the investigation were pursued through the literary directory, so as to take in the numerous clever

*Webster, Choate, Everett, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, Beecher, Parkman, Phillips, etc., etc.

contributors of fiction, essays, verse and miscellaneous matter to the magazines, I believe that the ratio would hold.

The editor of the *Century*, "with the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates," has recently offered prizes for the best poems, essays and short stories written by alumni of the classes of 1897-1900. In the remarks accompanying this offer (September, 1897), he says: "The *Century's* offer naturally brings up consideration of the often noticed fact that so few of our literary men, since the earlier days, have been college graduates. The writer some years ago made up a list of about forty of the then living prominent American authors. A very small proportion of these were found to be college graduates. The proportion of that class of writers appears to be gradually increasing; but if a list were made of a dozen or fifteen of the men and women now at the head of American literature, the public would be surprised to find that there were so many more A. M.'s, L. H. D.'s and LL. D.'s than B. A.'s among them."

Naturally, this fact has not escaped notice, and naturally, also, it has been made the occasion of unfavorable comment upon an academic education. Why don't our colleges turn out any more Hawthornes and Lowells? And they are exhorted to bring up their English departments to a higher degree of efficiency. The *Century* says, *e.g.*: "Doubtless the greater attention given of late in some of the colleges and universities to the study of literature, pure and simple, especially to English literature, is partly due to a knowledge of their own disproportionate representation in our modern authorship."

But I doubt this. I do not believe that college faculties are generally aware of this disproportionate representation, or that they would care much about it if they were.

There were no English departments when Hawthorne and Lowell were at college. English, as an academic study, had not yet been invented. (I know the tradition about Prof. Edward Channing at Harvard, and of his theme-correctings and of what he thereby did for American literature, and of how he pronounced Tennyson a great calf, etc., etc., but I do not look upon this tradition as convincing). Hawthorne and Lowell were fed on the good old curriculum, Greek, Latin and mathematics, with a slight infusion of ethics, metaphysics and natural science in senior year. And does anyone really believe that the poor little Bowdoin College of the Twenties accounts for Hawthorne's romances and Longfellow's poems? Or that early Dartmouth is responsible for the eloquence of Webster and the rhetoric of Choate?

The explanation must be sought, not in a decay of literary spirit at the colleges—there has been no such decay—but in the social advancement of the community at large, which has deprived the colleges of their educational monopoly. In the first half of the century, when high civilization was mostly confined to the Atlantic sea-board, when all our cities were provincial, when publishers hesitated to undertake a book by a native author, when newspapers and magazines paid little or nothing for literary contributions, the colleges were naturally the rallying places of intellectual life in a greater degree than they are to-day. Every

boy of bookish tastes and literary aspirations was sent to college as a matter of course; and the colleges, though slenderly equipped, were numerous and gave an education cheaply. It is obvious how the means of an extra-academic culture have now been multiplied by the great modern newspapers and magazines; by the ocean steamers which bring Europe to our doors, and the railway lines that make every part of our own territory accessible; by the public libraries, lecture courses, galleries, theatres, museums, schools of art, language, technology and music in our principal cities; by the general growth in wealth and refinement of living. A glance at the list of names on any well-known publisher's advertising page will show how many of our recent men of letters have been educated by the opportunities of travel, and how many of them are graduates of the printing press and the editor's desk, rather than of the university.

But it is asked, why have not our colleges kept pace with this growth? With their greatly increased wealth, their numerous students, their liberal provision for elective courses and specialized work, their graduate fellowships, their better equipment in every way, why do they not become radiating centers of literary influence? With all their concessions to the new sciences, their education is still prevailingly literary. Language studies and the sciences of man and mind still hold their old proportionate place. Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, comparative philology, the languages and literatures of the Aryan and Semitic races, history, sociology, ethics, logic, philosophy—all these branches are taught. Ample recognition of the mother tongue has at last been

accorded, and there are courses in English and American poetry, in the drama, in the novel even. Aesthetics is no longer ignored; some of the universities have schools of music and of the fine arts. Well, with all this, where are your results? Where are your Emersons, Longfellows, Poes? Where are, etc., etc. And above all, what are your professors doing? Where are their contributions to our national literature?

A little thoughtful consideration of the relation between scholarship and literature will supply an answer to all these demands. The *Century* article touches the point when it says: "The direct efficacy of institutions, of academies, in the creation of artists in general, will always be a matter of dispute." The truth is that a college as such, *i. e.*, as a body of teachers and investigators, is never directly stimulative of creative work on the part of its scholars. It is not a guild of practical artists, like the Italian painters of the sixteenth century, or the English dramatists of Shakspeare's time, working together, competing, imitating, learning from each other; a school of masters and disciples, fellow craftsmen, bringing their product every day to the test of the market. The literary gift is the result of nature acted on by life. Scholarship, on the other hand, deals with books rather than life, is retrospective, critical, analytic. The old fashioned text books in rhetoric used to divide the subject into two parts, Invention and Expression. They had a great deal to say about the latter, but the chapter devoted to Invention was meagre. Of course: how could the text book maker give

rules for invention? He was generally, himself, quite unable to invent.

It would be strange if, among a body of university professors and learners, busy constantly with the things of the mind, in contact always with the great old standards of literary style, the artist's instinct and the power of fresh creation did not sometimes show themselves. And when they do, they have every chance of reduplication by interaction, sympathy and the atmosphere of culture—"the still air of delightful studies"—always to be found at an ancient seat of learning. This happened at Harvard in the Thirties and Forties. Still the conditions were exceptional. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was not a consequence of Dr. Holmes's function in the Medical School, and the "Biglow Papers" cannot be credited altogether to the Chair of Modern Languages. By the way, people continually talk of Longfellow and Lowell as if they had been professors of English literature, instead of the Romance tongues. They had nothing to do, as professors, with English literature or composition.

Colleges, then, are not apt to be forcing beds or breeding places of literature. It is the scholar's business to know and the teacher's to teach. The university teacher is generally expected, also, to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge in his sphere, to devote a part of his energies to original research. But he cannot reasonably be held to an obligation to do "creative" work. The teacher of literature, English or otherwise, may be fairly expected to inspire his students with an interest in the subject, to train them to a higher appreciation

of what they read and teach them to distinguish good from bad. He can hardly be called upon to stimulate them to original production. American colleges are not responsible for American literature.

But I will go farther and affirm that not only is the point of view of the scholar, the man of learning, quite different from that of the writer, the man of letters; it is usually antagonistic. This is strange, that the man whose life is spent in teaching and studying literature should feel, or affect, a contempt for the literary class. Yet it is not inexplicable. It is natural that one whose mind has been braced, whose taste has been cultivated to a nice severity by the study of the masterpieces of the world's literature, should be impatient of the popular acclaim which greets the last new novel. Scholarship makes a man fastidious, difficult, exacting of himself as of others, and checks the impulse to produce. The comparative barrenness of Gray's career at Cambridge is an instance of that palsy which sometimes overtakes the academic recluse, out of touch with life, growing in on himself, retiring more and more to "the far eastern uplands."

But it may be suspected that that distrust of the ephemeral productions of the day which is often found among college dons is not always the sign of a superior taste. Sometimes it is a sign of blindness. It is much safer to praise an old book than a new. The old book has been duly labeled. Contemporary merit is uncertain as yet; authorities have not stamped it with their approval. A dull man gets a certain advantage over a clever man, if he is able to compare him, to his disadvantage, with some

much cleverer man who is already dead. Pope has satirized this affectation and has detected the real motive of it.

He who, to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And, to debase the sons, exalts the sires.

It might be expected that teachers of literature—under which term should be included professors of ancient and modern languages as well as of English literature and rhetoric—would be, of all men, the most alert to discover and the most hospitable in welcoming whatever is best in the new literature of to-day. The proper attitude of one who lives with books, and by books, is one of respect toward the writer of books. Some day his successors will be lecturing their classes on the books now coming out, just as he is now engaged in expounding and interpreting authors whom time has made classic. But scholarship has a Philistinism of its own and is not always liberal in its recognition of fresh talents. A song, a comedy, a tale which is a thousand years old and written in a dead language is worth serious study; but there is something frivolous, something hardly proper, about a song or comedy or tale written in modern English and published yesterday, possibly in a magazine—possibly, still worse!—by a man with whom we have personal acquaintance. Such literature is “popular;” it is not “academic.”

But to say of any piece of literature that it is academic, is commonly to say about the worst thing that can be said of it; for it is equivalent to saying that it is dead. Correctness and refinement are the supposed attributes of aca-

demic work. But a refined corpse! And, as Dr. Johnson might have paraphrased the proverb, a lion which has lost the potentiality of continued existence is of inferior consequence to a dog in which the vital spirit is not yet extinct.

A professorship of *belles lettres* in an American college was to be filled, and a number of graduates who had won recognition by their writings were mentioned for the place. But they were all rejected, as not sufficiently academic. One of them was a "dilettante," *i. e.*, he had cultivated literature for the love of it, and not professionally. Another was a "bohemian," *i. e.*, he had supported himself by writing for the magazines. A third was a "second-rate novelist;" a fourth was a "minor* poet," and so on.

Now here again is a strange thing. Someone who has written the life of a standard novelist, or edited the works of an old poet, is thereby thought worthy of a chair of literature in a university. But if the novelist or the poet were alive to-day, and were a candidate for the

*It is not obvious why a minor poet should be any more an object of derision than a minimus prose writer. Is poetry, then, the only art which it is forbidden to cultivate, unless the artist can reach supreme excellence? Of course, if the product be absolutely poor; but there are degrees, and it seems to me that I have known of minor essayists, minor critics, minor playwrights, painters, grammarians, sculptors, engravers, architects, musicians, enjoying a comfortable share of estimation. But the minor poet has no friends, and everyone quotes Horace against him: "*Non di, non homines, you know the rest.*" His foes are of his own household. But it is fair to appeal from Byron to Wordsworth, for whose fine nameless poem I here propose a name:

AN APOLOGY FOR MINOR POETRY.

If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,
Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content.
The star that from the zenith darts its beams,
Visible though it be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of its brightness,
Is yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
Of some dark mountain, or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,
Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content.

same chair, the university would none of him. His books are studied there, but he would not be suffered to expound them. Perhaps this is not so unreasonable as it looks. Not all creative authors would make good college professors. Very few professors of literature have done as much for literature as Goldsmith or Burns or Edgar Poe, and yet it is doubtful if any of these would be quite in place in a chair of English. But even in the case of these extremely unacademic representatives of the literary class, the disqualification would be rather personal than professional. Burns, to be sure, was no scholar, and it is not easy to fancy him lecturing to a room-full of Edinburgh undergraduates on *The Distinction between the Ayrshire and Kincardineshire Dialects of the Lowland Scotch*. Goldsmith was superficial and Poe was not exactly learned, but each of them had the makings of a good critic, as witness the latter's *Rationale of Verse* and the former's *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, which has been recently reprinted in a critical edition.

Or take the highest names in English literary history. Milton's, of course, is a name which would recommend itself to a university position. He was a scholar in every conventional and academic sense. But would Shakspeare's? Can we imagine him discoursing from the professor's chair on *Theories of Dramatic Construction*? His want of Latin and Greek is traditional, and he was a student of men rather than of books. And yet who doubts that that supreme intelligence could have bent itself to any task, and could have given us, had it chosen, a *theoria* of the art which it

practiced in such perfection? Shakspeare has put into Hamlet's mouth an excellent lecture on the player's art. And, indeed, who can speak of art with more authority than the artist? The fact that the dramatist was himself a player might have shut him out from a college professorship, if we can conceive him seeking such a position. And yet we have recently seen a university audience listening eagerly to Joseph Jefferson expounding the principles of his profession.

For that Philistinism which looks askance upon "mere literature," and which is partly an inheritance of Puritanism and partly that ingrained contempt in the Anglo-Saxon race for the arts that minister to beauty rather than to utility, has been yielding of late even in the colleges, the citadels of ancient prejudice. The chairs of English in many American universities are now occupied by men who actually know how to write, who have written—written poems, stories, plays, and temerarily published them even in magazines. Men such as Brander Matthews, George E. Woodberry, Pierce Egan, Bliss Perry, Barrett Wendell, Arlo Bates, Clinton Scollard. And I have not heard that any of them have been any the less useful as teachers, because they have also been practitioners of the literary art.

HENRY A. BEERS.

FREE.

A winter-prisoner, loath and long,
From sun and song,
One sapphire-hearted morningtide I heard
A jubilant word,
A mellow music-syllable from a tree
Spring's herald robin caroled clear to me,—
"Free! O free!"

Ah! With what iterant lustihood,
What buoyant mood,
Did I, the ice-endungeoned one, reply
To that glad cry!
What sudden visions did it bring to me,
What dream-delight, what vanished ecstasy!
"Free! O free!"

Once more the melody and mirth
Of the old earth!
Once more the soft warm whisper of the rain,
The waves of grain!
And all the little laughters that there be
In vine and grass,—no more chill secrecy!
"Free! O free!"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SOME FURTHER YALE YARNS.

A LITERARY CAREER.

"What's the matter with the Dwarf? Sporting the oak as the English say—as we *don't* say—locking his friends out, and burning midnight oil till three in the morning. Yes, we noticed his light in Durfee, coming home from the serenade."

"The serenade?"

"Yes; the serenade at the Fem. Sem."

"That was three in the morning?"

"Well, you see our Beta Lambda supper lasted quite late. Each fellow had to make two speeches—and it took some time—" Little Jack coughed demurely, "Then the serenade delayed us—"

"At least the Dwarf was'nt there."

"What's the matter with the 'College Hercules,' as the newspapers called him after the last foot-ball game —?"

"Let's go and find out—"

The two juniors marched over to Durfee arm in arm, dodged a base ball that Great Barrington threw on a line to Paige from the corner of Old North Middle, and ran up the stairs of North entry, and pounded on the Dwarf's door.

No response. They knew he was inside well enough. Little Jack yelled through the key-hole: "Sa—ay Dwarf—what's up—why don't you ever come out of your hole any more? Are you trying for first division or what—you old galoot?"

No response.

"What are you up to, old man?"

Still no response.

"I know a way to get into his room—through Dickson's bedroom window," said Little Jack.

They knocked at Dickson's door. Dickson, who roomed next door, was a senior, and tremendously on his dignity. But as they professed a real anxiety for the Dwarf's welfare he allowed them to go through his bedroom window, and so out on the sill, and into the Dwarf's bedroom. Fortunately the window was open.

They crept into the Dwarf's study with more or less fear and trembling, for the Dwarf might take it into his head to pound them a little by way of variety, as he had evidently shut himself in for a purpose.

To their surprise they found him out. A litter of papers and MSS. covered his desk: Little Jack picked up a printed form and read.

"The Editor of the *Gusher's Monthly* regrets exceedingly that the story submitted by Mr. Sprague is not exactly suited to their readers. This does not imply that the editor desires to pass upon the literary merit of the MS. or upon its character in any way. It is merely an expression of judgment as to availability.

The Editor of *Gusher's Monthly*."

They found more of these souvenirs of editorial cleverness, and on the sofa were two piles of MSS., neatly laid side by side. The juniors indelicately made a grab for the type written pages. "Oh, this is nuts for the whole crowd," laughed Little Jack, "what will the boys say when they see this! So—

the old Dwarf has been making a literary strike on the quiet — what a horse on the cuss ! ”

“ Every one of his efforts rejected — Poor Dwarf ! ” laughed Tom Keith, for he it was who was with Little Jack in his efforts to unearth the Dwarf.

Then there was a story about fit for the *New York Ledger* which the poor idiot had sent to the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Cosmopolitan* and to *McClure's*. Of course it had been returned with the usual polite rejection. (The poor Dwarf wondered why they went to all the trouble of *printing* his rejections !) A poem on “ Sunlight on the Meadow ” which was pathetically knock-kneed and splay-footed. Some essays which even the Yale *Lit* had sense enough to reject, and a critique on Goethe's *Faust*, which was childlike in simplicity of ideas and which the two fellows wickedly read aloud and hooted at.

“ Now,” said Little Jack, “ Poor old Dwarf Sprague has been trying to be a distinguished literary man. He's worked like a dog at it and I suggest that we try and do the square thing by him.”

“ How's that ? ” asked Tom Keith.

“ Why its this way. If the dear old fellow wants to get into the magazines — dash it all — he shall do so — ”

“ But how ? ”

“ Why it's easy. Listen, to-morrow I'll get some printer to print some letter-heads with “ *Scribner's Magazine*, Editorial Rooms ” on them and then I'll write Sprague the grandest letter you ever saw. I'll tell him that we like his work and hope he will keep on sending more MSS. to us, and I'll do the same thing with the

Century people, and then I mean to work the College press, and announce the forthcoming story just as they do in the regular advertising literary journals. And I know Jinks, who is a reporter on the New Haven Daily *Spunk*, and I'll get him to write an account of the Dwarf's early life — oh there's a winter's fun ahead of us all right!"

The wicked little fellow laughed and danced a *pas seul* in his fiendish glee.

"I'll make Sprague as big a literary light as any of the fellows who write very little and get their pictures in the magazines and puffing notices of themselves. I'll puff him to the skies — I'll advertise him all over as the coming literary swell —" and the fat little fellow rolled about on the floor laughing.

The two juniors stole a few of the returned MSS. and then stole gently away by the route they had entered.

A few days later the Dwarf received a very encouraging letter from the Editors of *Scribner's*, and duly posted in New York. "Your style," they said, "shows great maturity, study and depth of thought. Nothing since Hawthorne has been more perspicuous. — For clarity of expression we are obliged to go back to the classic French authors of the 18th *Siecle*. Montaigne embodied the germ of your ideas in his essays. Voltaire has some of your airy persiflage. Among Americans only Judge Spoopendyke, of Kansas, has your freedom in the use of grammar."

The use of "Judge Spoopendyke" nearly et the cat out of the bag. The Dwarf re-

collected that the name of the fabulous judge was often on the lips of Little Jack.

But then, he felt sure that no one knew of his literary efforts. He had spoken of them to no one, he had written under lock and key, and then the printed heading deceived him. No, on the whole he concluded "these literary chaps are beginning to find me out."

There followed a few days later a very enthusiastic piece of puffery in one of the New Haven journals. "We learn with pleasure, that H. C. Sprague, stroke of last years victorious Yale eight, has gone into literature quite extensively. He has on the stocks several important stories which will ultimately see the light in the pages of the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and other leading magazines, Besides these efforts, which will make him famous as a man of brains as well as an athlete."

A few days later the *Yale News* printed an account of Sprague's life, where he was born, some of earliest efforts in composition. A hymn, composed by him when only in his seventh year.

This article was *bona fide*. A freshman on the *News* reportorial staff interviewed the great literary light and got the facts very straight from the Dwarf himself.

Every one in college began to talk of Sprague's success, and began to ask to see some of his work. With a view to bringing the Dwarf forward, Little Jack organized a literary club, called the Minervan Sodality, and the Dwarf was elected First High Regal Potentate.

Then the fun began,

Everyone loved the Dwarf—and loved to tease him—and his boundless good nature alone prevented a serious row. They got him to

read one of his stories before the Sodality, and then they proved it was plagiarized from an old volume of the *Lit.* Little Jack managed this very ingeniously, copying out a part of the old tale and typewriting it into the Dwarf's story. Of course the latter denied it, but the proof against him was overwhelming. They had a mock trial at the Minervan Sodality, and the Dwarf was fined a champagne supper for the crowd, which he paid—not cheerfully—but willingly, as they told him the proof was too strong against him. At the supper they crowned his dear old head with bays, and Paige poured a libation of claret over him, after the old Grecian manner, and he appeared well enough satisfied—even if it spoiled his dress suit.

The stories still came back from the magazines, however, with harrowing frequency, and the Dwarf felt he could no longer put off the inevitable. What he was *going* to do—as fully mapped out in the *News*—he was unable to accomplish. He began to look overtrained and worried.

At last he said one day to Barrington, "I say, Barry, I am going to give the whole thing up."

"What—Rowing?"

"No—literature."

"Why so—"

"Oh, I haven't the time—"

"Well, I can't advise you to give it up *now*, while you are just in the beginning of such a splendid career—"

"Oh, d——n the career!"

"Why, Dwarf?"

"I don't believe it's in me!"

Barrington linked his arm in the Dwarf's

and they strolled over to Chapel street. Little Jack happened to come out of Hoadley's and waited for them.

"Congratulations, Dwarf. The *Palladium* says you're writing a serial story for the BACHELOR OF ARTS, the new college magazine. Is it a fact?"

"It's a huge and contemptible falsehood!"

"And it says, (he read) Mr. Sprague's literary vogue is something wonderful. He is not yet twenty, yet Kipling's name is hardly more frequently mentioned just now than his. The publishers are besieging him for MSS."

"See here, Jack—"

"Well?"

"I think I can see through a millstone with a hole in it."

The Dwarf's face indicated a storm brewing.

"Don't you like to be—to be the great literary light you are, Dwarf? Do you regret it?" Little Jack asked fearfully.

"I think I know—now—"

"Know what?"

"You're always up to some sort of rascality."

"But, Dwarf—"

"That making me out a plagiarist—was that nice of you, you little blackguard?"

"Plagiarist? Why that's nothing—Shakespeare plagiarized—often."

"And then to hold me up to ridicule in all the papers."

"Oh well—it's the result of fame."

"D——n it, it's not nice of you!"

"Don't accuse *me*!"

Little Jack was backing away, and when he saw a good chance he skipped away across Chapel street into the Campus.

Barrington tried to appease the Dwarf, but to no effect. The whole scheme of the Minervan Sodality dawned upon him. His wrath grew and waxed with the days. The whole crowd kept out of his way. There was sure to be a row somewhere, and Little Jack fairly trembled in his boots.

"It's a great deal worse than the wrath of Achilles, fellows, he said one day in Paige's room, and I don't see how I'm going to escape an awful walloping. The Dwarf is sulking in his tents. Oh, he'll maul me some day. But I've got a chance."

"A chance?"

"Yes. I sent a little bit of comic verse to the *Century* a month ago, signed it Sprague's full name. Now if they take it—it ought to please him."

"I don't know, it may make him boil over."

The crowd was divided as to what the effect exactly on Sprague would be.

A week later Little Jack, his round face displaying a mixed expression of fear and hope, knocked at the Dwarf's door in Durfee.

He was in, and he called out gruffly "*Herein!*" He was smoking a pipe, and stewing over a Greek text book, clad in a long dressing gown and slippers, and looking very solemn.

"Oh you, Jack!" He shook off a slipper.

"Yes, it's me. I've come to show you something."

"You are no friend of mine, you scoundrel!"

"I am your *real* friend—the others, they are the ones."

"Rot! You are the great he devil of the

class. You deserve to be spanked, and spanked you shall be,—it is opportune.”

“Read this first.”

It was a genuine letter from the *Century* people, accepting the Dwarf’s “amusing little poem,” and containing a check for ten dollars.

“There!” said Little Jack. “And I’ve got ten more—I wrote to Dad last week and told him I only wrote for money now, and he said he believed it!—and Barry’s got another—and we’re going to give you a big blowout to-night, and all will be forgiven.”

“And the poem, Jack, you little confounded smart cuss—is it to come out in my name?”

“Yes.”

“Then I *have* done something—will it be kept quiet—now Jack!”

“Yes. It’s a secret to be buried in the archives of the Minervan Sodality, and then we’ll burn the archives up!”

“And will I get the credit for it?”

“As sure as I live!”

“Jack, it’s awfully good of you, you smart little scamp!” I rather think it lets me out.

“It’s because I, I love you, Dwarf.”

Little Jack looked behind to see if the door was open for his escape, if necessary.

The Dwarf stood at his full height. “I—I feel somehow as if I ought to spank you, Jack, but, d—n it, that poem—But no one knows how I have suffered. I feel as if the whole world was engaged in looking at me and wondering why some of my stories and things didn’t come out. Oh, it’s awful! But now I can point to *something*—how many verses, Jack?”

“Only three.”

“Three — well, let it go at that! And they actually shook hands.

The result was, the good old Dwarf forgot and forgave, and the supper came off in in great style—the last of the famous Minervan Sodality.

But his literary career made a lot of fun that long dull winter term, after the Junior Prom. and the poem was the beginning of Little Jack’s frequent appearance in *Life*, *Puck*, *Judge*, *Truth*, and all the comic papers. Every one knows him now. He is becoming famous.

J. S. Wood.

IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

The trout-brook, after storm, with sunset lit,
Hath grown almost a river, brown and brawly,
Whose music notes on broken staves are writ,
Like burst of song from Genius, rude and scrawly!

O sweet, sweet death of Tempest, sunset-crowned!
O glad rebirth of rivulet into river!
Let me bear off to my remotest bound
The sacred messages ye thus deliver:

That Fulness is the meed of seeming strife;
That Storm, as well as calm, hath right divine in Life.

HENRY AUSTIN.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Athletics.—HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE has this to say in *Collier's Weekly* of the woman driver:

“Bicyclists have a good deal to contend with, and not the least of their perils is the woman driver. You start merrily off along a country road, not overwide nor extra smooth, but good enough withal. You pass, without care or thought, several carriages, a grocer's cart, other cyclists and various pedestrians. Then, to your horror, you see a dogcart with two dames therein loom up at the end of the curve. You grip your handle-bars firmly and slow up, keeping well to the right. The girl driving tightens her hold on the reins and flicks her horse with the whip, moving from side to side and rapidly approaching you. You grit your teeth, and balance your wheel on the narrow edge of the ditch. She reaches you, swerves nearer, there is a cloud of dust, a ‘Good gracious!’ from the girl not driving, the wheels brush your arm, and you are past, safe and trembling, and earnestly praying she may be the last you are to encounter on that trip. Let the scorcher and the wobbler and the truck-driver appear, but not another woman driver.”

* * *

Wheeling is getting to be a winter sport to a greater degree than ever before. The new chainless wheel is not yet “come to stay.” It is found to “grind” badly when climbing a hill. But when this “grinding” is overcome the era of the chain-wheel is over.

* * *

Football, says the *Evening Post* is the only game that avowedly goes in to lame and maim, or in which accidents are caused by the game itself.

In other sports the accidents are caused by outside forces.

This may be true enough, but the only question which really concerns us is, in what sport are there the greatest number of casualties? If football shows the worst record then away with it. But since 1894, says the *World's* list,

Swimming has caused 1,350 deaths.

Boating—986.

Hunting—654.

Bicycling—264.

Horseback riding—333.

Ice Boating—22.

Baseball—6.

Tennis—4.

Golf—2.

Football—11."

So it is seen that fatalities are rare in football.

To one of the 333 men killed by a fall from a horse, it is no argument to say that it was an outside force which killed him, not the horse. Had he gone afoot he would not have been killed.

Football ought to be made as harmless as possible compatible with good sport. But really, the *Post* makes too much of a howl over its dangers.

* * *

The football season being over, a short review such as the BACHELOR can give would seem to bring out a few chief points, viz: the lack of stamina at Harvard in athletics gener-

ally and the presence of it at Yale, the increased force and ability of Cornell, the "clean" playing exhibited and the downfall of overconfident Princeton.

What is the matter with Harvard? Take down back numbers of the BACHELOR and learn what Harvard men have said of her many previous defeats. In general, the fault has been laid to too much faculty interference. Then again, to social influences of the Boston "set," then again to lack of discipline and lack of nerve.

One coach after another arises at Harvard and it is announced that he is about to do wonders. The result is always the same. Harvard men living in New York have about given up all hope.

But the answer is, Harvard men have too much social life, too much Boston, too much "fun." The discipline of a Harvard team is not very severe. It is apt to be over severe at the wrong time and lax at the right time. Take Lehman's crew of last summer. The men looked in good condition, so much so that Cook and Lehman were both deceived, and Cook told the Yale crew to watch Harvard and let Cornell alone.

Well, they did let Cornell *severely* alone! The Harvard crew petered out on the third mile—why? Because they lacked "nerve," which is the result of gruelling hard work in training. It can't be said they lacked good coaching, since Lehman is acknowledged to be the best coach in the world. This year Lehman will work his men harder, and will have a great many competitions. By competitions Courtney selected his Poughkeepsie

crew. By seeing what the men actually did in races, and so selecting the men that did the best. At one time Courtney had four crews racing every few days at Ithaca. This is what Yale and Harvard must do in future or yield to Cornell every year. Two or three scrub 'Varsity crews must be put on the water—just as scrub football teams are used in the field.

If you want to know why Yale wins at football, go up to New Haven any "off" day of the week in November and see the men work. Its harder than a match game, but not so long.

So Lehman is getting out three crews and having races to watch his men in active competition. Weeding out the "cowards," and next year Harvard is going to win at New London over Cornell, but not over Yale.

* * *

We predicted Yale's victory over Princeton, and many Princeton men rallied us during the fall up to November 24. We said in our September number, p. 614, "In football Yale will win from Princeton, but lose to Harvard."

This latter prediction was very nearly fulfilled also. We can fairly say that Harvard had the *opportunity* of winning when she had Yale on the latter's four yard line.

In May, 1897, we predicted Cornell's victory over Harvard and Yale at Poughkeepsie. (See pp. 473, 474, "We are rather inclined to think it is Cornell's turn to whip the eternal earth. We base this on the probability of her ability to surpass her last year's performance by half a minute. We favor Cornell.")

* * *

So, when we begin to prophesy about 1898 we feel that we have the right to be considered

in a very different manner from Cassandra of Troy. We will favor our betting readers with the following prophecy:

Yale, Harvard and Cornell will row four miles at New London in June, and cross in the order named. Yale will win by over one boat length.

Harvard will never win over Yale with Lehman as coach, as we have already observed once or twice. With Courtney at Harvard and under his system, it might be different.

* * *

Harvard being so fond of Lehman that their football team were compelled to drop their H's, is another of those exasperating pieces of foolery we are always getting from Harvard. But Colonel Osborne's letter resenting the supposed insult to Yale was rather uncalled for. Harvard's management or discipline of her football heroes is a private matter, and the *Crimson's* remarks need not have been considered as authoritative by Col. Osborne. Harvard did not, and could not, regard Yale as an unworthy antagonist. The facts would not bear this out, and it was only because Harvard's team were believed to have lost their nerve at the wrong moment that the Harvard Athletic Committee sought to punish them.

To our mind this silly act was on a par with Prof. Ames' conduct in 1895.

* * *

We thought then that Harvard's ill success in athletics was largely due to President Eliot's policy of "reducing the interest in athletics." But since then President Eliot has come out quite as a champion of football and other sports. He is quite opposed to the *Evening*

Post in thinking football necessarily brutal. The BACHELOR must do the president of Harvard the justice of believing that he wants Harvard to win as much as President Dwight wants the sons of Eli to win. His relegating Yale into a class by herself (a sort of athletic club), has not been confirmed by the experience of Harvard's debaters the last three years. It is seen that Yale does all things with a certain holy zest or spirit or consecration, or what you may call it, which it would be very well worth Harvard's while to imitate. The same zest is seen at Cornell and at Princeton. It is the spirit that wins.

* * *

We like very much what Mr. Bull, in *Brooklyn Life*, has said about Cornell:

"The sport-loving public, the fair-minded and the non-partisan alike, will uphold Cornell in her plea for equal representation and consideration in the rowing councils of Harvard and Yale. Cornell, it seems, is agreeable to rowing Yale at New London, but on the other hand the Ithacans desire, and rightfully, that they be included in the big university races for the next five years to come. If, as now seems likely, the great three will once again meet in a race, the crews of Columbia and Pennsylvania are likely to go to New London, and as a result there will be several continuous days of racing. And several continuous days of racing is calculated to prove the forerunner of an American Henley, an event which is desired by rowing men generally, and which, once established, will do the sport a world of good in this country, and, by raising yearly the stand-

ard of crew rowing, render an American victory in English waters an assurance of time only."

Cornell wants a five years agreement, and the BACHELOR hopes she will receive it.

A dual race between Harvard and Yale has ceased to be especially interesting. Cornell has earned her right to enter the race, and if we can say anything to put her in it each year we shall gladly do so. We must say we like Cornell's sportsmanlike way of doing things, and entirely disapprove of making size, or social prestige, or any other unfair and un-American condition the reason for shutting out such a fair antagonist.

In fact, one *raison d'être* of the BACHELOR is to create a feeling of kindliness and friendliness between our American colleges. In the race for athletic prestige too much of the professional spirit has entered in. Mr. Lehman is the incarnation of the higher, gentlemanly spirit. In all fairness, Cornell has won a right to race for highest collegiate honors, and to demand that Yale and Harvard shall listen to her plea.

* * *

The Cornell standpoint in rowing we all know—it is to win four-mile races over Harvard and Yale and then to ask to be permitted to race them again for a succession of years. At the Lehman dinner Bob Cook stated the Yale-Harvard idea:

"It is a matter of congratulation that Yale and Harvard are again together in sports with a spirit of friendly rivalry. It seems to me that any agreements to compete with each other for a term of years is contrary to the proper confidence which should exist between

them, that they should be drawn together by a common interest in all sports, and on the same broad basis on which Oxford and Cambridge meet each year. I believe that it is bad for the student, and for true college sport, to have more than one competitor at a time. When great numbers are brought together as was the case years ago at Springfield and Saratoga, the college flavor of the contest is too much absorbed by the great public.

I believe that the policy of Yale should be to claim no championships, to fear no defeats, nor to wish for any victory that is tainted with either jingo or speculative competition.

Yet if in the natural order of things the opportunity broadens so as to invite others into temporary relations, it ought to be the policy to welcome such a contest. But this condition should spring from natural growth and should at no time involve one or the other longer than the taste of each would desire."

We voice the Yale undergraduate feeling in the few words, "Cornell must be defeated in a four-mile boat race."

Meanwhile it is said authoritatively that in case of the failure of the Yale-Cornell negotiations, Cornell will arrange to have the Cornell-Columbia-Pennsylvania race rowed at Poughkeepsie, and will at the same time arrange for the admittance of any college crew that desires to enter. It has always been Cornell's desire to establish a grand open college regatta in which all crews may compete, and she is willing to make sacrifices to bring this about.

We suggest to Cornell to take up the American Henley idea at New London and put it through. Yale and Harvard can enter or not,

as they please. The presence of Cornell will be enough to ensure a successful regatta.

* * *

After conference between Captains Whitney of the Yale crew and Goodrich of the Harvard crew, a decision was reached to row their annual boat-race at New London, whether the race will be between Harvard and Yale, or a three-cornered race with Cornell. We announce that there is not much doubt but that Cornell will row at New London this year, and the next two also.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY Committee on Physical Training recommends vital changes.—The spirit of innovation which has marked the rowing policy at Harvard for the past year shows a tendency to extend to other branches of sport, and there are indications of healthy reform in all the departments of physical culture. A committee on athletic sports, physical culture and sanitation has been investigating, and it has filed an interesting report with the Board of Overseers, embodying a number of suggestions bearing on vital points in the curriculum of physical development. The committee was made up of the following: Augustus Hemenway, Robert Bacon, Theodore Roosevelt, C. F. Adams, second, G. W. Weld, R. F. Clark, Edwin Farnham, M. H. Richardson, William Hooper, C. J. Blake and H. W. Putnam.

The report, as published in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, points out that Harvard should advocate the principle of equable education of mind and body. It finds that many students who have neither the physique nor the inclination to qualify for some of the athletic teams, frequently neglect their bodily

needs in their struggle for mental acquirements. On the other hand, it believes that there is a tendency among a certain element to carry sport to extremes, and that some games, especially football, should be played under careful restrictions and between the colleges only.

The committee thinks that the present complicated network of intercollegiate sport calls for the intelligent supervision of some centralized body to which all debatable questions might be referred absolutely, and that neither the faculty nor the corporation should make any conflicting regulation or rule unless under the strongest possible necessity.

Such work being obviously beyond the original purposes of the Athletic Committee, it is thought wise to make changes by which the restrictions and reforms which are deemed necessary may be practically secured by agreement with the other colleges rather than by stopping the sport. These suggested changes are:

First, that the undergraduate captains of the chief athletic teams should be ex-officio members of the committee; second, that the three graduate members at present appointed by the corporation should be elected by the overseers: third, that the committee be given power to act until their successors are chosen, that the graduate members be chosen for a term of years, and that, as there are four important branches of sport, the committee be increased to twelve, to be composed of four captains, four members of the faculty and four graduates.

The special committee decries the public prominence given to all college contests, notably those on the gridiron, and says that for

weeks before a game the boys are led to believe that their doings are of real importance to the civilized world, and that they are more often overwrought mentally by the nervous strain than overworked physically. Continuing in the same strain, the report says:

"The hardest head is likely to be affected by the need of winning the applause and support of the audience, and the temptation to distort the true purpose of sport into a mere struggle for victory is too great. It is no wonder that in games of physical contact bad blood is aroused and dishonorable acts sometimes occur. Nor is it strange, with such contests keenly in mind, that there should be difficulty in arranging the conditions of the games, and that an undesirable form of diplomacy should be developed.

"Love of sport is a good thing in itself, and we cannot blame the American people for desiring to see athletic contests, but the best development, not to say the decent continuation of college sports, demands that the spectators, especially at football games, be limited, so far as possible, to college men, and that the games be played only on college grounds.—*The Sun*.

We might add that the last recommendation of limiting the audiences of college games to college men only, is impracticable.

On the whole, the immense advertisement the colleges get from the great games and races is a good thing for them and as well for the American people.

* * *

The Thames river at New London is shown by measurements to be sufficiently wide for three crews to race four miles side by side.

But our American races need only a suitable

width the first mile. After that our races become a procession. Hence, as the Thames has a width at the start of 2,000 feet, at one half-mile 2,500 feet, it affords ample room for a 'Varsity race. Here are the figures of the "new course."

Width of river: Start, 2,000 feet; one-half mile, 2,500 feet; one mile, 1,250 feet; one and a-half miles, 2,250 feet; two miles (directly opposite United States Naval Station), 1,300 feet; two and a-half miles, 2,700 feet; three miles, 2,300 feet; three and a-half miles, 2,700 feet; four miles (finish), 1,450 feet.

From the start the course runs one and one-half miles straightaway. At one and one-half miles it is 400 feet west of the old course for three-quarters of a mile, and then deflects to the east (left) side of the old course for three-quarters of a mile; thence one and three-quarter miles straightaway to the finish, which is just north of the Thames River drawbridge.

This course offers a depth of water after the first half-mile varying from eighteen to fifty feet. The deflection is made to follow the channel of the river, and this gives to the crews all the benefit of the current.

* * *

FOOTBALL '97. We hardly agree with Governor Jones of Arkansas, that football is a crime and must be abolished from our universities altogether by legislation. But we do certainly urge upon the rule-makers, when they meet next month, the necessity of one or two points, viz:

1. Not more than two men should interfere for the man with the ball.
2. No mass plays should be allowed except within the 25 yard limit.

3. Open plays should be advocated.
4. A third umpire to watch line ups, and prevent slugging.

Football is not necessarily a brutal game, but there are often brutes on the teams. Some statistics recently compiled by a morning paper show that since 1890 there have been but 13 deaths due to football, and 438 due to horseback riding. But will Governor Jones abolish horses from Arkansas?

* * *

The election of Johnny Baird as Captain of the Princeton football eleven meets with universal approval among alumni and undergraduates. There was some talk of making Kelly, the great half back, captain, but he was recognized by his fellow players as not the man to take charge, for the excellent reason that he does not believe in training hard, and dislikes steady practice. The selection of Chamberlain to captain the Yale team was also well received at New Haven, and elsewhere, although many persons believed that De Saulles would be the man. The little quarter back would undoubtedly have been elected instead of Chamberlain, had it not been for his backwardness in studies, due to so much participation in baseball and football. It may be remembered that Yale requires a stand of 2.25 for her athletes.

But what a money making game it is! And how much money is involved in a football season! Here are Penn's figures. The gross receipts from games played by the 'varsity eleven reached \$44,373.25. The expenses were quite heavy. The salary of Coach Woodruff, printing, advertising and police

amounted to \$7,960.94; hotel bills and railroad fares were \$1,985.86; the uniforms and other paraphernalia cost \$1,470.14; the Mecox Inn expense footed up \$1,477.20; the training table cost \$1,963.29, while the grand stand expenses reached \$6,327.14. This made a total of \$21,184.57 in expenses, which left the unusually large profit of \$23,188.68.

* * *

"GOLF IS fascinating," say some of its admirers. So it is, if all the conditions are favorable, but to play round after round in the hot sun just for the base purpose of making a better score, is as bad as the scorcher who only cares to reel off miles.

But golf has entrenched itself well in the hearts of amateur athletes and immense sums have been spent on links all over the country. It is sure to last for the next ten years or more.

We extend our heartiest sympathy to Golf Widows, just now. How can the wives best retaliate? By organizing evening clubs, or what? At present the state of affairs is something terrible.

* * *

MEN'S GOLF is entirely unsuited to women, and women are finding it out. One season is enough for most players. This is what *Truth* says:

An interesting fact developed by the entries for the woman's golf championship of the United States has not been commented on with sufficient particularity, in view of the possible significance that might be attached to it.

The entries for the current year numbered thirty-three, against twenty-nine in 1896.

These figures taken by themselves would seem to indicate that interest in the sport is surely though slowly extending among the ladies, many of whom last year exhibited unexpected talent. But other facts throw cross lights on the subject that are apt to be confusing.

Of the thirty-three fair contestants this year, but seven were entered in last year's tournament, leaving twenty-six novices. What has become of the other twenty-two who won more or less distinction, and one or two at least of whom promised a most brilliant future? Have they wearied of the game, or do they find their time too much occupied for practice, or have other competitors arisen who seem to excel and so warn them off? The thought that so many of them have lost their enthusiasm is scarcely tenable, in view of the fact that more than their number have succeeded to their aspirations, but surely something must have happened to abate their eagerness.

It has been hinted that the publicity of championship contests is not agreeable to some women; that they feel themselves at a disadvantage under the scrutiny of hundreds of pairs of eyes, and that the fame of their triumphs and even of their failure is distasteful. But even this theory is of more than doubtful soundness, for the records of the August tournament show not only no falling off, but rather a substantial all-around gain in proficiency, grace and ease.

It is possible that a milder variety of golf, with short holes, will be utilized by the golf widows in future.

College Notes.—Radcliffe's French play is thus humorously treated by the *Sun*:

For the first time the young women of Radcliffe College, hitherto jealously guarded from profane eyes and even uncatalogued, were to be exhibited to the public gaze attired in costumes made expressly for the occasion in Paris. For the first time, too, in the history of Harvard University, one of her professors was to appear as a Thespian on a public stage. The expenditure on scenery, decorations and costumes, all made especially in Paris, was known to be on that lavish scale which the Harvard Faculty encourages in the histrionic ventures of its departments of instruction, as a needful relaxation in the struggle it is obliged to carry on continuously against undergraduate extravagance in the management of athletics and of private theatricals. The play as presented, moreover, was acknowledged to be in all essential particulars the product of the thought and energy of Harvard's Prof. DE SUMICHRAST. He had annotated and translated the text; he alone had seen in it opportunities for spectacular display of which RACINE and the Comédie Française never dreamed; he it was who designed and ordered the costumes, and adorned the cast with the fair maidens of Radcliffe, with the Boston amateurs, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with the Boston Cecilia, and with Mr. B. J. LANG. As the *Boston Herald* states only too concisely:

"M. le Prof. DE SUMICHRAST, qui était dans cette représentation le metteur en scène, le régisseur, le transmetteur des traditions françaises, le traducteur, et la grande jeune premier, a joué le prêtre."

The words used were, it is true, those of the

French writer, but they were modified for Boston use, as we gather from the *Boston Evening Transcript's* praise of one performer, "who spoke out her lines with a quaint American accent which was not at all displeasing to French ears."

Tout Boston and Tout Cambridge were not disappointed. A pageant more gorgeous than any Hasty Pudding or Cercle Français ballet was unfolded before them. We can only describe one scene: Prof. DE SUMICHRAST, arrayed in "a very copy of the costume prescribed by the Book of Leviticus, even to the bells and pomegranates on his robe," wearing a Levitical beard, beautifully reproduced in the *Boston Evening Record*, and completely identified with the character of the high priest of JEHOVAH, stood revealed on the temple steps, uplifting his arms like MOSES, while around and in front of him circled the young women of Radcliffe, "strikingly beautiful, all in their floating, gauzy veils, loose hair, and flowing draperies of lilac and violet, pale yellow, cobalt blue, salmon pink, sea green, and white, now swinging wreaths of roses, now waving green palm branches" in adoration. "Dieu!" they cried, as they raised their arms to the left, and "Cieux!" as they waved them to the right, with an accuracy creditable to their months of training. The fact that the employment of the Boston Cecilia to sing the choruses limited the vocal expression of the young ladies' feelings to these two forcible words, lent an unexpected fervor to their utterance.

* * *

A very grave question has arisen at Syra-

cuse and other girls' colleges—Shall men be admitted to see their basketball games?

The BACHELOR's advice is based on the good old doctrine *Honi soi qui mal y pense*.

Girls who play basketball in "knickers" ought to have nothing to feel ashamed of. The same girls would bathe before men in summer in similar suits without any squeamishness.

We hope the time will soon arrive when it will be conceded by the most prudish prude that girls have bodies, legs and arms which require muscular exercise as much as boy's do.

In the ordinary girls' gymnasium-suit there is no greater display of the female form than in an ordinary party dress—not so much.

We advise the avoidance of secrecy and the free admission of men. A morning paper has this to say:

"When the members of the girls' basketball teams at the Syracuse University decided to exclude men from their public games they forgot that it was a rule that might work both ways. On Thursday night the first public game was played in the college gymnasium between the girls' freshman and sophomore teams, and it was a lively contest, in which the freshmen won by the score of 8 to 2. The galleries were filled with women spectators, but no men were present except the professors in the institution.

The male students, who had anxiously looked forward to seeing the contests, are very indignant and say that it is as fair one way as the other, and hereafter they do not propose to admit the co-eds to their various athletic contests. The question of admitting the men to

the championship games was rather hotly discussed at a meeting of the basketball girls previous to the game. A vote was taken, and nearly all were in favor of letting the men in, but two girls objected and the men were excluded. The other girls think the objectors have an excess of modesty, and one said: 'I think there is more harm done by the secrecy that surrounds the matches, and that people will think there is really something improper for young women in the game.'

As there is to be a series of intercollegiate games with Cornell, Wellesley, Wells College, and Cortland Normal School, the question of male exclusion receives considerable importance."

* * *

Williams College is to have a new Y. M. C. A. building provided by its Alumni, which will cost about \$35,000.

* * *

The new Princeton University Catalogue shows a marked falling off from Southern States, but an increase from Western States. The general summary is as follows:

	1895	1896	1897	1898
Fellows,	7	7	8	11
Grad. Stud.,	110	119	115	114
Acad. Stud.,	598	574	548	580
Scien. Stud.,	394	388	374	360
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1,109	1,088	1,045	1,065

* * *

The Yale-Harvard debate at New Haven was won again by Yale, for the third successive time. The *Alumni Princetonian* thinks that on mere form Harvard was the superior

but "Yale's team play" was the better. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew presided.

The subject of the debate was, "*Resolved, That the United States should annex the Hawaiian Islands.*" Harvard had the choice of sides, and chose the affirmative. The team which represented Harvard was composed of the following men: Charles Grilk '98, John A. H. Keiths P. G.; and Wilbur Morse, 1900. The Yale speakers were: John Kirkland Clark '99, Herbert Wescott Fisher '98, and Herbert Atchinson Jump '99, T. S. Of these men one on each side had previously participated in a debate against Princeton, namely, Mr. Grilk, of Harvard, and Mr. Fisher, of Yale.

The judges were Hon. John J. McCook, Hon. Wm. B. Hornblower, Princeton '71, and Prof. Nicholas Murray of Columbia University.

* * *

DR. DEPEW's remarks kept the audience in a good humor, he said:

"I am glad, I say that the debate has come in again for a place with the football game, because in the arena of education there are undoubtedly times when the gray matter should have a chance. (Laughter.)

"But I believe it would not have been possible to revive interest in debate had it not been for the intercollegiate debating athletic contests. More than 20 years ago there swept over the colleges of the country, as by common sentiment, the feeling that the debating contest belonged to the academy and the district school, and that it was beneath the superior dignity of the college to engage in such strife. These societies, however, were useful, for they had trained men who went

forth and became illustrious and great representatives of their alma mater. Those societies, I say, went out of commission because of that sentiment and with their death oratory and the art of public speaking languished. This fact can be seen in every place in the United States where a public speaker is needed and where a public speaker should be. There is, and there always will be, just as great a demand for public speaking, and just as great an opportunity for it as was the case in what is known as the 'days of the great orators.' But the last 20 years of college history has produced not a single famous orator in the United States. This is seen mostly in our courts, upon the political platform, and in the decadence of popular oratory in the Senate, in Congress, and in the various halls of legislation of our country. But I look forward to the revival of the debating society with the expectation of seeing a new generation go forth from our colleges, not only panoplied with a magnificent and superb education but able also to utilize it in the thousands of places where the educated man is called upon to make use of his power in the defense of right and securing of justice, in the director's meeting, in the courts of law, in the pulpit—everywhere and anywhere—lucidly and carefully expressing the judgment he had formed."

* * *

The Joy Club at Princeton will have one of the finest College Club houses in the world. It will be finished in March. It has been planned with especial reference to the entertainments of graduate members.

* * *

Princeton has had a number of publications. First the *Nassau Monthly*, 1841. Changed to the *Lit.* as it appears to-day in 1848.

The *Rake*, a pamphlet for the same purpose and of the same style as the *Procs*, which were issued by the Sophomore and Freshman classes in recent years, in addition to a few pamphlets had been published prior to the founding of the *Lit*, but the *Lit* was the first regular periodical devoted to literary work.

The first number of the *Nassau Herald*, a journal devoted to Senior class statistics, its athletic records, etc., appeared in 1864. The design was then the same as in recent years.

The *Bric-a-Brac* was started in 1875 for the purpose of preserving a record of college honors, its athletic records and statistics from year to year. The first number contains a list of students, records of the football, baseball, and cricket teams, boat clubs, societies, etc.

Very few drawings were inserted for several years, but the cuts are very amusing.

The next year, June 14, 1876, the first *Princetonian*, was published, then a weekly paper. In 1885 it was changed to a tri-weekly, issued on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and in 1892 it was again changed and issued daily except Saturday.

In 1894 it became a daily, and the *Alumni Princetonian*, a weekly, was started.

The *Tiger*, a comic weekly of from six to eight pages, was reorganized in 1890. It has a large editorial board and a growing circulation.—*Princetonian*.

* * *

In the Intercollegiate Shoot at Traver's

Island, Princeton won by 214 to Yale's 197. Princeton thus becomes the possessor of the silver cup offered by *Shooting and Fishing*.

* * *

AN ENGLISHMAN, a college boy, has sent home a diary of his trials and tribulations in going to Klondyke, in the *London Graphic*:

"April 6.—At five o'clock, Burns, his "pard," came round with his sleighs to transport our stuff up to the foot of the Canyon at 1c. a lb., as the trail is very bad and the Canyon may break up any day. It was nine miles, and the last mile we did not know if we could make it or not—we had to go through three to four feet of slush and water in places. Burns said it was the last trip he would make unless it froze again. We made the Canyon by lunch, and after lunch started up the Canyon with about 300 lbs. each on. It was an awful trip, as the snow was soft and the Canyon was uphill all the way, and in places very steep. It was three miles to where we camped, and it took us three hours to get there, and then we left 100 lbs. each about a mile behind. I tell you pulling a sleigh well loaded uphill with the snow soft is the hardest work I ever tackled. We had a light supper and went and got the balance of our loads. When I got back I was wet through with perspiration and rain, but I could not trouble to light a fire. I turned right into bed with my wet clothes on and slept like a top."

The writer says in another place: "I will give a short list of things we do on the trail that are not done at home in the best society.

"1. We live and sleep in the same clothes for three weeks at a time without changing.

"2. We thaw all our water out from snow, and in the morning go outside and rub our hands and face in the snow and think ourselves clean.

"3. No sponges, brushes or tooth-brushes are on the trail, with rare exceptions. I have a clothes-brush (which I use as a hair-brush) and a tooth-brush; but I have been separated from the latter for a week now.

"4. Handkerchiefs are never used. I only use mine when I am sure no one is looking, and if any one is coming tie it round my neck.

"5. A clean-mouthed man—I mean this not literally, though it is true that way, too—is an unknown thing on the road.

"6. Tea-leaves used less than three times before being thrown away are unheard of and a waste.

"7. The difference between a tea-pot and a coffee-pot is *nil*. Also it should not be washed out, and then there can be no disturbance through some wanting tea, others coffee.

"8. No man is complete without a chaw in his mouth, and a man who takes the trouble to spit in any particular place—as on a corner where no one sleeps—would be considered a tenderfoot and a greenhorn, and doubts would be expressed as to his ever getting to the Yukon.

"9. A man who has not been mining in Alaska before, or in Cook's Inlet, Montana, Oregon, Nevada, California, and Colorado is an exception, and much sought after as a good target for shooting tall lies at.

"I must stop now, as if any one ever reads this rot they will get too tired of it to finish it,

and I hope my diary, like '64 port, will improve as you go on."

The troubles encountered afterward by the writer when the ascent over the Canyon began were anything but a pleasant experience. The supply of food was nearly exhausted, and the writer remarked, "I would not go on like this for \$100 a day."

* * *

WE HAVE been asked by several recent graduates, would you advise us to go to Klondyke?

We answer in all seriousness to those who are in good health and strong of wind and limb—go! You may not make your fortune, but the hardships you undergo will make men of you. This is your period of adventure. All young men owe it to themselves to see the world. Klondyke is a fine field for a young football player or an ex-^{or}carsman. Better than stifling in a law office. You can do that later on.

* * *

A COLLEGE man, Walter A. Wycoff, of Princeton, is publishing in *Scribner's* a description of his experiences as a tramp workman.

The impression these descriptions make on one is not only of their sincerity, but of the pitiable condition of the common laboring man in this country. Mr. Wycoff speaks of things without exaggeration, and again, without much humor. He is, perhaps, over serious. His gloomy perspective, his refined nature affected by the hard life of toil he endures, causes him to give utterance to too great feeling—or, rather, to *feel* too deeply.

He is a philosopher-tramp. His work reminds us of Thoreau's *Maine Woods*.

Let us remember that if humanity is harsh to honest tramp workmen it is because of the large tribe of wandering rogues who infest our country and prey upon the good nature of housewives.

* * *

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, in one of the daily journals took occasion to make some remarks concerning "Commencement Day." Among his remarks were the following:

"Of all the topics which the trustees of colleges, their presidents, or their secretaries of alumni, have to consider, there is not one so important as the relation between the colleges and the great system of free education which is now well established in all parts of the nation. Ten thousand young men and women will this year graduate at some four or five hundred institutions which are called 'colleges' in the United States. In the same time more than ten million children of both sexes have received some training in the public schools of the different states, and nearly two million young people have finished the last school education which they will receive anywhere. The 'commencements' of these schools dismiss to the work of life two hundred times as many scholars as do the 'commencements' of the colleges.

"In the face of such a comparison, the patronizing language occasionally used by an annual orator at a college commencement is absurd. The colleges and universities have their all important duties. And the common schools and the high schools, sustained at the public charge

by the public authority, have their all-important duty.

"To bring the two systems into absolute harmony, and into cordial co-operation, is, on the other hand, the business of the leaders of both systems. And so much has been done, in twenty years, in such co-operation, that there is good reason to hope that much more will be done in the next twenty.

"There is, for instance, an opportunity in every city which has a population of 10,000 people or more to maintain a high school as a part of its public system, which shall be quite up to the standard of the average college of forty years ago in America. Such a school may maintain a respectable chemical laboratory, with a special teacher; it may provide for studies in the classical languages, in French and in German; it may have apparatus which can illustrate the more important of fundamental principles of physics, and teachers who can use them; it can teach drawing, and teach its pupils how to learn in natural history. Such a high school ought to be so equipped that the young man or young woman who remains at school until the age of 17 or 18, shall be well prepared to engage in the occupations of business life. The larger the city or town, and the larger the attendance of high school pupils the more complete can be made the arrangements of such preparation.

"Now such work as this does not in the least interfere with the line of work which the colleges, so-called, lay out for themselves, or ought to. Indeed, all the experienced college men are now assuring us that it would be better if the average work of their freshmen year

could be assumed by the preparatory schools. Any one, who has seen with how much freer foot a young fellow moves in the college if he has put his French or German 'out of the way' before he entered has an object lesson as to the value of a well-equipped preparatory school.

"Let the youngster enter as sophomore at the college, if you please, so he has been under the admirable personal charge which may be his privilege in some of the well-equipped high schools of the country.

"It is an open secret, perhaps, among the presidents and trustees of colleges that it is very hard to make the best teachers take up 'freshman work.' Yet freshman work is the most difficult and the most important. What follows is that the freshman, perhaps eager to take up the full advantage of college life, passes from the high school or the academy to his first recitation or lecture, to find himself given over to the oversight of some young fellow only four or five years older than himself, who has recently been named as tutor or instructor. The pupil has perhaps just left the personal class of a first-rate educator, a man of experience, enthusiasm and genius, and he finds himself under the tuition of a frightened young graduate, afraid of his class, new to the subject, who is trying his experiments in education.

"This difficulty is one of the most serious which presents itself to the boards of management and the college presidents. It must, more or less, exist always. It is the nature of things. But it is clear that the hearty effort of all friends of education to level up the 'secondary schools,' as the French call them—the high schools or the preparatory schools, as

we call them — points in the right way. The duty of the high school is so large that it is not difficult to secure first-rate men, with genius in their calling, to take the charge of them."

* * *

Mr. H. B. Tompkins has given Hamilton College a fine lot of land, about fifty acres, to the west of the college on College Hill. This property will afford a place for a football, baseball and athletic field.

Mr. Tompkins has written the following letter, which he has kindly allowed us to print :

To the Board of Trust of Hamilton College:

In view of the new impetus which has been given to the College under the energetic administration of Dr. Stryker, the addition of the Root and Benedict buildings and the increase of the College funds, I have taken advantage of the opportunity to acquire the property, containing about fifty acres, adjoining the College grounds on the west, and realizing the necessity to the College of a larger area for buildings, athletic grounds and other purposes incident to a growing and flourishing institution, I desire to present to the Trustees of Hamilton College the land I have purchased to be made a part and parcel of the College grounds, for the purposes above mentioned.

I make this gift without any expressed conditions, save that it shall be held and used by the trustees and their successors in office for college purposes, but perhaps it is only proper to say that I have been largely actuated in donating this land by a desire to preserve that portion of the College campus lying in front of the present College buildings, to the southerly limit of the present grounds, from any future encroachment, in the way of buildings, so that its natural beauty may be preserved, and be always kept open as a College campus or park.

I hand you herewith a deed of the property, and beg its acceptance. Assuring you of my continued interest in the growth and welfare of our honored institution, I remain, gentlemen,

Very truly yours,

H. B. TOMPKINS.

Besides the land Mr. Tompkins has given, the College is about completing two new buildings. The Root Hall of Sciences, the gift of

the Hon. Elihu Root of New York, and the Hall of Languages, the gift of Henry H. Benedict of Brooklyn. The buildings will be dedicated on the 16th of November of this year and a large gathering of the Alumni and friends of the College is expected.

Besides the above, improvements are being made to the College chapel, and it is being enlarged to nearly twice its original size. The College has this year secured the balance of the legacy of \$100,000 with interest, bequeathed to it under the Fayerweather will, and \$75,000 on account of the distribution of the residue of the Fayerweather estate under the decree in the suit of Hamilton and other colleges against the executors.

* * *

Professor Hadley seems to regret that prize debaters are not honored as football champions are. It seems to us that just as military heroes will always be lauded over statesmen, so athletic champions are bound to be praised over prize speakers and debaters. There is also a subtler reason,—the athlete wins by his own efforts, the orator or debater by using the efforts of others. Yale has beaten Harvard three years in succession.

* * *

A remarkable scandal has arisen in Syracuse University. It seems that Bishop Peck left his entire estate to the university, a Methodist institution, providing by contract with the university for his widow, by leaving her a house to live in, horses, servants, etc. When Mrs. Peck was on her death-bed she made the request that Chancellor Day of the university should be debarred from all participation in

her funeral ceremonies. This arose from the fact that the university has failed to carry out the contract made with Bishop Peck to support his widow. It is alleged that she was utterly neglected, and her house was left in a ruinous condition. A clergyman, Rev. Mr. Rockwell, has taken up her cause and the end of the affair is not yet. On the side of the university, Chancellor Day alleges that the old lady (she lived to be ninety) was "overpaid." Certain it is that Mrs. Peck felt she had been badly treated or the chancellor would not have been barred out of her funeral—a slight which among clergymen, is considered the greatest affront that can be put upon the cloth by a recalcitrant testator.

* * *

The Surrogate of Genesee County has just decided that the will of William Lampson, the Leroy banker who died a year ago leaving an estate valued at half a million to Yale, shall be sustained. It seems that Laura Ann Brooks, of St. Paul, Minn., an aunt of the deceased, contested the will on the ground that there is a statute which forbids foreign corporations to receive bequests where the will bequeathing them was executed within two months before the death of the testator, which was the case in this instance. Judge North holds that the law does not govern in this case, as there were no heirs of the body involved. The contestant, who would receive at least \$400,000 if the will was broken, will appeal to the Supreme Court from the Surrogate's decision. The average alumnus rejoices when an old grad. dies and leaves his fortune to *Alma Mater*—but how about relatives? In poor Mrs. Peck's case,

above alluded to, we doubt whether the lady fully appreciated the benefit to the college.

* * *

Is Professor Libbey to be praised for disenchanting the Mesa? After his visit the Mesa Encantada, or table-land, 300 feet above the plain, as Prof. Libbey writes in *Harper's Weekly*—is disenchanted—and is simply a bare elevated bit of plain. A later investigator has, however, reënchanted it, and peopled it with an ancient city. Professor Libbey found nothing—others have found remains of inhabitants.

Nevertheless, he and Mr. Bridgman (one of the BACHELOR'S advisory board, by the way) performed a stirring bit of adventure very creditably. It should not be long before a Yankee hotel crowns the summit of this barren waste.

* * *

"WHEN YALE and Harvard provide their proposed courses in husbandry and fatherhood, I have no doubt the colleges for women will establish parallel courses."—*The Critic*.

This is a very wise remark, Miss Gilder, and requires no further comment.

Miss Gilder has recently stated that her brain "seethes"—(see *Book News*). Is this not an open admission that she has one?

* * *

"COLLEGE WOMEN" seem to most men to pose too much. Their superior air and manner is that of the person entirely without humor and entirely self-satisfied. We believe this attitude is common to women who can have any ground for conceit. Good tennis

players, wheelwomen, golf putters, song and dance artistes—all women are very apt to be full of conceit of their performances. The modest ones are they who have never tried to do anything. We know of several “literary women” in New York who never wrote anything worth reading, and yet who are quite successful literary people, presidents of literary societies, and what not.

The great charge against education of women is, it spoils them. They become no longer lovable and mild.

But this is another way of saying that we are not yet ready for a new standard of women. We are not yet willing to yield up our position as Lords of Creation, or any part of it.

The new idea of women is essentially based on contract, and on the plan of partnership.

The old idea was slavery.

Ellen Desart, in the *National Review*, thinks that women have gone as far as they can, and will now retreat. Her closing remarks are worth quoting :

“Woman creates and influences not by what she does, but by what she is. Let us take this to heart and glory in what we can do well instead of striving to take part in what at best we cannot do properly. The battlefield of the world is like the cricket-fields on which the Iron duke did *not* say Waterloo was won. Woman’s only chance of victory there depends on her opponents playing left-handed and with broomsticks. Is such a victory ever worth winning ?

In all the sixty years of her reign the Queen has never come forward to preach a doctrine or demand a law. She has never declaimed in

public against anything, or announced from the throne her determination to do one thing or leave undone another. But many a change that she has deprecated has been unmade; many a thing that she has disapproved of has been quietly altered. Her influence has been made manifest to the uttermost ends of the Empire, not by what she has said, but by the life she has lived. Who shall gauge the effect of her example in an age whose tendency has been to deny all things high, to knock down all things sacred? Who shall say that it is not owing to the standard she has set us that the reaction has begun, and that the influence of religion is once more quickening through the world?

Is not this a great enough work for any woman?

Let us then look forward to the time, not when man and woman will enjoy an equality which would be as absurd as unreal, but when woman shall admit her limitations and glory as much in her inability to make direct laws and wars as man does in his incapacity to embroider and to knit; a time when she will understand where her power lies, and exploit it to such good effect that she will wonder how it ever was possible for her sex to imagine that their salvation lay along other lines; a time when the short-haired, divided-skirted ladies of the nineteenth century will be classed with the *Précieuses* of the seventeenth, and woman will once more take her proper position in the scheme of the Universe, and return to the throne from which she has so foolishly been tempted to descend."

* * *

The *Princetonian* prints some figures (which may or may not be very correct) to show that nearly every college man receives the greater portion of his education free.

	Annual expenses for each student over and above receipts from students.	Average rate of equipment for each student.
Princeton,	\$ 250	\$1,800
Wesleyan,	259	2,187
Yale,	231	1,500
Amherst,	175	1,453
Harvard,	305	2,705
Williams,	146	1,410
Ann Arbor,	300	1,200
Cornell,	244	1,210
Columbia,	1,400	4,530

We presume that this means that the total annual expenses of the College, for buildings, salaries, etc., are in proportion so much more for each student over the tuition fees.

* * *

In the BACHELOR's opinion, the Yale papers are the best all-round college papers in the United States. Certainly the last half dozen numbers of the *Record* are almost equal to those of *Life*.

* * *

Princeton University authorities have issued an edict prohibiting students from frequenting the Princeton Inn because of its bar, which the same authorities voted to grant a license for. The Presbyterian Synod has raised a big row over the granting of this license, and now the university authorities have written the following to parents and guardians:

"DEAR SIR: At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees the following action was taken: The faculty was 'instructed to enforce literally and strictly, as well as impartially,' this law, chapter sixteen, section eight:

"No student shall bring, or cause to be brought, into college, or keep in his room, any spirituous or fermented liquors; nor shall he frequent any place where intoxicating liquors are sold as a beverage."

"We take the liberty of informing you of this important action of the Trustees, and also of earnestly soliciting your kind coöperation in carrying out their action by such counsel to your son as will secure the end in view.

FRANCIS L. PATTON, President.

JAMES O. MURRAY, Dean.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, Dec. 27."

In a recent number of the *BACHELOR* we took occasion to specially praise the handsome, orderly and decent *café* of the Princeton Inn, and we then said, that inasmuch as all students will drink a little now and then, it is better that they should drink like gentlemen, in open, decent resorts.

We received shortly after, several anonymous letters from mothers, or fathers, several of which were actually vituperative and blackguardly, in which what we said of the Princeton Inn was condemned as "unutterable wickedness."

We therefore regret exceedingly that the Princeton authorities have taken upon themselves the duty of prohibiting students from using the *café* of the Inn. It is in their dismay at receiving just such fool letters as we have received, that the Princeton faculty have made this unwise order.

Music and Drama.—Julia Arthur, in "*A Lady of Quality*," has made a hit equal to Maude Adams in "*The Little Minister*." Both of these young Americans have shown splendid ability and pluck. We can't say very much for Mrs. Burnett's play. The last act is very bad. The part of Ann is infinitely distressing, and her

long wailing talk as she is supposed to be dying, is insufferably bad in every way.

Aside from Miss Arthur, who is *almost* thrilling, the part of Lady Betty, taken by a beautiful young Canadian, Miss Mollison, was the cleverest bit of acting. Mr. Scott Englis was excellent, but Mr. Arden was not ardent enough. Mr. Allen as Sir Christopher, was very good.

* * *

Daly's has been indulging in a revival of the German adaptations. "Number 9" is very laughable, but thin. It might do very well for a one act curtain raiser.

* * *

Joe Jefferson has been made much of at Ann Arbor the last week. The Nestor of the American stage loves students and young people who are both ardent and receptive. He lectured them on the art of the actor, saying among other things:

"I stand here to-day not as many of you have seen me while presenting the characters of Dr. Pangloss, LL. D., A. S. S., the cock-valiant Bob Acres, the impecunious Caleb Plummer or the sly and touchy Rip Van Winkle. I am here stripped of every adjunct, not surrounded by scenery (laughter), but (turning to the professors grouped about the platform) with overwhelming support. I am simply disguised as a gentleman, rather timid as to whether I shall sink or swim.

The rehearsal is the great stand-by of the actor. Before the painter sends his picture to the academy, he can make the necessary touches suggested by critical friends; before the writer sends his book to press he is able to

carefully revise any needed part. And so with the sculptor and the musician. But the actor cannot rub out. The piece is begun, played and finished before his audience. The drama will not halt for alteration. The audience must see the life of a generation in two hours, and no delay is possible.

A man once asked me if I did not think the starring system the greatest evil ever hoisted upon the long-suffering public. I told him that I had thought so. When I was playing minor parts every star was a tyrant; but when my star had risen every underling was a conspirator. If we examine Shakespeare's plays we find that they were all made for stars. Each has the action centered about one individual. This leads me to speak of the elasticity of Shakespeare's characters. The same character can be played by men of different stature and genius, and be a success in both cases. The important thing is rendition, not conception.

* * *

Charles Coghlan has rewritten an old play of Dumas', and has made a decided hit in "The Royal Box." To make a hit requires something first-class in the play itself nowadays, and yet "The Royal Box" has nothing first-class in its lines or situations. The long, tedious orations delivered by "Clarence," the celebrated London actor, and by Celia Pryse, the heroine, and Lord Beaumont, the villainous villain, and the flirtatious Countess Helen, who, in act 4, submits to being hugged in the royal box to the left of the stage by the Prince of Wales, do not make of the play anything above the mediocre. Mr. Coghlan's excellent acting alone saves it and preserves it.

NAT GOODWIN is a rather elderly lover, but there is no gainsaying that he is a very clever actor. The pantomime after he returns from doing up "Brown" is simply perfect, and his bestowal of the bottle of liniment on the villain of the play is always sure to bring down the house. The part of Beatrice Carew is very well taken by Miss Maxine Elliot, who is always graceful, lady-like and well gowned. Her acting is refined and finished, and until the last act she is not called upon to express any great degree of emotion. It seemed to us that she might display a little more feeling than she did when she learns that her husband has been putting up with "Mercury" and poverty for a year, in order to give her enough to live on in comfort. Mr. Harry Mann's management has proved very successful. The play is given to crowded houses every night.

* * *

MISS MAY IRWIN in *the* swell Miss Fitzwell is scoring another success. But the play is not very funny except in the scene where the dress "bodies" open and disclose miniature bars. The songs, however, are as good as ever,—even better.

* * *

KOSTER AND BIALS' vaudeville show is worth seeing. It is distinctly high class,—with the exception of the lady who undresses on a tight rope,—but even she is amusing.

* * *

IN MUSIC we have had the great Sembrich; Gerardy, Plançon, and Ysaye, and Joseffy has been heard again.

Of all the tenor voices New York has listened to recently, that of William Lavin seems

to us the freshest and best of late years. Why should he not be heard oftener?

* * *

"The French Maid" is much better than "The Girl from Paris," which had such a long run last season. The great hit of the piece is Hallen Mostyn's song, "I've her portrait nex' my 'eart." But Bigelow is humor and fun condensed.

* * *

VIARDA is a well-meaning German lady who has few of the qualifications of a great actress, except boldness. She never was regarded in Berlin as of the first class. She might do fairly well in men's parts—as Romeo, with a huge blond wig, for example, observing her features.

* * *

THE IRVING Place Theatre has given to its friends a treat in "The Model"—the last work of Von Suppe. Julie Kopacsy is very well worth seeing. The Germans are first class stage managers.

* * *

MAUDE ADAMS, at the Garrick, is greatly assisted by her splendid cast. Mr. Edson, the young cleric, is capital. Mr. Thompson is also very good.

* * *

WHAT WOULD New York do without the Lyceum Theatre? This little theatre is always crowded because its attractions are always first class. The latest play by Pinero produced a pleasing impression, but it lacks plot and is at times distressingly *banal*. A more beautiful lot of women, however, were never on an American stage together. Miss Julie Opp is

a genuine princess and would doubtless feel a rose under twenty feather-beds—only, why does she wave her hand, Bowery style, to a chair when she says “Won’t you be seated?” Or why should she say this at all? Miss Mannering is a genuine artist, a great addition to our American stage. “The Princess and the Butterfly” is about the only present-day play on the New York stage.

* * *

JOHN DREW is always a success, because he takes infinite pains, and never disappoints his public. As many writers and actors try too many new schemes, and worthless ones—he never tries to do what is not in his direct power to do well. To see him in “A Marriage of Convenience,” is a great treat.

* * *

“The Telephone Girl,” at the Casino, is a distinct effort to be local and popular. The cast includes some beautiful girls, but the play itself is not very funny. Louis Mann is very tiresome. We never enjoyed his German humor very much in “A Girl from Paris.” Here it is very disagreeable.

* * *

WALTER DAMROSCH commences his season of opera January 17, at the Metropolitan. It will be pleasant to hear opera under a first-class leader, and a great musician.

* * *

AT THE Academy of Music “The White Heather” is really making a splendid hit. All ought to see it. * * *

WEBER & FIELDS are really first class fun makers. If you have a fit of the blues—see them.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S are setting up a better show this year than last. Hammerstein's fall seems to have renewed their energies.

* * *

JULIA MARLOWE in "As You Like it" at the Knickerbocker, and Ada Rehan in the same at Daly's, give Shakespearian lovers a chance to compare notes. Both artistes are first-class.

* * *

"THE CONQUEROR'S" at the Empire is worth seeing and is splendidly mounted.

* * *

E. E. RICE's "Ballet Girl" is one of the hits of the midwinter season. It is full of fun and life.

* * *

AT HOYT'S Theatre, Ward & Vokes in "The Governors" have succeeded the famous "Stranger in New York," which has started on the road. "The Governors" is exceedingly amusing. See it.

* * *

THE "HIGHWAYMAN" at the Broadway, is having a well deserved run. The music is first-class and costumes very pretty.

* * *

ANNIE RUSSELL in "The Salt of the Earth" at Wallack's, is making a distinct success in a new play. She is a very fascinating actress, and is an ideal ingenue.

* * *

WE ENJOYED the beautiful pathos of "Shore Acres" more than ever the other night at the Fifth Ave. Theatre.

* * *

ADVICE TO college men: See Ada Rehan in "Twelfth Night."

BOOK NOTICES.

Kipling's genius still leads all the rest. He has recently stamped down woman with his "rag and a bone and a hank of hair," and made us see at a glance that this is all she is — after all is said and done — we might add, "with a yawp." But Kipling must not keep his woman down long; a poem by him on her in the future is what we'd like to read just now, to bring her up again. For the moment she has suffered a great set-back — she's only "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

Seriously, what a wonder is this Kipling? How powerful his sayings are! What strength he shows — what liberties he takes!

He receives \$1,500 for his locomotive story in *Scribner's*; not very bad, but quite ordinary as a story. Not original or new or true to life, but worth \$1,500. Whatever he writes sells like gold. It is wonderful, this genius of his.

Yet a few years ago the excellent and know-it-all readers of *Scribner's Sons*, *Appletons*, and *Harper Bros.* would not take his stories as a gift!

The fact is, my unknown genius friend, the same people will to-day reject your wonderful novel of 1,066 pp. fools-cap, which in 1950, after you are dead, will make such a success. They are ordinary persons, with ordinary minds, and they are looking rather at your grammar and at your spelling than at your ideas. New ideas shock them. Imagine the disgust of these readers at the doings and sayings of Mulvaney!

But to-day Kipling ought to be the happiest man living. Success — of the very highest kind — has crowned his work. He stands at the pinnacle of renown.

Yet, in 1950 — he will hardly be remembered.

With all his genius he is not a literary genius, but a great journalistic genius, and journalists die with their bodily interment.

Who recalls Horace Greeley, were it not for his hall-stove monuments, one smiling before the *Tribune* office, the other scowling at the new *Herald* building?

Who remembers MacGahan, Bennett, or any of the great newspaper men? Who now speaks of Sala?

So with Kipling. He has the journalists' keen scent for what will "take" with the reading public. As real literature it is not valuable — it won't live.

Take his Mulvaney stories — who reads them to-day? Publishers admit his Indian tales are dead, and sell sparsely.

Take his *Light That Failed* — rubbish of a cheap kind; no great good as literature, either as character creation or description.

His *Naulahka* — fell flat. No one could be hired to read those endless pages to-day for love or money.

His *Jungle tales* — gloomy and grandiose, but not original. Hardly enjoyed by ten youngsters in a thousand. We have asked several boys; they answer, "They're horrid." And other boys say: "We don't like animals that are not amusing." Grown people read them once because they are by Kipling, and that is all the reading they deserve.

His *Captains Courageous* has one redeeming merit — the

description of a transcontinental train; the sea part is very dreary and encyclopedic stuff.

His poems—mostly barrack-room soldier songs, worthy of a cheap variety stage. Rough and tough, slangy and coarse.

Yet, because it is the correct thing to praise them, we have known even delicate and refined ladies will go into raptures over them, and quote his "tough" poems as if they were hymns.

Yet not twenty-five of his poems will be read at all twenty-five years from now.

He is a poetical pamphleteer—a journalist, and doomed to thrive on the hour and pass with the hour. Poor Rudyard!

Kipling is Kipling, and as the newspaper, not the book, is most read to-day, so is he. His stories, his poems, his novels are of to-day; he catches the passing humor, idea, fancy, the world over. Here lies his genius, for he has undoubted journalistic genius.

When he retires into the hills and jungles of Vermont he produces jungle stories, which are, perhaps, the best books—as far as true pure literature goes—he has produced at all.

But in London, where he lives now, he is at home as the reporter of the hour. His genius is that of the seer and doer. He cannot stop to finish his work carefully. It is all slapdash—striking, journalistic.

And his stuff sells like hot cakes! What *McClure's* is to the *Century*, so is Kipling to good literature. It is no credit that his work sells well—it's "what readers want."

A History of French Literature. By Edward Dowden. (D. Appleton & Co.)

This is a very interesting and readable short history of French Literature for the use of colleges and schools. It is the best extant.

Little Journeys to the Houses of Famous Women. By Elbert Hubbard. (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

These little pamphlets on Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Mary Lamb, Mary Shelley (the last), are all of them delightfully written. The one on Mary W. Shelley is perhaps the most charming of all. The tragic story of Mary's mother, of Harriet Westbrook, Shelley's first wife, of Fannie Godwin, and finally of Shelley himself, is touching, however described. In this little monograph it is exquisitely described.

Montresor. By Loota. (F. T. Neeley & Co.)

This charming little heart story, for it is written *con amore*, and is evidently *history*, as well as part fiction, has had, as it deserved, and in spite of hard times, a good sale. More American true tales such as *Montresor*, would be an excellent thing for our literature.

School Boy Life in England. By John Corbin. (Harper & Brothers).

That a Harvard man should be willing to say in the preface to his book, "The Oxonian has a firmer knowledge of himself and of the world of men than the Harvard man, and at the same time a greater measure of the spontaneity and exuberance natural to youth," is at once a great con-

cession. It shows that the author starts on the same plane in his investigations of English schools as the ordinary mortal. His investigations prove to be nicely compiled statistics, and his accounts of Rugby, Winchester, Eton, etc., contain very little that is new. The book is beautifully bound and printed, and our sons and daughters have read the chapters before in *Harpers' Young People*.

Picturesque Sicily. By W. A. Paton. (Harper & Brothers).

This is a delightfully written account of travels in the island of Sicily, including an ascent of Etna.

A Year from a Reporter's Note Book. By Richard Harding Davis. (Harper & Brothers).

Truly, Mr. Davis' lot has fallen on pleasant places. To be paid for doing what one likes to do is good, but to be sent about the world *en Prince*, with a *valet* and plenty of money, in order to see pageants and follow up wars, and be paid enormous sums in the bargain, comes very near being ideal. Mr. Davis describes very entertainingly, and sometimes amusingly, as we have said before. We regard him as a better journalist than novelist. He has not the power of getting out of himself and into his characters, but he has the power of telling what *he* sees and feels in very good, concise English.

The Kentuckians By John Fox. (Harper & Brothers).

This novelette of a new writer. At all events the book reads like that of a novice. It is dull, over-wrought and prolix. Boone Stallard, the hero, is a Kentucky son of the soil—and a tremendous bore. Marshall, his rival, is even a greater bore because he loves to prose and make love in the sentimental Kentucky style, so tiresome to business-like northern lovers. They fight in the good old "Kaintuck" style—pistols at sight, who draws first kills the other. But Stallard's pistol won't go off after the second fire, so they shake hands. "This was too much for the on-lookers"—they all burst into tears at the magnanimity of Marshall—that he didn't slaughter his rival in cold blood! The heroine's eyes are also wet with tears. The story is rather flat. For Kentucky life give us Charles Egbert Craddock and her fine old mountaineers every time!

The Mystery of Choice. By Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co.)

The first story in this collection, "The Purple Emperor," is Mr. Chamber's best. He has the power of throwing a curious weirdness into his "atmosphere,"—a power he has derived from a study of Materlinck. This book is very prettily bound, and every story in it is well worth the reading. But will not Mr. Chambers give us a story without a lunatic in it?

Harvard Episodes. By Charles Macomb Flandrau. (Copeland & Day, Boston).

This book contains seven stories of Harvard life as it is to-day. The impression the reader gets is that Harvard, owing to its vast increase of students, is no longer an old-fashioned college with "class feeling," "loyalty to Alma Mater," and all that. A new order has sprung up—Harvard is now somewhat too sophisticated, too worldly. A great deal in these stories seems to be devoted to Harvard's new characteristics. But there is some very good descrip-

tion, also, of Harvard functions, societies, etc. It will not be as popular to outsiders, however, as Post's *Harvard Stories*. It is not so clever a book.

The American College in American Life. By C. H. Thwing. (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

President Thwing has written an exceedingly able and interesting book, and, had we the space, we would devote a number of pages to it. It is the truth that even more than religion our colleges have ameliorated our life, helped our manners, increased our *savoir faire*. The influence for good is incalculable. Our people do not owe a few paltry thousands now and then to our universities—but millions!

Taken by Siege. By Jeannette L. Gilder. (Scribners).

Miss Gilder has endeavored to prove that she was at least something of a critic by showing that she was never, not even ten years ago, a novelist. The silly tale she has induced the Scribners to reprint is the most fatuous of all the queer things she has done in her long and remarkable "literary" career. It is but a charitable act to call attention to her often readable chatter in the *Critic's* columns, to her amusing laudation of racy English stories in the *World*, to her famous London *pose* last year as one of our great American literary lights,—and to pass over this ridiculous affair in regretful silence. "The book," says the *Chap Book*, "ought to have been dedicated to Edward Bok." We would suggest that it be dedicated to some eminent trunk maker. We shall watch for its critique in the *Critic* with agreeable anticipations.

Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. (The Century Co.)

This historical novel is one of a kind highly approved by "readers" and critics of a certain class—one of whom calls the book "the long sought great American Novel." Certain worthy literary people do not object to the dulness in a book if its literary workmanship is all right. Dr. Mitchell tells his tale plainly, simply, quakerly,—a commonplace tale—and particularly well suited to Philadelphia readers with ample time on their hands. Hugh Wynne is his own goody goody hero. We admit that a godly, noble hero of this sort can rarely be made interesting, and the effect of his auto-biographical writing is to deaden all sense of peril. "I saw a lion, I put my head in the lion's mouth. He didn't bite it off for here I am telling my story."

Dr. Weir Mitchell will never be a great novelist—he might in time come to be a great historian—Why does everyone attempt the novel?

Corleone (2 Vols.) By F. Marion Crawford. (The Macmillan Co.)

This is a welcome novel from Marion Crawford, and thoroughly exciting from beginning to end, only—why does the author make his plots so obvious? A little more mystery please, Mr. Crawford. It is patent to everyone that the three wicked Corleone are to be killed off, and that Orsini will marry Vittoria—perhaps too painfully evident.

The Express Messenger and Other Stories. By Cy Warman. (Scribners).

We have read and enjoyed almost all of these railroad stories of Cy Warman's in the magazines.

Nowadays, our story writers are differentiating into the various paths of life—in time we will have a Miss Smith whose stories about saloons are so remarkable; a Mr. Jones whose 1,001 stories about stables are so clever; a Mr. Robinson whose cellar tales are so remarkable. These by Warman, are the best of this kind.

Literary Statesmen and Others. By Norman Hapgood. (H. S. Slone & Co.) 1897.

These essays, which have been read with profit in the magazines ("Henry James" and "Merimee," appeared in Vol. III, BACHELOR OF ARTS), are well worth a place in all college libraries. Mr. Hapgood is a thinker who is rapidly winning a place among American essayists.

Poems. By George Meredith. (Scribners).

This selection from Meredith is highly to be desired, now that everyone is growing so familiar with the first novelist in England. As a poet, however, Meredith is somewhat too obscure for the many. He is only for the select.

Gloria Victis. By J. A. Mitchell. (Scribners).

Mr. Mitchell's stories are refined, charming and worth reading. He is especially the favorite of women. His last novel is of a distinctly higher order than Amos Judd.

Mrs. Knollys and Other Stories. By F. J. Stimson. (Scribners).

J. F. Stimson's work is always good literature, but it is not always very interesting. His Mrs. Knolly's—the old, old guide book tale—is very well written. As in King Noanett, too much finish imperils the meat of his work.

St. Ives. By Robert L. Stevenson. (Scribners).

A splendid book of adventure—and we defy anyone to tell where Stevenson left off and Quiller-Couch begins.

Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Edited by Annie Fields. (Harper Bros.)

This is a welcome book. Mrs. Stowe's life is a moral sermon on duty, pluck, energy and the reward of perseverance. She wrote the great story, Uncle Tom, in penury and want, and under great difficulties. She is one of the great women of America, and her name will be imperishable.

Recognition of the high merit of astronomy in the courses of colleges and secondary schools is greatly enhanced by the presentation of that delightful science in Professor Todd's **New Astronomy for Beginners**, just issued by the American Book Company, of New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Vice of Feels. H. C. Chatfield Taylor. (Hebert S. Stone & Co.)

A Forest Orchid. Ella Higginson. (The McMillan Co.)

Fair Women of To-day. S. M. Peck. With water color designs by Caroline C. Lovell. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

King Neanett. F. J. Stimson. (Lamson Wolfe & Co.)

School for Saints. John Oliver Hobbes. (Fred. A. Stokes Co.)

Wolfville. Alfred Henry Lewis. (Fred. A. Stokes Co.)

Herb Moon. John Oliver Hobbes. (Fred. A. Stokes Co.)

Is Polite Society Polite. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. (Lamson Wolfe & Co.)

Behind the Arras. Bliss Carman. With designs by I. B. Meteyard. (Lamson Wolfe & Co.)

Literary Statesmen and Others. Norman Hapgood. (Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

A Year from a Reporter's Note Book. Richard Harding Davis. (Harper & Brothers).

Buddhism and Its Christian Critics. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago).

The Voyage of the Mayflower. Penned and pictured by Blanche McManna. (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

Brokenburne, a Southern Auntie's War Tale. By Virginia Boyle. (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

Threads of Life. By S. C. Rollins. (Lamson Wolfe & Co.)

Mademoiselle de Berny, a Story of Valley Forge. (Lamson Wolfe & Co.)

Vivian of Virginia. By Hulbert Fuller. (Lamson Wolfe & Co.)

A Hero in Homespun. By Wm. E. Barton. (Lamson Wolfe & Co.)

Flying Leaves. (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

Problems in Elementary Geometry. By Professors Beman and Smith. (Ginn & Co.)

Tennyson's Princess. (Ginn & Co.)

Burke's Orations. (Ginn & Co.)

History of French Literature. (Ginn & Co.)

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